

VOL. 268 NO. 4

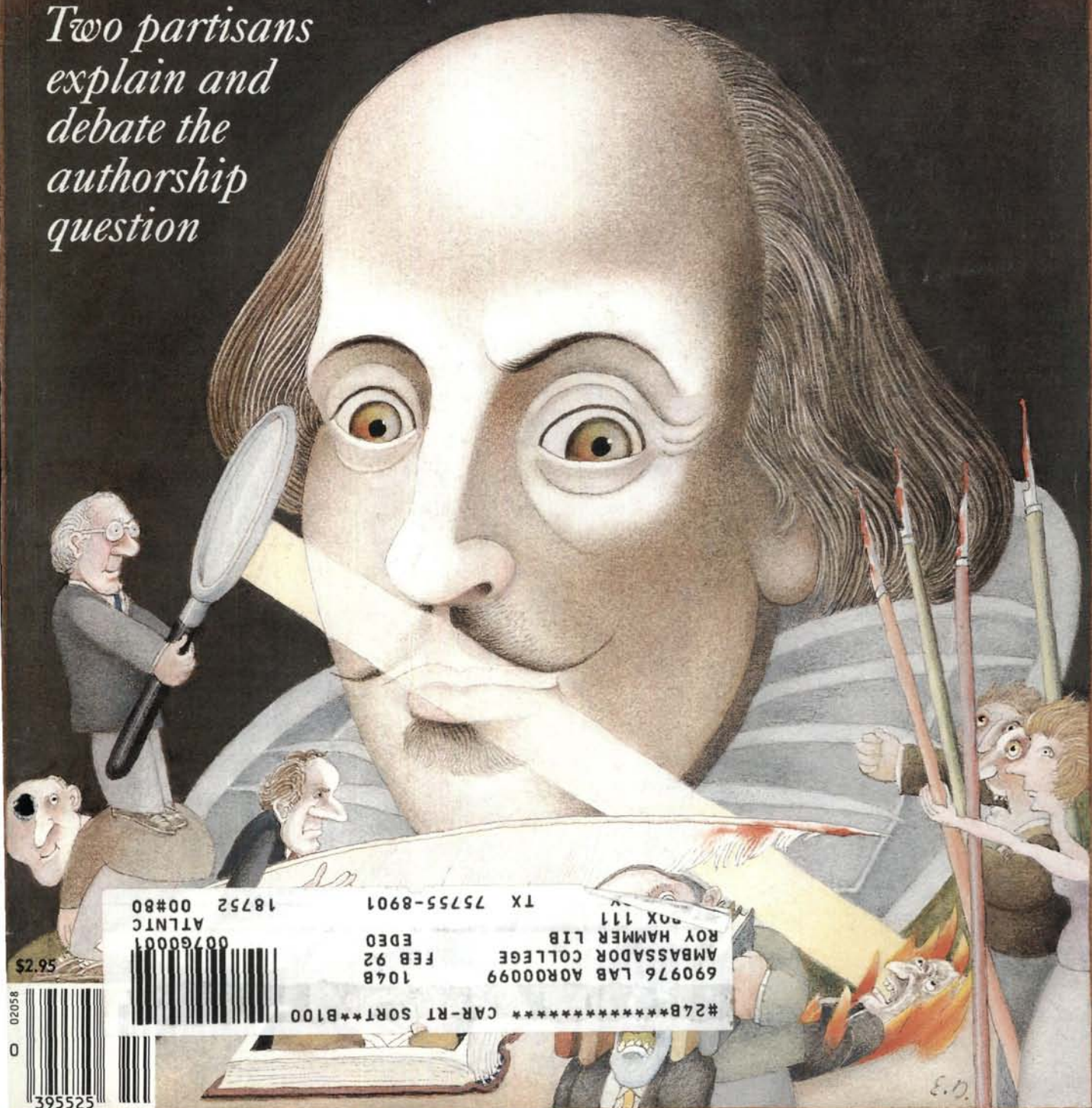
OCTOBER 1991

The Atlantic

SMOKING TO "GET NORMAL" / HOW TO SAVE THE NATIONAL FORESTS

LOOKING *for* SHAKESPEARE

*Two partisans
explain and
debate the
authorship
question*



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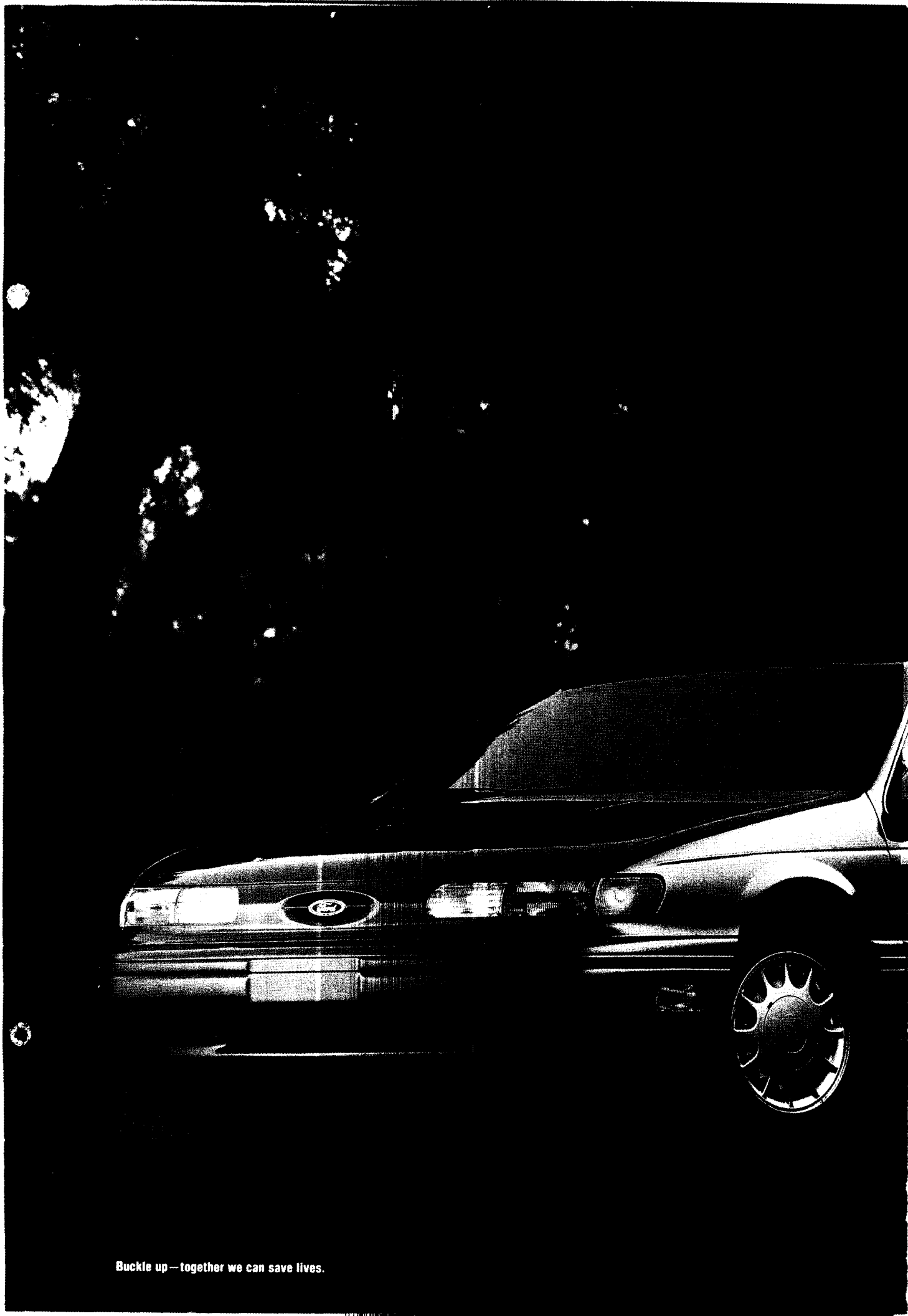
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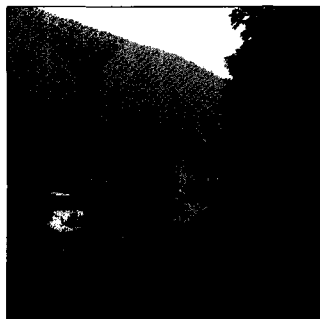


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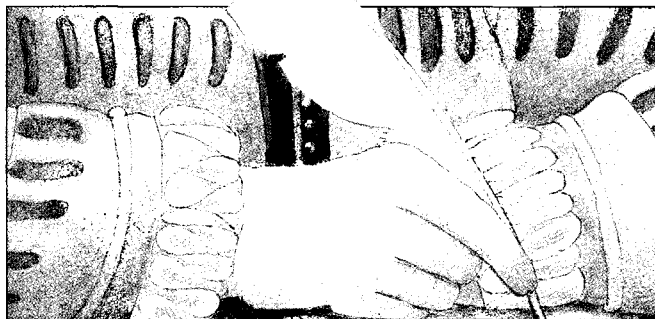


Buckle up—**together we can save lives.**





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The Case for Oxford and The Case for Shakespeare

Yes, says the first author, we know quite a bit about William Shakespeare of Stratford—and it's what we know that makes one wonder whether he could have been a playwright. Not so, says the second author: anyone coming to such a conclusion must rely on manhandled evidence and a misunderstanding of the Elizabethan world. A debate on the authorship question.

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Amateur and professional scholars alike now use computers to elicit characteristic stylistic "voiceprints" from literary texts—and thereby, they hope, to answer some intriguing literary questions.

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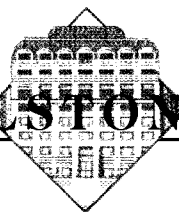
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"ATLANTIC MONTHLY ESSAY RAISES HACKLES THROUGHOUT ACADEMIA." That headline, perhaps a slight exaggeration, appeared recently in *The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch*, and was sent to us by the author of the article to which it referred, Dana Gioia, whose "Can Poetry Matter?" was published in last May's issue. The *Dispatch* article was just one of many in response to Gioia's piece, which argued that poetry in America has lost its "vulgar vitality" as it has become an intramural pastime of a marginalized academic subculture. The strong reaction, in our mail as well as in the press, came as something of a surprise.

One reason why Gioia's article might have attracted unusual notice could be simply that the cover story also did. "Race," by Thomas Byrne Edsall with Mary D. Edsall, described vividly how racial fears and resentments, whether acknowledged or not, have become the defining issue in American politics. The Edsalls described further how those fears and resentments work ultimately to the advantage of (and are being skillfully exploited by) the Republican Party. "Race" received more national attention than any political commentary in the magazine since William Schneider's acclaimed 1987 series on the then-upcoming national elections. The Edsalls' article was cited by columnists and editorialists from coast to coast, and was widely discussed in

Washington. Senator Bill Bradley evoked many of its themes in an eloquent "Open Letter to the President," delivered as a speech on the Senate floor last July. "It is cynical manipulation," he said, "to send messages to white working people that they have more in common with the wealthy than with the black workers next to them on the line."

But "Can Poetry Matter?" clearly struck a nerve in its own right. "At Ohio universities and colleges," wrote George Myers, Jr., *The Columbus Dispatch's* book critic, "this is the season of the writers' conference—the showcasing, that is, of the university poet—and Gioia's essay is going over like a lead pencil. But Gioia is telling the truth. It's why you don't care [about poetry], and why I barely do." In Bristol, Virginia, the *Herald-Courier* columnist Jack Kestner struck a more nostalgic note. "For years, I'd been wondering what had happened to the verse I enjoyed as a child and youth." Kestner went on, though, to take *The Atlantic* itself to task. "I've checked poetry in dozens of back issues of *The Atlantic*," he wrote, "without finding a single instance of rhymed verse."

Actually, rhymed poems appear regularly; there were two in last November's *Atlantic*. And we hope that Kestner saw Glyn Maxwell's "Poem in Blank Rhyme," which appeared last July.

—THE EDITORS

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ALISON BAKER ("How I Came West, and Why I Stayed") lives in Salt Lake City. Her poetry, fiction, and essays have appeared in *Ascent* and *The Threepenny Review*. She is at work on a novel.

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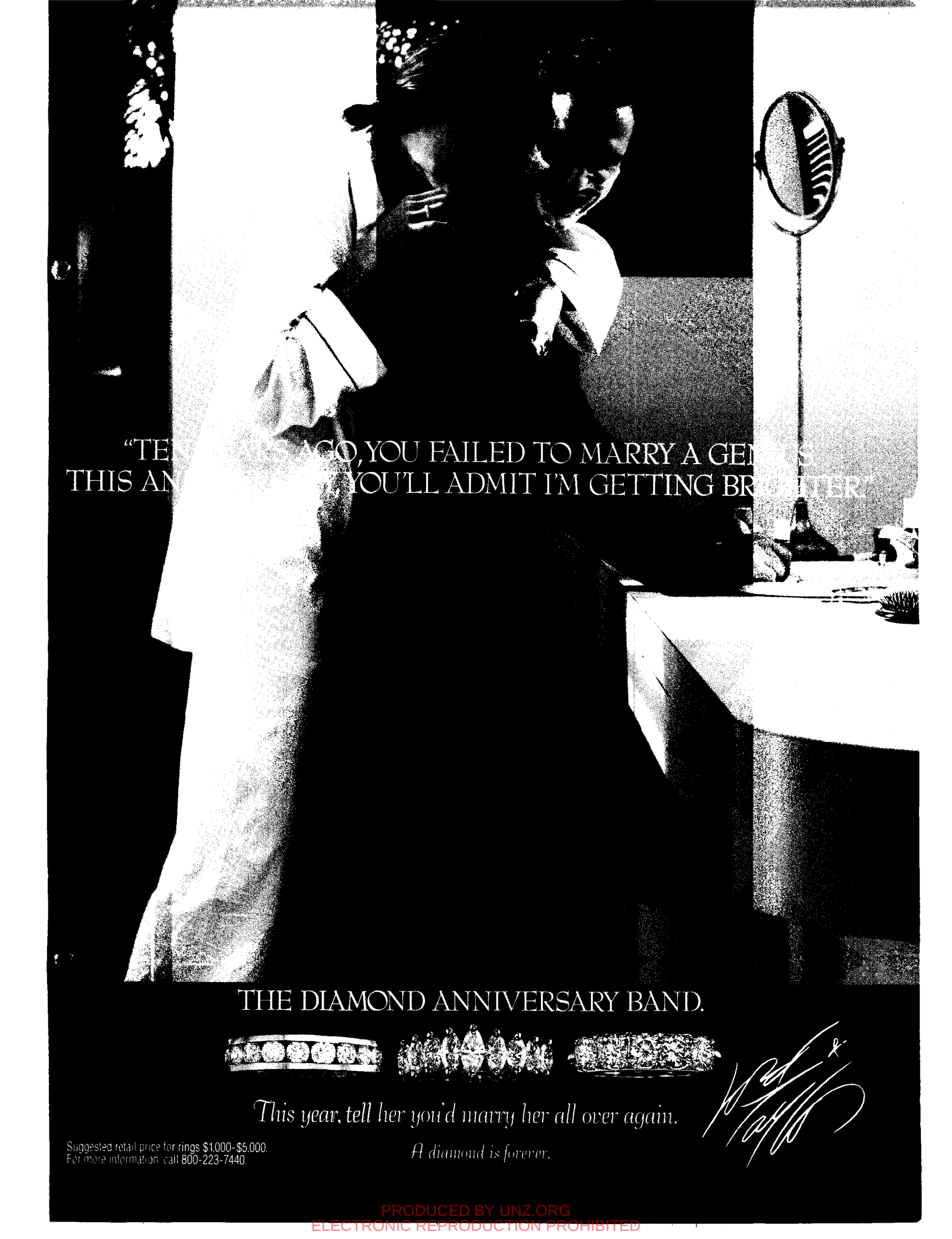
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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



THE NATIONAL INTEREST

Kudos to Alan Tonelson for his fine scholarship and intelligent policy suggestions ("What Is the National Interest?" July *Atlantic*). But a naive illusion pervades his and other analyses of U.S. policy, one that lends an air of bewilderment and paradox to his subject and a murkiness to "national interest," his central concept.

Tonelson begins by identifying the "national interests" of the United States with "the ends of its foreign policy," while implying that these are "its security and prosperity." But why should we suppose that any government attempts to act in the national interest? To be sure, there are brief moments in history when all, or nearly all, a nation's interests are aligned in the same direction—against specific ills. After Pearl Harbor, for example, it was in the national interest to fight back. Arguably, it was in the national interest to combat the Great Depression. But certain events and government actions leading up to Pearl Harbor and to the Depression benefited some segments of society at the expense of others. Short-range interests often conflict with long-range ones in a given segment of society—or in an individual. Some goods and ills may be incommensurable. I sometimes can't judge my own interests even when comparing goods with a common unit of measure.

But among major powers, government leaders who seek to serve their country's national interests are rare. Nikita Khrushchev, though crude, clumsy, and perhaps incompetent, was one. Alas, he was all too often rebuffed by U.S. leaders serving Cold War rather than "national" interests. So we had to wait three decades until a more sophisticated Soviet leader arose to serve Soviet national interests by ending the Cold War despite strenuous U.S. efforts to prolong it.

DANNY KLEINMAN
Los Angeles, Calif.

Alan Tonelson's skillfully argued case for a less interventionist foreign policy overlooks one crucial point: the American people come from everywhere, and have not forgotten it.

The foreign-policy elite did not favor economic sanctions against South Africa, but blacks and Democratic Party politicians appealing to them did, and they prevailed. American support for Israel threatens American economic interests in the Middle East, but American Jews and fundamentalist Christians vote, whereas the "national interest" does not. Few Americans care about Baltic or Croatian independence, but enough do that the President cannot ignore the issue. The foreign-policy elite that Tonelson criticizes is usually divided on whether to intervene and how (most Arab experts in Washington strongly opposed Desert Storm). Ethnic and religious lobbies, on the other hand, nearly always want the United States to "do something" about their area of concern. Of course, such groups also share Tonelson's concerns about American overextension, just as most people favor cutting the deficit if their favorite domestic programs are exempt.

Are such group pressures a threat to the "national interest" in foreign affairs? In some cases (Israel) I would say yes; in others (perhaps South Africa and the Baltics) they may serve humanitarian goals without hurting the United States. The deeper question is whether what Ben Wattenberg has called "the first universal nation" can have a national interest in the sense that homogeneous Germany or Japan can. Certainly there is no use appealing to the "majority" to forge a noninterventionist policy, as Tonelson suggests, because the majority is never more silent than when foreign policy is discussed. With Cold War strategic problems receding in importance, ethnic lobbying can only become more prominent.

MICHAEL J. ENGELHARDT
Decorah, Iowa



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I am appalled at the foreign policy advocated by Alan Tonelson. Only if nations can achieve collective security by other than military might will we have the resources available to overcome the global problem of poverty and to tackle the future environmental problems of global warming, ozone depletion, and pollution.

JOHN BURTON
Washington, N.J.

"Internationalism" is the bogey that Alan Tonelson holds up as responsible for the many foreign-policy debacles of the latter half of this century. He contends that a small group of internationalists has controlled American foreign policy for some time, against the inclination of the majority, and has led us far astray from our real interests.

Rhetoric aside, I doubt very much that policy-makers have ever sought anything *but* what they perceived as the national interest. If one sees the spread of communism as a threat to national security, then it is clearly in the national interest to fight communism wherever it goes. Whether this perception is at all accurate is another matter. At the risk of sounding cynical, if the citizens tortured and killed by dictatorships we have supported were told that the United States sought only to make the rest of the world "peaceful, prosperous, and secure," they would probably be very much surprised.

Did we bring "peace and prosperity" to the Persian Gulf? The war devastated two countries. And did we wage it to further our American ideals of freedom and democracy, intervening against a dictatorship on behalf of a monarchy? No: it is useless to deny that we waged it to safeguard foreign oil—protecting our national interest.

But the Gulf War showed us something more. The world is now too small and our powers of destruction too great for the uncurbed use of force to continue as it has. Our fears of Saddam Hussein's producing nuclear weapons may or may not have been groundless. But it is certain that such weapons will be developed somewhere, and it is enormously likely that once they are widespread, they will be used.

Tonelson suggests that we let the rest of the world go to hell in its own way—but the release of radiation anywhere can affect people beyond (witness Chernobyl). He suggests that we

practice a policy of "denial"—but isn't that just continuing our role as global policeman? He suggests that a "thin-shield defense" against missiles "would be fairly easy"; as a physicist, I am not sanguine. And what defense is there against a man with a heavy suitcase? Everyone's nightmare is a terrorist with nuclear weapons.

He also makes many good points. Certainly, much more attention needs to be paid to pressing domestic problems. We should decrease our dependence on resources from unstable countries. And this continued rushing about the globe, intervening in every local conflict, is madness. But this does *not* preclude seeking international solutions to problems.

Rather than unilaterally denying the world nuclear weapons, why not negotiate a larger, international regulatory body? Why not encourage international law and arbitration, to curb the need for armed conflict? And what of increasing numbers of truly global problems, such as environmental degradation, global warming, and the destruction of the ozone layer? These cannot be solved without international cooperation. Perhaps such efforts will fail, but we lose nothing by trying. If we "accept today's anarchic system of competing nation-states as a given," we may merely ensure that our nation's life matches Thomas Hobbes's description: "solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short."

TODD BRUN
Pasadena, Calif.

I have just counted the words in one sentence in Alan Tonelson's article. There are 128 of them, and I am not sure that that is the longest sentence in the article.

My brow just isn't high enough to absorb that kind of writing.

GEORGE MACKIE
West Haven, Conn.

Alan Tonelson replies:

The obstacles to abandoning internationalism discussed in these letters show how difficult the effort will be. Where, however, is it written that urgent tasks are always easy?

In this vein Danny Kleinman and Michael Engelhardt seem to argue that acting in its own best interests is hard for any nation, and doubly so for ours, because of its diverse population. But

who is more naive? I, for insisting that we will pay dearly for failing to develop a more materially and psychologically solvent foreign policy? Or Mr. Kleinman, for suggesting that this failure will be forgiven by a posterity that is appreciative of philosophical conundrums?

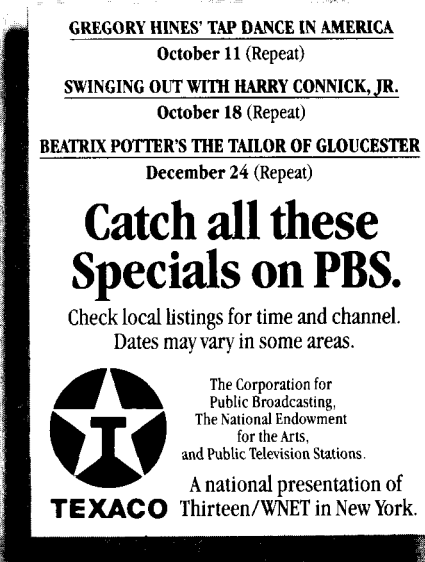
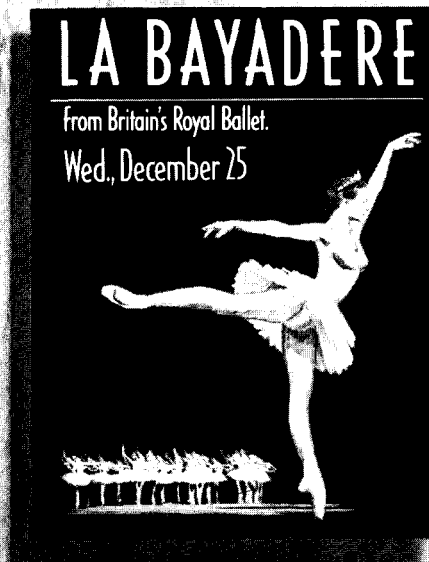
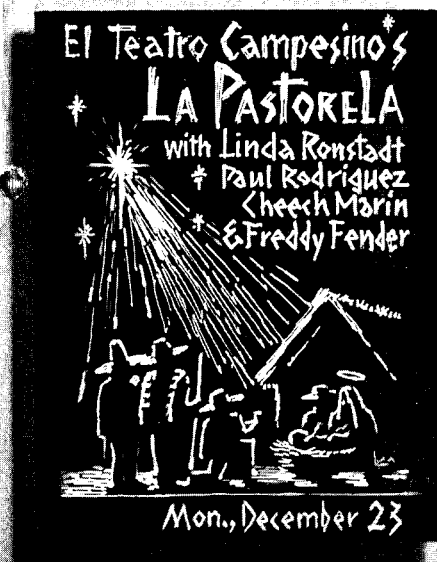
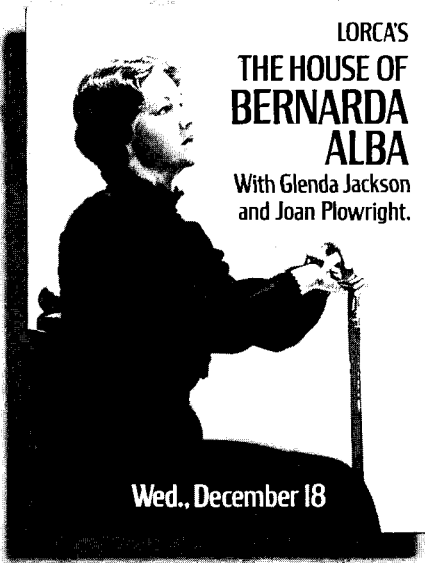
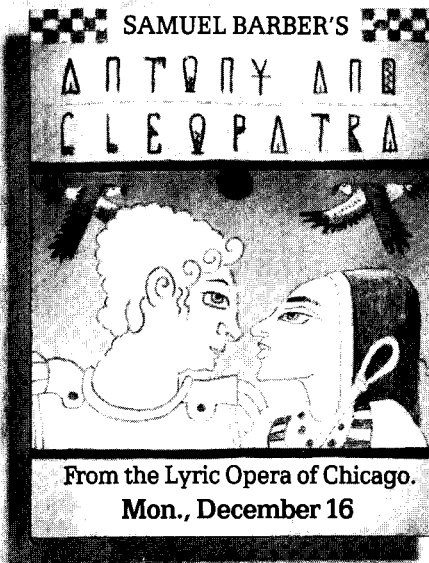
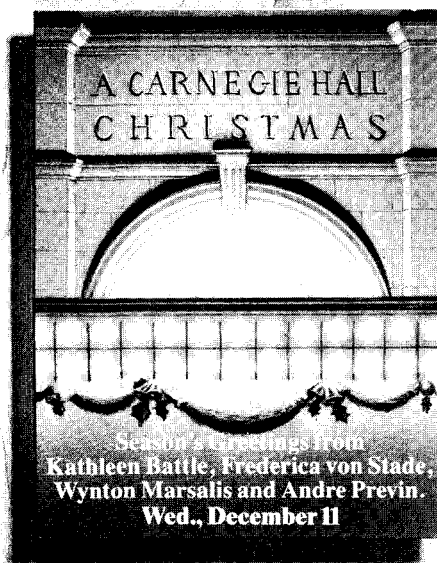
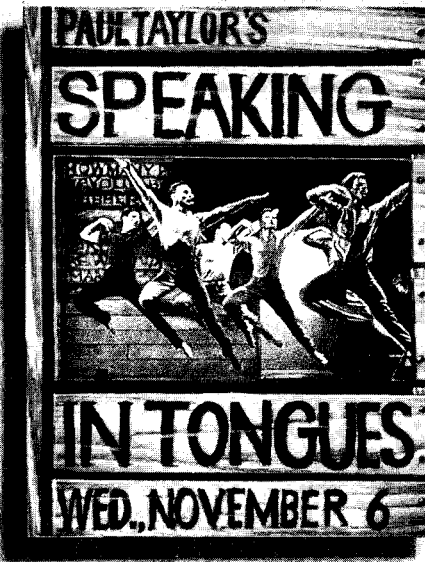
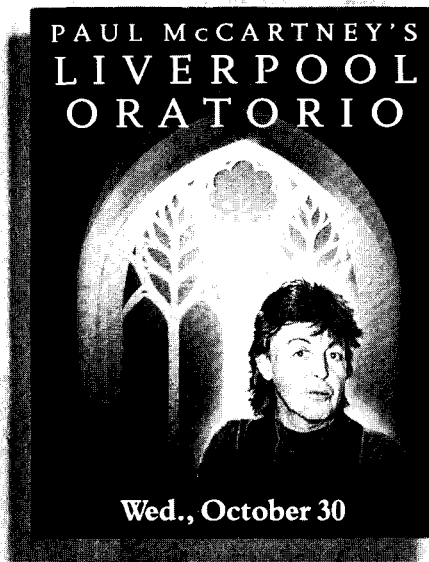
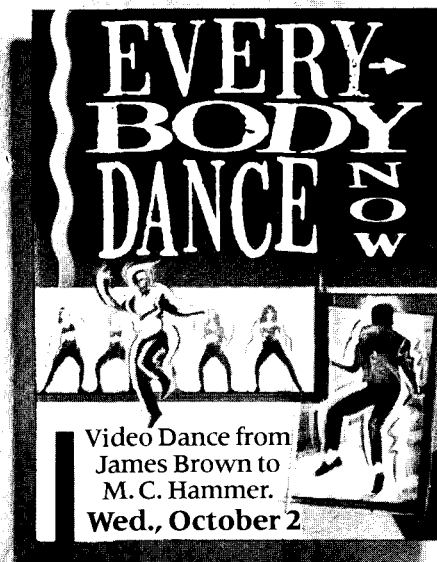
Similarly, Mr. Engelhardt may be correct in expecting that ethnic lobbies will complicate the task of transforming U.S. foreign policy. But more germane is the truth that if we do not all hang together, we will hang separately. Moreover, although the Washington representatives of these groups have an apparently inexhaustible appetite for interventionism, their constituents are surely tiring of high taxes and will surely balk at sacrificing their children's lives for the old country. Further, Mr. Engelhardt is wrong in claiming that foreign-policy elites are deeply split on most major foreign-policy issues. The differences he mentions, as I wrote, center on tactics, not on the judgment that U.S. involvement of some kind is essential to ensure regional and thus global stability.

Todd Brun emphasizes global peace and stability, but my point is not that a stable world would not bring any benefits whatever. Of course it would. So would the Second Coming. Are we not obliged also to consider whether such stability is achievable by mortals and what we should do if this historically unprecedented condition fails to transpire in our lifetime? True, an economically strong America in a world of conflict and turmoil—that is to say, a world much like the one we have always known—would be a less than idyllic place to live. But it would be much better off than an economically weak America in such a world, and in particular much better able to cope with whatever short- and long-term challenges may arise.

Mr. Brun proposes creating peace and stability through arms control and international law. But here he commits a cardinal sin of internationalism—trusting in solutions that define away our problems. If nations were of a mind to permit a "larger regulatory body" to control their arsenals and make their life-and-death decisions, these mechanisms would not be needed. Men would indeed be angels. The problem with such ideas is not that they are not proposed to advance U.S. na-

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tional interests but that they are incapable of advancing them, because these interests are defined in so undisciplined a manner. In fact, the atrocities to which Mr. Brun refers are a tragic—and unnecessary—by-product of a foreign policy that ultimately sees no choice but to Americanize a recalcitrant world. We have better, if not perfect, options.

In a field like environmental protection, international cooperation is essential. But, as I observed, the issue is cooperation on whose terms? Strengthening our economy and enhancing our freedom of action is our best assurance of succeeding at an international bargaining table full of nations that will not all want to solve these problems as we would.

Finally, I promise George Mackie that I will write shorter sentences, and hope that he will give my work another chance.

Christopher Layne says that “revivalists . . . reject the thesis that American power has declined from a peak that occurred at the end of the Second World War. . . .” That is a misstatement of the argument of my book *Bound to Lead: The Changing Nature of American Power*. I state at the beginning that “there is no doubt that the United States is less powerful now at the end of the twentieth century than it was at mid-century.” Paul Kennedy, who invented the term “revivalists” (as opposed to “declinists”), says that they are “not purblind optimists, but they believe either that the talk of America’s decline has gone too far or that, while things are indeed wrong, they can be corrected.” That is a fair statement of my argument.

Layne goes on to assert that “unsurprisingly, there is a strong correlation between low defense spending and high national-productivity gains.”

Layne might be surprised to learn that careful studies by Gordon Adams, David Gold, and Murray Weidenbaum (cited in my book) did not find such an effect. Layne worries that total government receipts “in 1989 amounted to 30.3 percent of GNP, as against 16 percent in 1939.” But I doubt that many Americans really want to return to the levels of domestic and international insecurity of the 1930s. The fact remains that the United States is the most lightly taxed of the advanced industrial nations and can afford to invest in both

domestic and international security. The real choice for Americans is not between domestic and foreign investment but between consumption and investment. Judging by recent behavior, funds saved by a curtailment in foreign policy might merely increase domestic consumption, rather than being used for needed investment in plants, schools, and infrastructure.

Layne repeats the imperial-overstretch theory that “as the costs of international dominance rise, an increasing share of national resources must be invested in maintaining world-power status. . . .” But this neglects the significance of Soviet decline. Moreover, the numbers do not support his view. On the contrary: the military and foreign-affairs burden in 1959 was 11 percent of GNP; today it is slightly over five percent; in 1995 it is projected to be 3.5 percent.

I agree with Layne that “unipolarity” is a misleading description of the current international system. It misses the economic tripolarity that has existed since 1970, and the more recent diffusion of power accompanying interde-

pendence. That is why the United States must avoid temptations toward unilateral overextension and learn to use both its hard and its soft power to form international coalitions to share the burdens of world order.

JOSEPH S. NYE, JR.
Harvard University
Cambridge, Mass.

FIRST-NAME BASIS

Cullen Murphy’s note “Dear Me” (July *Atlantic*) pointed out a curious irony in our modern life-style: in the technologically advanced age of communication, communicating is something we don’t do very well. Murphy’s examples focus on the salutatory incursions of mail marketers and the androgynization of nomenclature which makes gender identification a hit-or-miss task, but the lack of training in letter writing affects us personally too.

It is ominous enough that the majority of American businesses cannot produce a compelling letter to pique the curiosity of a prospective client or cus-

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tomers; in a time when it is so easy to abandon letters altogether and retreat to the facility of the telephone, the decline in good letter writing can leave us feeling isolated. Letters from friends and relatives are a welcome respite from the world of polite greetings and casual, insincere acquaintances. A letter means something: personal esteem and a grounding in vital human relationships only begin the list. A well-written letter is a treasure.

MATTHEW GORDON DUNLAP
Old Town, Maine

The problem that Cullen Murphy admits to being part of—the decline of sex-identifying first names—is only temporary. Like our difficulties with *he* and *she*, and *man* as a noun of common gender, it arises because we are in mid-passage between a society where sex largely determines our expectations about people and one where it does not. In a few years we will laugh at those who still thought as late as the 1990s that they needed to know whether the stranger they were dealing with was a woman or a man.

The goal we are moving toward is that of defining women, socially and politically, as persons who are “uterally” challenged. With women as with those we now speak of as the differently abled, society must use every resource of technology and law to circumvent the anatomically based differences that limit their personal freedom as compared with that of the “scratch” population of young, healthy white males. Hence, for example, the crucial importance of abortion and wheelchair-accessible buses.

Sex is not on its way out. Earrings under police caps and high heels worn with laborer’s jeans prove that women still want to be recognized as women. But this is a personal thing. In a true egalitarian democracy, sex, like religion, must be limited to the personal and the domestic arenas. Neither has any place in public relationships.

Use the salutation “Citizen!” in your letters. (It has a nice revolutionary sound, and everyone is a citizen of something.) Better still, just use “Greetings.” Forget about Mr., Ms., Jack, and Betty. By the time people need to know each other’s sex, they already do.

PHYLLIS DEAN
Spring Grove, Va.

Cullen Murphy’s article on the “Dear John Smith” usage misses one possible source for it—the Quakers (or, less colloquially, the Religious Society of Friends). The radical egalitarianism of their theology leads them to avoid all honorifics, whether Mr., Mrs., Miss, or Ms. (I’m not sure what their position is on Dr., though I am an attender of a Friends meeting myself.) During the Vietnam War, when I was employed full-time in the peace movement, a lot of my friends were Friends, and I came to appreciate their etiquette in this area. The rule, as I understand it, is that a person is “Dear John Smith” if you happen to know both his names, “Dear Friend Smith” if you don’t know his first name, and “Dear Friend” if he is a perfect stranger—which is much easier than trying to figure out gender, marital status, and the possible mixtures among collective addressees. I suspect that my experience was not unique, and may account for the popularity of “Dear John Smith” today.

MARIAN H. NEUDEL
Chicago, Ill.

Cullen Murphy overlooks the longstanding convention that the proper salutation in a letter from a stranger to an artist, musician, writer, or actor is “Dear Forename Surname.”

Also, whereas many formerly masculine names have become unisex, many unisex names of older generations—for example, Carol, Evelyn, and Hilary—are now regarded as distinctly feminine.

ROBERT ALLEN
Philadelphia, Pa.

Cullen Murphy deplores the diminution of business correspondence employing the salutation “Dear Mr.” or “Dear Ms.” and the increase in forename-surname salutations.

I would add two points. First, it is equally regrettable that the salutation “Dear Mrs.” is disappearing. If a woman is married or widowed and that fact is known to the writer, does the writer assume that she does not want to be reminded of her spousal status?

Second, why put a period after “Ms”? Unless you are saluting a manuscript, “Ms” is not an abbreviation for anything, so there’s no need for a period suggesting that it is one.

STEPHEN G. JOHNAKIN
Arlington, Va.

The problem of how to address an unknown addressee is solved in some European countries by the use of two letters: L.S. They stand for “Hail (or health) to the reader” in Latin.

J. G. DONDERS
Washington, D.C.

CATHOLIC REFORMERS

As a student of religious studies and sociology and one who is concerned with women’s rights in the Catholic Church, I read with great interest the book review by Charles R. Morris (“The Three Ages of the Catholic Church,” July *Atlantic*). Although I understand the tenacity with which early Church leaders tried to breathe life into a failing body of believers in order to secure order and cohesion, I am not as sympathetic as Morris in his analysis of the motives behind what was and is blind bidding by a male hierarchical Church for power and control.

Unfortunately, Morris failed to develop his discussion of Pope John XXIII, and seems to dismiss his courageous attempts at reform as being naive and simplistic. John XXIII was a historian, and as such, he understood past blunders the Church had made; through Vatican II he worked to ensure that such mistakes would not be repeated. He was also sympathetic to the plight of women in the Church, who had suffered greatly from discrimination and oppression. Instead of opening a can of worms, he opened minds and hearts to new possibilities of ecumenism and global peace. Unfortunately, after his untimely death his dreams were left unrealized. Instead of running with the ball, Pope Paul VI chose to play it safe and stop the charge toward reform. Subsequent backsliding culminated in the release of “*Humanae Vitae*,” an encyclical that ignored the findings of the commission on birth control that had been set up under John XXIII, which overwhelmingly supported the need for a new approach to the question of artificial birth control. This, more than anything, caused a split in the modern Church, as the encyclical was rejected by conscientious and responsible Catholic couples as well as intellectuals and “reactionaries” such as Charles Curran and Hans Kung.

I agree with Morris that the life of



the Church hangs in the balance, especially in view of changes occurring in Eastern Europe and the rest of the world today. As people embrace democratic principles of individualism and self-determinism, the Church can continue to act as a censor in its attempt to limit social development and reform in the world, or it can be a positive spiritual leader to counsel those who are in the midst of great political change and personal upheaval. This cannot be done, however, unless the Church first understands the individual need for freedom of expression, which can only occur in an institution where shared power is encouraged as the ultimate Christian ideal.

MARILYN CRNICH NUTTER
Silverdale, Wash.

By classing Richard McBrien, a cheap popularizer whose chief distinction is his frequent appearance on *Nightline*, with genuine dissident leaders like Edward Schillebeeckx and Hans Kung, Charles Morris demonstrates an ignorance of post-conciliar theology. His prediction that "the newer theology, in one form or another, will almost surely prevail" is rooted in this ignorance. The newer theology, as Morris calls it, is exactly as new, and exactly as triumphant, as the politics of LBJ. Even in its intellectually respectable original form it is now dead practically everywhere but in American academe. Protestant fundamentalism is making greater inroads among nominal Catholics than McBrien's theology.

As for the "flourishing" of "Catholicism at the grass roots" among the contraception-and-abortion crowd, hailed by Andrew Greeley and alluded to by Morris, it is nothing but ethnic sentimentality, sure to die out in another generation. In undermining the hierarchical Church, the dissenters have undermined the only thing that lent them the slightest distinction.

What's actually going to happen to the Catholic Church? In Western Europe and North America the "new Church" will simply fade away, as its model, mainline Protestantism, is already doing. In Eastern Europe and the Third World, the old Church, founded by Christ and headed by His vicar, will continue—and will send missionaries to the post-Christian West.

TOM RILEY
Lockport, N.Y.

In his review of *Decrees of the Ecumenical Councils*, Charles Morris repeats a common misconception when he states that Constantine made Christianity "the state religion of the Roman Empire." The conversion of Constantine and his family, along with the Edict of Toleration (A.D. 313), which decreed freedom of religion for all, constituted a tremendous political triumph for the Church, but that is all it was. Not until A.D. 392, when the Emperor Theodosius I banned pagan rites, did Christianity have the status that Morris claims for it.

JONATHAN R. ZISKIND
*University of Louisville
Louisville, Ky.*

To Charles Morris's excellent sketch of Catholicism, I offer small corrections: Nicaea was less handy to Latin bishops than to Greek ones, and the nearby capital Constantinople used Latin only at court; "Mirandolo" should be "Mirandola"; Julius II took central, not northern, Italy.

TERTIUS CHANDLER
Berkeley, Calif.

Charles R. Morris replies:

Marilyn Nutter's and Tom Riley's letters exemplify the Church's dilemma. How does one accommodate, as Ms. Nutter puts it, "the individual need for freedom of expression" and "shared power" in an inherently hierarchical institution? A decentralized, nonhierarchical Catholicism begins to look a lot like modern Protestantism. Mr. Riley is correct that Protestant fundamentalism has made major inroads among Catholics seeking the old certainties. But the widespread Catholic rejection of Rome's teachings on contraception belie his hope for a resurgent Tridentine Church. As the Cold War wanes—and, with it, the Church's role as the last bulwark against communism—the same trends are showing up in Eastern Europe. Mr. Riley is also much too unkind to Professor McBrien.

With all respect to Professor Ziskind, I do not interpret "state religion" to mean "sole legal religion." By the end of Constantine's reign, as measured by its weight in public ceremonial, official monetary, and other favor,

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and the state's role in its governance, Christianity had become the de facto state religion. The pattern of a state religion coexisting with other, variously burdened but still legal religions has been quite common right into the modern age.

The first Nicene Council was originally scheduled for Ancyra. Constantine intervened to move it to Nicaea, which was considerably more convenient for the Latins. Julius II was trying to break French power in northern Italy and head off a threat to the Papal States. Mirandola guarded the approaches to Ferrara, and Julius's base was in Bologna. The fighting was in the north—in snow, in fact. Tertius Chandler is correct on the spelling of “Mirandola.”

LOVELY (CROWDED) SEATTLE

Ellen Posner's article on urban design in Seattle (July *Atlantic*) highlighted some of the desirable aspects of Seattle's development. It conveyed a positive, at times idyllic, view of the city's development and the public spirit of the people who have shaped it.

But it failed to deal with some of the adverse consequences of development in Seattle. I've lived all my life in and around Seattle, and I have seen great changes in the city, particularly in the past five years, as Seattle has set its sights on becoming a “world-class” city—whatever that means.

First is the awful traffic in and around Seattle. With the influx of new people, the roads have become crammed with cars. Generally, people are not as friendly as they once were. Public space is wonderful, but how useful is it if so much of the public becomes uncivil and self-absorbed? A thin brown ring of smog, caused by auto exhaust, often obscures the majestic views of the mountains. The city and its suburbs are sprawling over this whole area, and are already beginning to lap against the Cascade Mountains.

Posner's article would cause any aesthete to drool over this city. Art, theater, natural beauty, character, and charm—she says they are all here. But the very things that make Seattle special and beautiful are being ruined by more people moving here.

CRAIGHTON GOEPPELE
Seattle, Wash.

Ellen Posner's stern pronouncement that because of the commercial development of Seattle's urban waterfronts, “invitations to false fun . . . have been obliterating these once intriguing urban edges” raises some obvious questions.

Precisely what is “false fun”? Is this expression maybe just another name for fun Posner disapproves of? And why on earth should people who are enjoying themselves care whether Posner labels their fun “true” or “false”?

FELICIA ACKERMAN
Brown University
Providence, R.I.

Rarely has an essay on a pleasant and interesting topic annoyed me as did Ellen Posner's, owing entirely to her apparently incurable lust for phrases placed in parentheses! In order to maintain some measure of inner calm, I have not counted the number of offenses. May it be sufficient to say that they represent an infestation.

HUGH CURTIS
Victoria, B.C.

VEGETARIANS

Corby Kummer's “What Vegetarians Don't Get” (June *Atlantic*) caught my interest. I'm one of those semi-ovo-lacto-pesco-vegetarians. And I'm curious about current lore on proper nutrition. Iron deficiency is explored in some detail. But I wonder about the advice that “iron pots . . . helpfully leach the mineral into foods cooked in them. Anyone who still has unlined iron pots in the kitchen can get this unexpected benefit.”

Close to ten years ago, while an engineer at Bell Labs, I attended a talk given by a scientist from southern California. He was introduced as an expert in “trace minerals in the bloodstream.” He told us that there are five different ways the iron atom can be packaged (various ions and molecules; ferric, ferrous . . .). Only one of these is likely to bring the iron into possible use for the production of hemoglobin. One of the others (the structure of iron leaching from pots, if I recall correctly) just forms iron oxides that are absorbed *and stay in the liver*, or, as he put it, “rust out your liver.”

While I have seen the suggestion

that iron pots help people get enough iron, it is not clear that it is a desirable form of iron, usable for healthful growth of the blood. I have never noticed such a suggestion in as well-respected a publication as *The Atlantic*, and I ask that you check into the possibility that bad advice may have been given.

ED GOLDBERG
Bay Shore, N.Y.

I was heartened to find a generally positive article on vegetarianism in a magazine of the stature of *The Atlantic*, but I was disappointed to read Corby Kummer's promulgation of the myth that vegetarians, and especially vegans, must pay much closer attention than omnivores to the nutritional values of food they eat.

Although he quotes Victor Hubert as saying that any adult vegetarian consuming a variety of foods will get enough protein, he finds it necessary to give scrupulously planned sample daily menus for lacto-ovo-vegetarians and for vegans, warning that vegetarians must “take into account the content of everything (they) eat” and implying that it is difficult for vegans to get enough protein “without thinking about it all the time.”

As an athletic and extremely healthy vegan, I can assure him that I do not spend all my time thinking about getting enough protein. Given the average American omnivorous diet, it seems to me that omnivores should be spending a great deal more of their time thinking about how they will get enough dietary fiber, and how they will avoid consuming an excess of saturated fat and cholesterol.

I also found Kummer's article unfairly alarmist in the matter of iron deficiency among vegetarian women. He says that nearly 90 percent of American women do not consume enough iron; he also estimates that there are five to six million vegetarians in the United States. Therefore, by far the majority of iron-deficient women must be meat-eaters. I know of no study that has shown that vegetarian women are more prone to iron-deficiency anemia than omnivorous women; in fact, recent studies suggest that various factors in a vegetarian diet, such as higher intake of vitamin C, increase the bioavailability of iron consumed. Thus, although vegetarians may eat less than the gov-



ernment's current recommended daily allowance of iron, they do not display the symptoms of anemia.

Vegetarians and vegans do need to pay attention to what they eat, but certainly no more than omnivores do. In fact, in avoiding meat, vegetarians almost effortlessly vastly increase the fiber and reduce the saturated fat in their diets; since these factors greatly outweigh issues of protein and iron sufficiency relevant to mortality, it is clear that vegetarians can afford to worry less about their diets than their meat-eating counterparts.

SALLY COCKBURN
New Haven, Conn.

"What Vegetarians Don't Get" fails to mention a deficiency that can kill a strict vegetarian (vegan). The cobalamins, collectively known as vitamin B₁₂, are found only in food of animal origin. The animal can be a cow, a fish, or a bacterium. Someone who scrupulously avoids animal foods might eventually suffer a B₁₂ deficiency, resulting in megaloblastic anemia and degeneration of the spinal cord.

The body stores B₁₂, and only a minute amount is needed, so a deficiency can take years to show up. This vitamin is synthesized by our intestinal bacteria, but we do not absorb it. Interestingly, vegans with poor hygiene may ingest sufficient feces-contaminated food to avoid B₁₂ deficiency, or may obtain the vitamin from their own unwashed hands.

The author airily admits his ignorance of the nature of hijiki seaweed and spirulina. Had he done adequate research he would have found that these seaweeds are sometimes valuable foods for vegans precisely because they often contain B₁₂ (synthesized by bacteria within the weed).

As the author states, vitamin C enhances absorption of nonheme iron. He should have added that the presently fashionable megadoses (500 mg) of vitamin C can destroy B₁₂. In such cases even taking supplemental B₁₂ might not prevent B₁₂ deficiency and resultant anemia—even with adequate iron absorption.

WALTER H. INGE
Atlanta, Ga.

Corby Kummer replies:

The idea that iron pots are a source of dietary iron does seem odd, but it is

put forward in such "well-respected" books as *Dr. Jean Mayer's Diet & Nutrition Guide* and *The Mt. Sinai School of Medicine Complete Book of Nutrition*, which says, "The iron that leaches out from iron pots can add significantly to daily iron intakes, although the pots can also destroy some vitamins." Whether the body can make good use of this elemental iron, the kind that is also used in fortifying breakfast cereal, is questionable, according to Connie Weaver, a researcher in the nutrition department at Purdue University who specializes in iron. The useful iron package Ed Goldberg remembers is heme iron, which is found only in animal foods; the body is able to use other forms of iron, like the nonheme irons found in plant foods and iron supplements (different from elemental iron), but less efficiently.

The only danger that Weaver has heard of is to the Bantu tribe of Africa, which for a substantial part of its diet relies on corn gruel cooked all day in iron pots. "That's an extreme example," she says. "For short-term cooking, any danger is unlikely."

An excess of iron can be dangerous, though, since the body does not excrete unnecessary iron. Iron-overload disease, or hemochromatosis, results from what the Mt. Sinai book calls "perhaps the most common abnormal gene among Americans." Iron accumulates in the pancreas, the liver, and the joints, often provoking mistaken diagnoses of diabetes, hepatitis, and rheumatoid arthritis. The disease, which is twice as common in men as is iron deficiency, can be detected by blood tests measuring the level of serum iron and total iron-binding capacity. Because it so often goes undetected and can be fatal, several scientists I spoke with asked me to mention it. I suspect that Mr. Goldberg's lecturer was warning against hemochromatosis.

Sally Cockburn wonders why I bothered to include daily diet plans. The gap between general recommendations and specific meals and snacks can be large, especially for those who contemplate adopting a strict vegetarian diet; I thought that those readers would like to see just what an expert would suggest that they eat in a day.

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I did not mean to imply that vegetarian women are necessarily more iron-deficient than non-vegetarian women, which is why the line under the title of the article ("The answer isn't what you think, and it can be a problem for meat-eaters, too") invited non-vegetarians to pay heed. But Weaver says that recent studies do show small differences in levels of serum iron between vegetarian and non-vegetarian women. She, like the other scientists I spoke with, emphasizes that people are at greater risk of not consuming enough iron after they give up meat, especially if they are not careful to eat legumes and vitamin C (vitamin C does enhance the absorption of non-heme iron, as I mentioned in the article). Her recent work suggests that vegetarian women who exercise moderately and regularly are likely to need iron supplements, or might reconsider eating red meat.

I'm grateful to Walter Inge for pointing out that a lack of vitamin B₁₂ is a clear danger to strict vegetarians. Because I presumed, perhaps mistakenly, that few readers would adhere to a strict vegetarian diet, I did not mention the problem; in presenting the strict-vegetarian meal plans, I said that fortified soy milk was "unavoidable" without explaining that it is fortified with vitamin B₁₂. Although I did "airily admit" my ignorance of hijiki seaweed and spirulina, I also read everything I could find about them, and relied on Johanna T. Dwyer, the director of the Frances Stern Nutrition Center, at New England Medical Center and Tufts University, who in this year's *Annual Review of Nutrition* writes:

A good deal of confusion exists in the minds of many vegetarians and others about how much vitamin B₁₂ is supplied by plant sources. Label claims are actually for corrinoids, not for the form of vitamin B₁₂ that is active in humans. . . . fermented soy products such as tempeh contain many corrinoids but do not contain substantial amounts of vitamin B₁₂. Spirulina, another plant product sold in health food stores that proprietors often claim is high in vitamin B₁₂, is also composed of corrinoids with virtually no vitamin B₁₂ activity. Some types of seaweed that are contaminated with adhering plankton contain small amounts of the vitamin, but this source of the vitamin is variable and unreliable.

Strict vegetarians, then, should seek products fortified with vitamin B₁₂, or take supplements.

CONDIMENTAL DIVIDE

The "Catsup Matters" response to my proven procedure by two close but obviously misguided members of my staff has been very disturbing (Letters to the Editor, May *Atlantic*).

The Angulated Upward Impact method has been confused with an unsuccessful effort called the Downward Acceleration Method (DAM). No doubt the acronym is the causative factor in associating this method with poor performance. DAM requires moving the bottle to the desired position with a rapid downward-sweeping motion, arresting it sharply just above the catsup objective, with the other arm or fist in a fixed position. It is quite true that this method is subject to wide variations in performance, as it is very difficult to make the bottle arrive at the destination point properly directed when impact occurs.

Further, since the bottle movement in my method is only slight, the amount of catsup can be closely controlled with subsequent light blows. Obviously this works, as success was reported by your correspondent Helen J. Lyon on her very first try.

HARRY LEVINSON
Seattle, Wash.

It appears that the brute-force method for getting catsup out of a bottle is gaining acceptance among your readers. I would have thought a more scientific approach would be favored. Catsup is thixotropic—that is to say, it appears to be stiff and almost solid, but upon being shaken, it liquefies and flows easily.

Therefore, the scientific way to get catsup out of a bottle is first to assure yourself that the top is firmly in place and then to grip the bottle by its lower end and give it a few violent shakes. You will find that the catsup will flow out of the bottle with no further ado. But be sure that the top is on tight!

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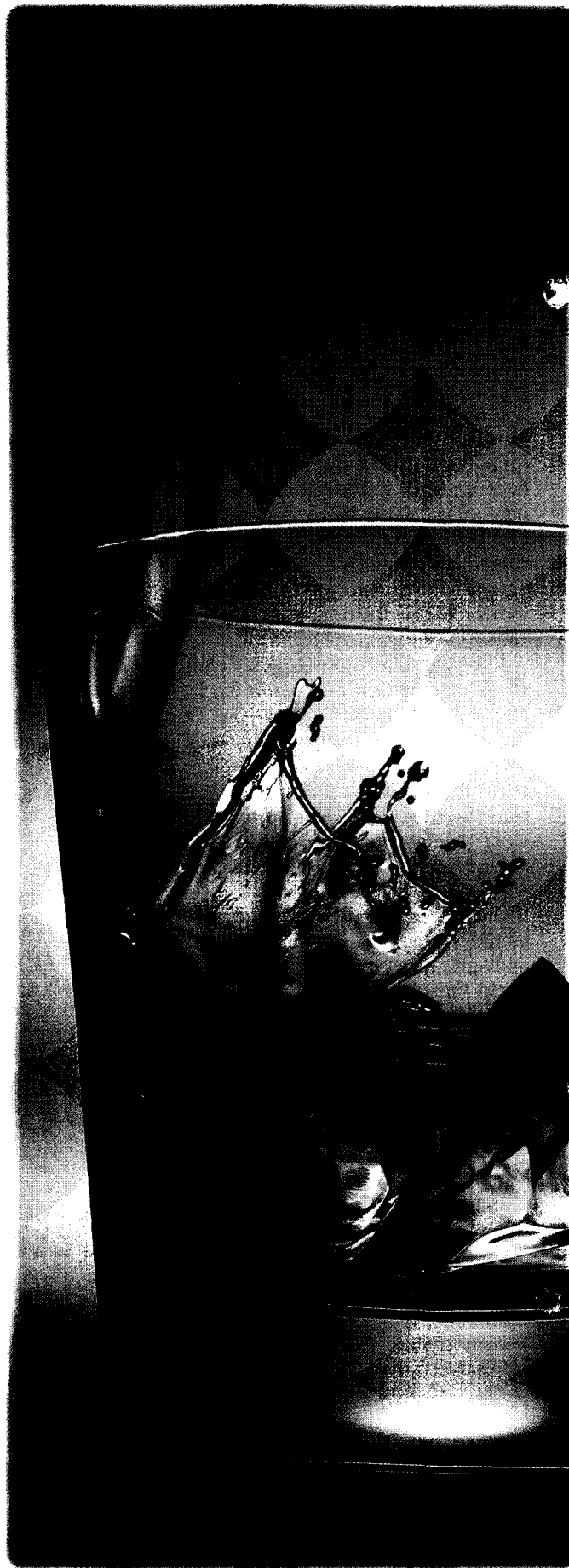
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While you're waiting, consider that Ballantine's is a smooth blend of not four, not twenty, but 42 of the finest single malt Scotch whiskies. Each chosen for its unique contribution to the overall flavor. A clue, perhaps, to Ballantine's number one rank in Europe. Okay. Take a sip.

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Thank you for such generous use of your time.

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THE TRUE TASTE OF SCOTCH.

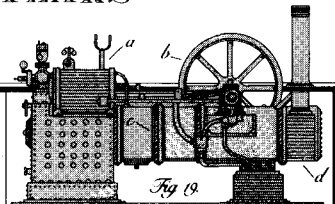
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It rains a lot in Scotland. Always has. How much? Let's just say you'll never hit a sprinkler head on a Scottish golf course. The Highlands alone get more than twice the rainfall of Seattle. Even more than the Amazon River territory.

Faced with such unaccustomed natural abundance the Scots came up with lots of things to do with water. They developed hydro power long before the industrial revolution. They boiled it to power steam engines. And they used it for transportation, building canals as early as 1761. But, chiefly, the Scots dedicate their water to a more noble purpose. They use it to make Scotch whisky.

Of course it also takes peat, barley and yeast to complete the recipe, but Scotch is, after all, a liquid, and the water makes a big difference. Especially in a complex blend like Ballantine's Finest.

Some water runs from granite highlands down through peaty bogs, into small lakes, or lochs. Some runs through the peat over the granite, into streams, or burns. It makes a difference, too, because Scotch made with one water has a flavor very distinct from Scotch made with another. Which is why Ballantine's has always blended different Scotches together.



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Now you may well think that waiting 12 or 17 years for a Scotch is a bit excessive. And 30 years may indeed be daft. But time is on our side. We've nothing better to do. Besides, it's raining outside.



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For a chance to win a new OLYMPUS camera, complete the puzzle. The unused letters will spell out, from left to right, an OLYMPUS message. Enter it on the blanks above, then send us this page or a copy of it with your name and address. All entries with the correct message will be entered in a drawing. First prize is an OLYMPUS IS-1. Nine runners-up will receive an OLYMPUS Stylus or an OLYMPUS Infinity Junior camera.

Send your entry to: OLYMPUS WORD FIND, c/o *The Atlantic*, 599 Lexington Avenue, New York, NY 10022. Entries must be received by December 31, 1991.

THE OLYMPUS WORD LIST

ARDOR	ENJOY	GOOD	MODE	SHOP
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BABY	FILM	HALLOWEEN	MOOD	SOUL
BLISS	FIREWORKS	HOPE	NEON	STAR
BOB'S BIG BOY	FOCUS	HOT DOGS	PANORAMA	STOP
BOXERS	FOOD	JAB	PAPER	VACATIONS
BOYS	FOREVER	LENS	PARADES	VALUE
CHOCOLATE	FRAME	LIGHT	PICNIC	VIEW
COLORS	FUN	LOAD	POOL	WEDDINGS
CUTE	GIRL	LOVE	POSE	ZOOMS
EASTER	GLORY	MEMORIES	PROMS	
EMBERS	GOAL	METERS	SAVOR	

OLYMPUS WORD FIND CONTEST RULES

No purchase necessary. Only one entry per person allowed. No entries can be returned. Winners will be selected from all entries received with the correct message in a random drawing on or about January 15, 1992, by Olympus and the *Atlantic* marketing department. All decisions are final. Sponsors not responsible for late or lost mail. Odds of winning depend on total number of entries received. Contest open to residents of the U.S. 18 years or older, except employees of The Atlantic Monthly Company, Olympus, their subsidiaries and affiliates, and members of their immediate families. Contest void in Puerto Rico and where prohibited. Contest subject to all state, federal, and local laws and regulations. Winners are responsible for all taxes on prizes. Prizes are non-transferable and cannot be cashed, nor are substitutions allowed. For a winner's list, please send a self-addressed, stamped envelope by January 15, 1992, to: Olympus Winners, c/o *The Atlantic*, 599 Lexington Avenue, New York, NY 10022. Retail value of prizes is as follows: first prize: \$800; second prize: \$225; third prize: \$200; total retail value of ten prizes: \$2,675.

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ADVICE & CONSENT

Thanks for the thought-provoking, and disturbing, article on race in the May *Atlantic* ("Race," by Thomas Byrne Edsall with Mary D. Edsall). The quotation from Dan Donahue, the Chicago Democrat turned Republican, puts in a nutshell much of what the Democratic Party needs to do if it wants to win back people like him.

Donahue says, "We have four or five generations of welfare mothers. And they [Democrats] say the answer to that is we need more programs. Come on." He thinks that what Democrats want, in order to help poor people, is more welfare programs.

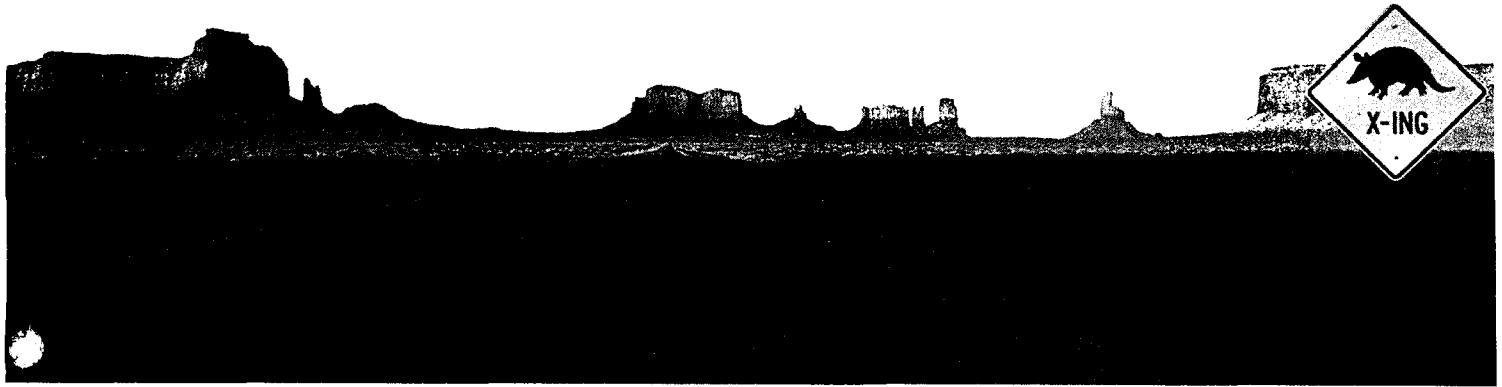
Donahue hates paying taxes for "black schools that aren't even educating kids, and the money is just going into the Board of Education and the teachers' union." He is saying a lot of things at once here—among them that whites don't want to pay taxes for facilities they don't use. In other words, they haven't any sense that what helps other groups helps them, too.

I think we are at the point in this country where mere legislation is nearing the end of its rope—where the letter leaves off and the spirit begins. I mean that democracy is in part a spirit: it depends on placing a high value on liberty (higher than on, say, standard of living) and an ability to see the connection between others' liberty and one's own. What the Edsalls describe as a conflict between "so-called traditional values and a competing set of insurgent values" is really a conflict between people who don't understand the framers' ideas about the relationship between minority and majority rights and people who do. The Democratic Party ought to jump on that—ought to start educating the voters about Justice Holmes, Jefferson, the Bill of Rights, and the nature of liberty. We have some compelling ideals on our side. We should use them. It's about time somebody did.

KATHARINE STALL
Princeton, N.J.

It should have been noted in Contributors for the September issue that William Least Heat-Moon's book *Prairie Earth* is published by Houghton Mifflin. The book appears this month.

—THE EDITORS



Without O,

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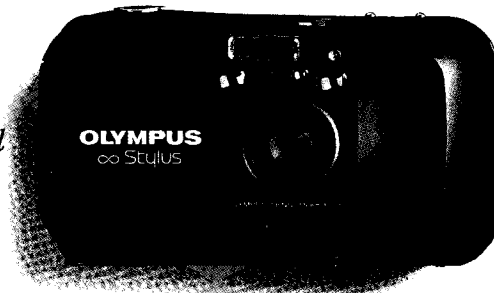
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THE OCTOBER ALMANAC



HEALTH & SAFETY

This month the March of Dimes, with assistance from the Centers for Disease Control (CDC) and the Georgia Department of Human Resources, will begin setting up the first statewide study of cocaine use among pregnant women. CDC technicians will use a routine filter-paper test on a spot of blood taken from the heel of each newborn Georgia infant to detect traces of cocaine in the infant's bloodstream. Because all states currently rely on a blood test to check infants for such disorders as phenylketonuria and hypothyroidism, the Georgia study, which is to last one year (the actual testing starts next January), will cause no additional trauma and will be relatively inexpensive to conduct. Test results will be correlated with the demographic characteristics of mothers, but information linking specific results to specific women will be destroyed. Current estimates of cocaine use among pregnant women range from two to 10 percent.



THE SKIES

October 7, New Moon. 21-22, Earth encounters debris from Halley's Comet; one result is the Orionid meteor showers, named for the constellation Orion, whence they appear to emanate. 23, Full Moon, also known this month as the Hunter's Moon. 27, this morning at 2:00 A.M., Daylight Saving Time comes to an end; clocks in most parts of the country should be set back one hour. Daylight Saving Time was first introduced during the First World War as a conservation measure, decreed by Congress, and was initially called Scrambled Time or Wild Time.

DEMOGRAPHICS

October 31, All Hallow's Eve, or Halloween. To judge from a recent Gallup poll, Americans entertain a growing belief in various forms of supernatural agency. For example, more than half of all Americans say they believe in the existence of the Devil (up from 39 percent in 1978). One American in four believes in ghosts (up from 11 percent in 1978). And vampires? In Elmhurst, New York, an organization called the Vampire Research Center assesses by means of lengthy interviews and questionnaires the claims of people who say they are vampires. (The physical need for blood is, of course, a *sine qua non*.) The center reports that for the first time in 20 years female vampires make up a majority of "confirmed" vampires worldwide, who number some 700. In the United States, California, with 33 vampires, has the highest vampire population.

Q & A

If history buffs want to make a pilgrimage to Columbus's first New World landing site a year hence, what should their destination be?

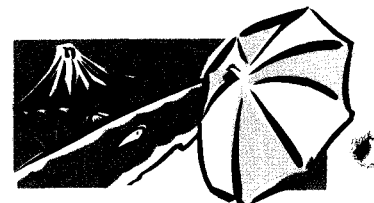
Columbus's log was lost to history almost from the start, and the question of where he first set foot has kept investigators busy. At least a dozen sites have been proposed. The naval historian Samuel Eliot Morison's opinion, in favor of Watlings Island, in the Bahamas, was sufficiently weighty to quell dissent for a while. With the quincentennial fast

approaching, though, partisans of other sites have again come forward, basing their claims on archaeological findings, new translations of historical documents, and, in one case, a computerized simulation of Columbus's route. The current front-runners appear to be Watlings (now called San Salvador), Grand Turk (whose case was bolstered in a recent issue of *American History*), and, a distant third, Samana Cay (the candidate of *National Geographic* but of few others). The fifth Ibero-American Quincentenary Conference has thrown its support to San Salvador-Watlings. But since no one *really* knows, why not buck the crowds and go to Grand Turk or Samana Cay instead?



ENVIRONMENT

In rivers from Labrador and Greenland to the Gulf Coast, American eels ready to reproduce are moving this month down to the ocean, beginning the long swim to the Sargasso Sea, southeast of Bermuda, where they breed and die. After a year or more in the ocean, tiny young eels return to freshwater. More remarkable than this annual odyssey, perhaps, is how little is known about it. No one has actually seen an adult eel beyond the continental shelf. The location of the breeding ground has been inferred from the presence in the Sargasso of larval eels. How many years it takes eels to reach breeding age is another mystery, as is the fate of their spent bodies after the migration is completed. European eels make a similar trip to the Sargasso; they are closely related to American eels, and some biologists have postulated that they are really American eels that got lost on their return journey.



ARTS & LETTERS

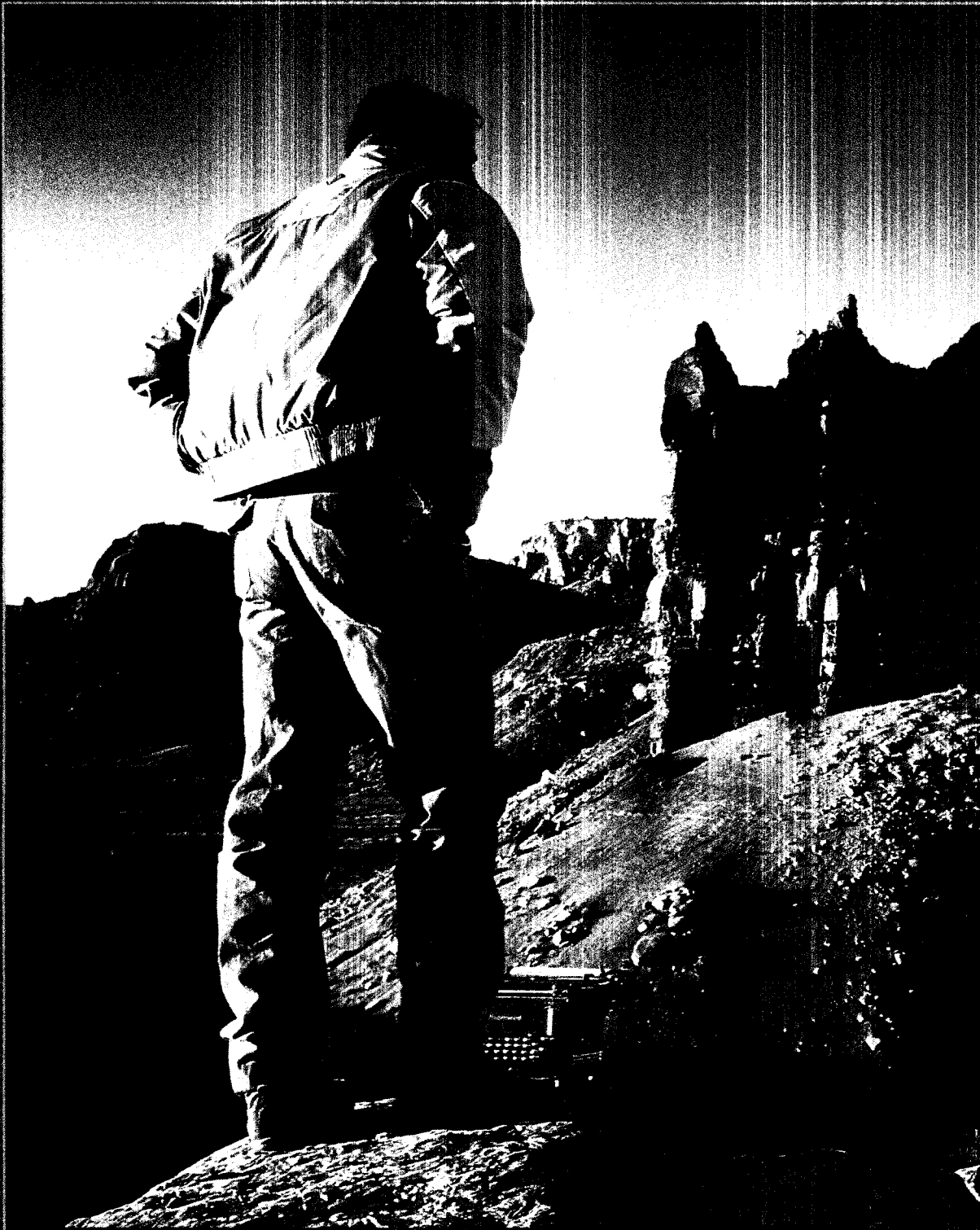
October 8, Christo, the artist who is famous for wrapping large structures in various materials, will today unfurl two large clusters of umbrellas that he has planted in Ibaraki prefecture, Japan, and in Kern and Los Angeles counties, California. Each of the 3,100 octagonal umbrellas (1,340 blue ones in Japan, 1,760 yellow ones in California) is 19'8" tall and 28'6" in diameter; the umbrellas are laid out in a variety of configurations. The cost of this work of art, which will exist for three weeks, is about \$26 million. The cost is borne by the artist.

100 YEARS AGO

Thomas Wentworth Higginson, writing in the October, 1891, issue of *The Atlantic Monthly* about his first meeting with Emily Dickinson: "After a little delay, I heard an extremely faint and pattering footstep like that of a child, in the hall, and in glided, almost noiselessly, a plain, shy little person, the face without a single good feature, but with eyes, as she herself said, 'like the sherry the guest leaves in the glass,' and with smooth bands of reddish chestnut hair. She had a quaint and nun-like look, as if she might be a German canoness of some religious order, whose prescribed garb was white piqué, with a blue net worsted shawl. She came toward me with two dailies, which she put in a child-like way into my hand, saying softly, under her breath, 'These are my introduction.'"



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REPORTS & COMMENT

NOTES

Sexpress

Too much political "news" these days is not fit to print

SCANDAL HAS been a staple of American news coverage since the eras of the penny press and yellow journalism. But in theory at least, we have come a long way from the time of Citizen Hearst. Journalism, after all, has gone from being a questionable blue-collar trade to being a real profession, with prestigious graduate-degree programs at every top university and fellowships to rival those in biochemistry. Scratch that theory. These days, competitive pressures related to sales and advertising are combining with the new candor now possible in written expression to create an upscale yellow press.

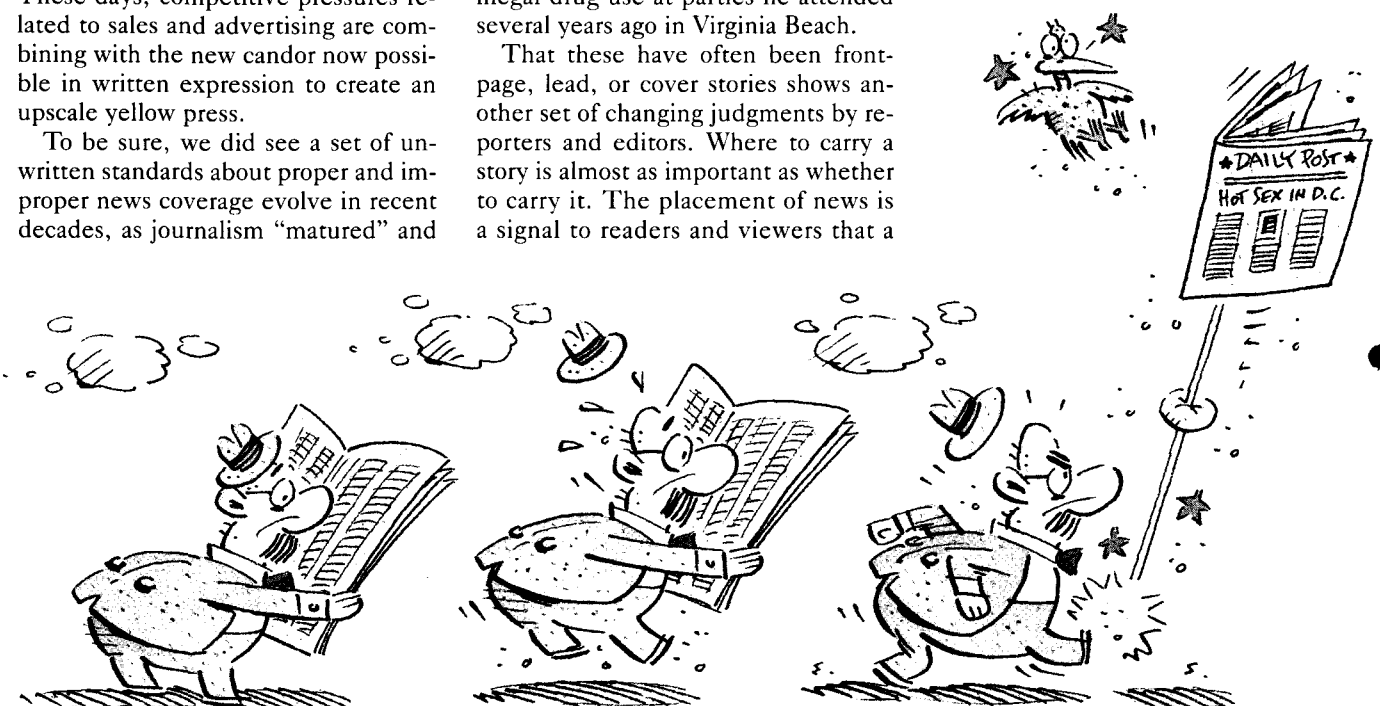
To be sure, we did see a set of unwritten standards about proper and improper news coverage evolve in recent decades, as journalism "matured" and

grew in cachet. But these standards have gone by the board—to be replaced by new ones that could have been drawn up by supermarket tabloids. There used to be a standard that rumors were not published unless they could be independently confirmed. The new one seems to be "We've just heard a hint about an innuendo about a rumor—go with it on the front page above the fold before the competition gets wind of it, and forget the caveats." A number of stories about John Tower's sex life fit the new standard, as did many of the stories about Nancy Reagan, typified by *The New York Times's* front-page account of the Kitty Kelley book. A variation on this theme was the front-page story in *The Washington Post* about Senator Charles Robb, which noted the *Post's* inability to confirm the rumors that Robb had observed illegal drug use at parties he attended several years ago in Virginia Beach.

That these have often been front-page, lead, or cover stories shows another set of changing judgments by reporters and editors. Where to carry a story is almost as important as whether to carry it. The placement of news is a signal to readers and viewers that a

story is truly important and newsworthy or only peripheral; the amount of time, resources, and attention that the editorial staff of a newspaper spends each day on the layout of the front page is the best indication of how critical placement is to journalists. Scandal stories that used to be ignored, or carried somewhere deep inside the paper, are now uniformly and routinely slated for the front page; the more salacious they are, the higher their placement.

At the same time, standards suggesting that private lives of public officials deserve intense public scrutiny if the private behavior impinges on public performance seem to have lost the clause beginning with "if." The most reprehensible example was the NBC prime-time *Exposé* piece on Robb, which focused much of its attention on





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Oct. 12-17, Fleet Week, Pier 39. Blue
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Oct. 24-Nov. 3, Ninth annual Jazz in the
City Festival. (415) 864-5449

Oct. 31-Nov. 3, San Francisco Fall Antiques
Show, Fort Mason. (415) 921-1411

Nov. 2-3, San Francisco Bay Area Book
Festival, Concourse Exhibition Center.
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whether Robb had had sex with a former Miss Virginia, USA, seven years ago at The Pierre Hotel in New York City. During a lengthy interview the former beauty queen was asked, "Did Chuck Robb commit adultery?" With the camera tightly focused on her, she smiled and answered, "Yes. . . ." If *Exposé* is the current standard of network news, Oprah has become the functional equivalent of Edward R. Murrow.

Certainly, if personal, private behavior does impinge on public performance, the relevance and ethical status of reporting it in news coverage changes. Robb's escalating feud with Virginia Governor Douglas Wilder, which saw several of Robb's aides obtain, hold, and allegedly leak intercepted calls from Wilder's car phone, clearly deserved the coverage it received. When Congressmen Gerry Studds and Daniel Crane had sexual relations with underage congressional pages, it was relevant news: these members of Congress had abused their positions of status and power to influence impressionable employees of Congress who were directly under their sway. Coercive or not, those sexual relationships were important and legitimate stories for investigation and reporting, and made compelling cases for congressional-ethics panels.

The same was true with the early reporting of the Paula Parkinson case, when the issue was not simply whether members of Congress had had sex with a young woman in a Florida cottage but the possible link between sex and votes cast in Congress. It was true of the possibility that Judith Campbell Exner's simultaneous affairs with President John F. Kennedy and the mobster Sam Giancana might have compromised U.S. foreign and domestic policy, and true of the arrests of Congressmen Donald "Buz" Lukens and Robert Bauman on morals charges.

A case can even be made that with respect to presidential candidates or Presidents, the broader concern we have for "character" makes patterns of personal behavior relevant. That is the case reporters made to justify their coverage of Gary Hart.

But far more often than not these days, the link that is made between pri-

vate behavior and public performance is a tenuous one, used simply as an excuse to report rumors and salacious details, or no link is made at all, and we are left with what amounts to commercially driven invasions of privacy.

Many journalists seem unconcerned, not seeing the harm in a little gossip about public figures; that is, after all, the price one pays for being in public life. The harm, though, is considerable. It is certainly there for people like Robb and his family. A friend of mine, who lives near Robb, came to breakfast one morning to see his young daughter reading the *Post* story about Robb's alleged adultery. "Boy, is Robb's daughter going to be ragged about this on the school bus," she said.

What kind of people are we going to get in public life if this sort of story continues to be a candidate for front-page coverage in the *Post* or the *Times*? Adding this threat to the other difficulties and costs of public service may leave us with a pool of candidates for electoral office consisting of Ralph Nader and domestic versions of Mother Teresa.

An additional cost comes to the press. The Times Mirror Center for The People & The Press has conducted extensive surveys on public attitudes toward the press which show a decided disgust with prurience and overcoverage of politicians' sex lives. It is not that people say "tsk, tsk" and then tune in to get all the salacious details; the surveys show that people are not paying attention to stories like those about Barney Frank and Chuck Robb. (In the case of Frank, only six percent of those surveyed cared enough even to follow the story closely.) If these stories continue to cause press credibility to decline, the public will pay less attention to, or be more skeptical about, real scandal or wrongdoing when it is uncovered and reported.

The final blow may be the unkindest to newspapers and networks struggling to hold their readers and viewers. If the distinction between the *National Inquirer* and the national prestige press continues to blur, more Americans may turn to the genuine article.

—Norman J. Ornstein



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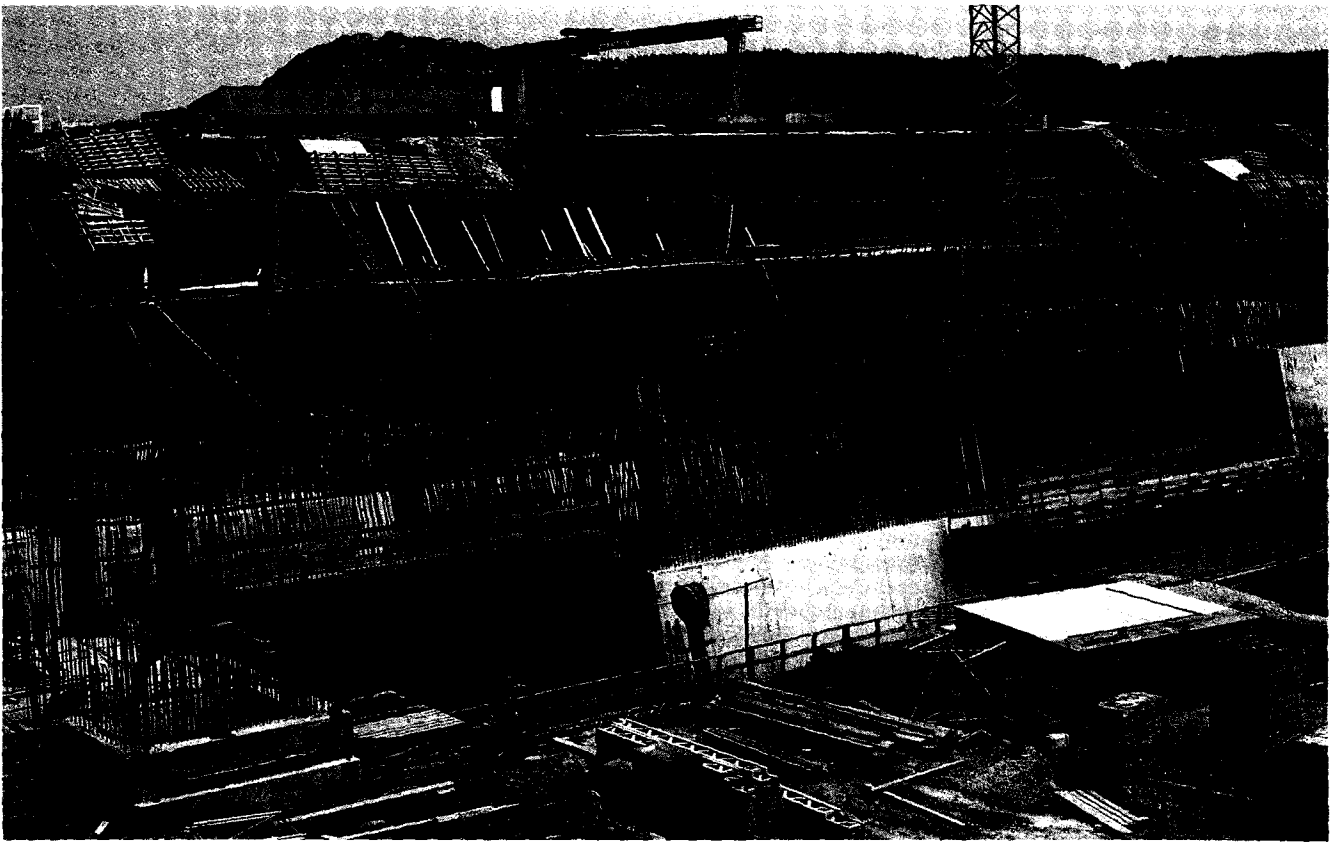
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Building the Bachhausen Lock on the Rhine-Main-Danube Canal, 1,300 feet above sea level. Today most of this is underground

EUROPE

Charlemagne's Dream

An enormous canal, perhaps the largest public-works project in history, is scheduled to link the Rhine and Danube rivers, and thirteen European nations, next year

IN THE GERMAN village of Graben is a long, narrow pond covered with green algae, its steep banks defended by thick brambles. The high sides of the pond rise several feet above the surrounding countryside. Unremarkable though they look, they attest to a deadly struggle that went on there in the fall of A.D. 793. Many men lost their lives in unequal combat, not with an army but with the implacable earth. The pond is one of the few remnants of the first attempt to link the two greatest river systems in Europe.

This is where Charlemagne determined that he would build a canal to

link the Main, a tributary of the Rhine, the foremost river of his western domain, with the Danube, the road to the realms he was pacifying to the east. Each of these two majestic waterways had various feeder streams that were navigable by small boats. Charlemagne chose the Altmühl and the Swabian Rezat, only 2,200 yards apart, as the two tributaries that he would try to connect.

This canal, whose melancholy remains lie in Bavaria, would, Charlemagne thought, allow him to consolidate his empire. Alas, the Emperor could send forth armies, but he could not command the rains to cease or the earth to be stable. The more his workers dug, the more the mud sloughed back down upon them. After about two months Charlemagne could bear the frustration no longer, and he ordered the project abandoned.

Charlemagne's choice of a place to cross the European water divide had merit: his engineers, with a knowledge of topography and hydrology that would be considered rudimentary today, chose a route very near ones that would be selected eleven and twelve centuries later. The second major ca-

nal-building enterprise—that of King Ludwig I of Bavaria—was conducted just a few miles to the east. The result, completed in 1845, was the Danube-Main Canal, which remained in use until late in the Second World War.

I have seen an antique map of the region which shows no towns, hills, or place-names but only a dense system of rivers. It looks like a nest of snakes cast onto glass. The Rhine and the Danube themselves are only about twenty miles apart at a place just north and west of Lake Constance. The site must have tempted early surveyors. But linking the two rivers there would have done little good. The Danube was crossed by shoals at that elevation; even small boats had to be dragged from time to time. As for the Rhine, just downstream, at Schaffhausen, it plunged over the Rhine Falls, which are impassable to this day.

Ludwig's canal, with its wooden lock gates and towpaths for horses, was in use for more than a century but showed a profit for only twelve of those years; its best year was 1850. The large number and small size of the canal's locks were always a drawback, but it was the opening of Bavaria's

first railroad that sent the canal into a decline. Allied bombs finished it off.

NOW CHARLEMAGNE'S dream is about to be realized in a big way. The Rhine-Main-Danube Canal, one of the greatest public-works projects in history, is nearing completion. The new canal runs southward and ever higher from the Main at Bamberg, through Nuremberg, to Hilpoltstein and Bachhausen—the highest locks—and then downward to Kelheim and the Danube. When Berching Lock and the final, ten-mile link are completed, large ships will be able to cruise more than 2,000 miles right across Central Europe, from Rotterdam, on the North Sea, to three small ports on the Danube Delta, where the river flows into the Black Sea.

The new waterway will greatly increase the importance of the Rhine River, which already carries more cargo than all the sea-lanes between the United States and Europe. Although the canal itself is located entirely in Germany and is financed by German public funds, it will directly serve twelve other countries: the Netherlands, Belgium, Luxembourg, France, Switzerland, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Romania, and the Soviet Union. The highest of the canal's fifty-nine locks are 1,332 feet above sea level. Ships coming up from Mainz will be raised 1,066 feet before they start their descent toward the Danube. This means lifting huge vessels to twice the height of the Washington Monument—over a course of only 305 miles.

Much of the canal already carries shipping. Even in the short stretch still under construction most of the ponds are ready, awaiting only the completion of Berching Lock next spring. The entire canal is scheduled to open in the fall of next year.

I have seen the huge locks—forty feet wide, 625 feet long, and nearly a hundred feet deep—at several stages of construction. Each lock requires the effort that would go into the building of a small city, and takes about five years to complete. Some 200 skilled workers toil at each site, aided by gigantic machines. The appearance of a completed lock provides little hint of what an enormous and complicated structure it is. Under construction it is laid open to the sky, while an octet of



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—Sir Walter Scott,
“St. Ronan's Well.”



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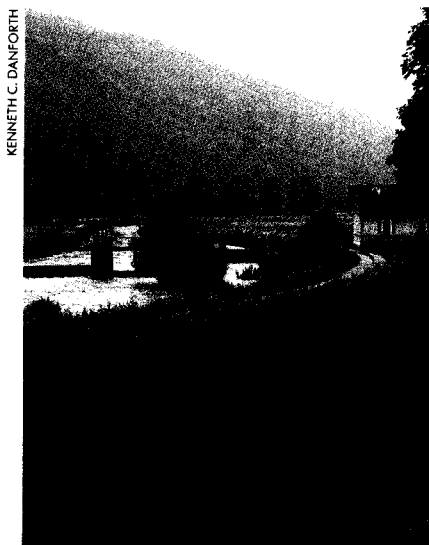
huge cranes swings steel ganglia across its cavernous midsection. When the lock is completed, workers bulldoze dirt up around its immense flanks and plant grass, covering everything but the gates, the lock, and the lockmaster's control cabin.

The unique *Sparschleusen*, or "thrift locks," make the construction site even bigger. These large, elongated ponds rise in three tiers from one side of the main lock. They save 60 percent of the water from each emptying of the lock and reuse it the next time a ship passes through. Most impressive of all, they accomplish the feat without pumps, harnessing the most basic form of energy in the universe: gravity.

The organization charged with directing the gigantic canal project is Rhein-Main-Donau AG, founded in 1921, when Ludwig's canal was still in use. Rhein-Main-Donau's charter provides for a unique financing concept, one that public-works proponents in other countries, bombarded by charges of squandered tax money, might do well to adopt.

The governments of Bavaria and the Federal Republic of Germany lend money, interest-free, to the company as needed. In the meantime, RMD generates considerable revenue by selling hydroelectricity. As work progresses, and more power stations are added to the fifty-four already in operation, the company sells enough electricity to finance further construction, while rapidly repaying the government loans. The total cost of the canal is expected to be about 3.7 billion marks (\$2.1 billion), a debt the company expects to pay off by the year 2050, whereupon the company will dissolve and the power plants will become the property of Germany and Bavaria. The canal is turned over to the federal government as each section is completed.

Even though each mile of the canal is costing more than 43 million marks (\$25 million), that is only two thirds the cost of a mile of new track for the Bundesbahn, the German federal railway. A government grant the size of the Bundesbahn's monthly subsidy would be enough to complete the canal. What's more, transporting goods by rail is about three times as expensive as it is by inland ship; trucking is six times as expensive. Ships move more slowly, but it matters little



An earlier effort, by King Ludwig I

how long bulk materials take to get to their destination if the buyer plans ahead.

Transportation routes and electrical power are not all that the Rhine-Main-Danube project will provide. The canal will become a tremendous conduit for transferring water from southern to northern Bavaria. Geological conditions in the Regnitz and Main valleys give them little storage capacity. Although rainfall is plentiful, it runs off quickly. To the south, in contrast, the German Alps and foothills have plentiful rainfall and also forests and subsoil that can hold great volumes of water. When the canal is completed, water from the Altmühl and the Danube will be pumped from reach to reach up to the summit level of the canal. From



Groundbreaking day, Berching Lock

there it will be used not only to supply locks and turbines but also to help the cities and farms of the water-poor area. And the system will become an important element in flood control.

On the stretch from Kelheim to Dietfurt, the canal looks far more like a lazy, winding river than like a ship channel. The banks are thick with natural vegetation, and swans nudge easily among the reeds. Families harvest hay in the middle distance; farther away, jutting limestone cliffs prop up old stone castles. Hang gliders with rainbow wings step forth from crags and plummet, catch currents of air, and speed down the valley.

At Dietfurt Lock the canal starts the serious business of climbing toward the continental divide. The high ground between the locks at Bachhausen and Hilpoltstein, the summit of the canal, is the highest point of all the commercial water networks of Europe. Here the waterway is not only at its highest but also at its deepest. Instead of going up hill and down, with yet more expensive and time-consuming locks, Rhein-Main-Donau decided to sever the very backbone of the Franconian Uplands. I saw the cutting of an immense trough ninety feet deep and ten miles long. Fleets of green Mercedes trucks moved in an endless shuttle all day long, hauling out the laminated black earth.

JUST AS, in the nineteenth century, construction of locks and deep channels on the Main made Frankfurt a major riverport, the canal has brought boom days to Nuremberg and other cities. Already Nuremberg has built an 820-acre inland harbor, with nearly three miles of piers that groan with the cargoes of distant lands—even though the city is more than 500 miles from the North Sea.

On a tour of the harbor I saw coal from South Africa, building stones from Spain, and soybean groats from the United States. Bulk goods are the mainstay of waterway shipping, and fertilizer, barley, crude oil, pig iron, wheat, corn, and kaolin are always coming and going on ships. Already, more than a million metric tons of freight a year pass through Nuremberg, enough to have created 4,000 new jobs in the vicinity of the harbor.

The Austrians seem almost more enthusiastic about the canal than the Ger-

mans. Two thirds of Austria's labor force works within thirty-five miles of the Danube. Linz, with its iron-and-coal-dependent heavy industry, is the city expected to benefit most from the cheaper movement of bulk goods which the canal will permit.

The developing, newly capitalist cities farther down the Danube have been getting ready for the canal since long before the Iron Curtain fell. One learns something in every one of them. In the port of Bratislava, for example, I saw big, rusty, twenty-ton blocks of pig iron that had come up from Bulgaria. At most only two of them, the deputy harbor master told me, can go onto a railroad car, one over each axle. A big barge can carry several hundred. A barge can carry about fifty heavy trailers, taking that many dangerous trucks off the highway, saving fuel, avoiding repetitive customs formalities, and assuring that the cargo won't have been bounced around on rough roads for hundreds of miles.

In Strasbourg, Mannheim, Wiesbaden, Mainz, Bonn, Cologne, Düsseldorf, Duisburg (the largest inland port in the world), Emmerich, Nijmegen, Arnhem, and Rotterdam, people hardly glanced at the parade of ships on the river. But in Bratislava and, as I was to learn, Budapest, Baja, Novi Sad, Belgrade, Ruse, Tulcea, and on down the mighty current to Sulina, the passing of a big vessel is something to note.

Until now the volume of shipping on the Danube has been modest compared with that on the Rhine. Although the Rhine has only a third the navigable length of the Danube, it moves 225 million metric tons of freight annually, compared with 86 million tons on the Danube. The potential for increase is immense, and the opening of the Rhine-Main-Danube Canal will most certainly lead to dramatic changes.

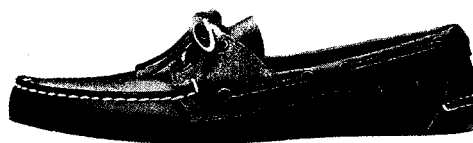
One day, standing on a barge on a working stretch of the canal north of Nuremberg, I realized that we were high above the cornfields on both sides. The Rednitz River, a busy highway, and red-tile rooftops were also far below us.

Instead of laboring down one side of the valley and back up the other side with locks, the canal had leaped a thousand feet from one hillside to the next. We were on an overpass. A bridge that can carry huge trucks is im-



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pressive enough. I was even more impressed with this overpass and the weight it was carrying: more than 70,000 tons, or 2.5 million cubic feet of water, supporting whatever ships happened to be chugging across it.

The journey was a pleasant one, past willows along the banks, in the soft sunshine of early autumn. Soon I began to notice that people were building new houses oriented toward the canal. It had become a positive attraction. People wanted to live near it, facing it. Cyclists rolled along paths on both sides, mothers pushed baby carriages, and fishermen came down to the water's edge to drop their hooks.

The look of the canal owes much to the sensitivity and talent of Professor Reinhard Grebe, a forceful landscape architect with a great marigold mane and beard.

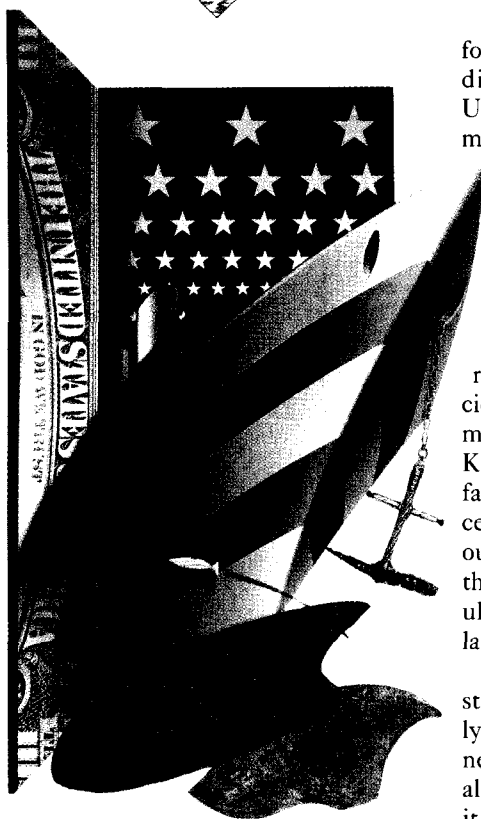
"In 1972," he told me, "Rhein-Main-Donau AG asked me to propose how they should handle ecological concerns about the Altmühl Valley. I brought in a climatologist, a botanist, a zoologist, and a town planner. The more we studied the company's plans, the more firmly we decided: We must change these plans or they will totally destroy the landscape. They'd planned to straighten the Altmühl! They were going to fill in all the backwaters, so fish would have had no refuge from barge waves. They were going to build a road along each side of the canal.

"We brought in experts from fifteen disciplines—ichthyologists and ornithologists and even experts on amphibians and butterflies. We met with the mayors of all the towns along the Altmühl and asked them about their fears and wishes. We drew up a new plan, and the Ministry of the Environment declared that the company would have to follow it."

And so it did. Rhein-Main-Donau officials are happier for having done so. The Altmühl River will flow on, not as serenely as before but with most of its natural beauty preserved.

Moving cargo from Rotterdam to the Black Sea will no longer require a big arc around the continent. Charlemagne's dream of a Europe unified by force of arms has been replaced by another, apparently achievable, goal: unity in trade. No doubt the Emperor would look upon that as progress.

—Kenneth C. Danforth



TRADE

Another Great Victory of Ideology Over Prosperity

What the Bush Administration should learn from the instructive failure of the "Uruguay round" of trade talks

IN SEPTEMBER of 1986 the United States led the major nations on an improbable crusade to bring unmitigatedly free trade to the world. Not surprisingly, it failed. Why the so-called "Uruguay round" of trade talks stalled last winter makes sad reading, because it shows how painfully the ideology and negotiating strategy of U.S. policy-makers is at variance with U.S. commercial interests. The Bush Administration may have won the shooting war against Iraq, but it has been losing a more important war to save the U.S. standard of living.

In retrospect, the American strategy

for these trade talks was oddly contradictory, if not self-defeating. The United States is among the world's most open markets. Most foreign producers can sell here at their pleasure, while U.S. firms attempting to compete overseas often face impenetrable barriers or preconditions. Yet in the trade round U.S. negotiators spent most of their energy attacking the relatively open European Community for its farm policies, and gave a virtual free ride to far more protectionist nations like Japan, Korea, and Brazil. The goals of the farm lobby, representing about 10 percent of U.S. exports, tended to crowd out other U.S. negotiating goals, and the impasse over agriculture subsidies ultimately swamped the entire round last December.

To understand why the American strategy for the trade round was so badly out of sync with U.S. interests, one needs to consider the logic of the global trading system and the U.S. role in it. Since 1948 commerce among nations has been governed under the auspices of the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade. The GATT is less an international organization than a standing diplomatic conference. The joke has it that "GATT" stands for General Agreement to Talk and Talk.

Two basic political features of the GATT stand out. First, the United States, as the world's largest economy and as a devout believer in laissez-faire, is the system's special patron. Other nations tend to be rather more opportunistic about using the trading system to seek advantage for their own industries; U.S. officials care more about the system as a whole, viewing it as a potent and relentless engine of free markets, domestically and globally.

Second, GATT enthusiasts in the United States and elsewhere tend to believe that the logic of liberal trade is cumulative; commerce must become progressively freer of government intrusions, lest the whole system slide backward into protectionism. A favorite, and misleading, GATT metaphor is that "free trade is like a bicycle: you have to pedal ever faster or you tip over."

The GATT became the world's sole trading regime in 1950 by default, when a proposed, more powerful, International Trade Organization failed to win ratification in the United States and elsewhere. Since then the GATT

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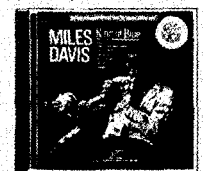
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framework has been useful mainly for negotiating reciprocal reductions in tariffs levied by nations on manufactured goods. Entire areas of trade, such as banking, insurance, farm products, and textiles, are not covered by the GATT. It largely lacks jurisdiction over bilateral assaults on free trade, as when Mexico requires that about half of the content of American auto "imports" be produced locally, or when Japan locks out Korean Hyundais. The GATT also fails to regulate a wide variety of de facto barriers to open commerce, such as subsidies, quotas, cartels, and preferential financing schemes. Nor is the GATT a true framework of common rules. For example, it does not cover such commercial basics as the protection of intellectual-property rights—patents and trademarks. And it lacks a judicial enforcement mechanism to carry out its rulings, which means that national decisions about whether to comply with the GATT are political—they are up to the nations involved.

As the economist Albert O. Hirschman observed nearly fifty years ago, trade between nations, even when conducted by private firms, is necessarily a political act, because the rules of commerce vary so widely from nation to nation. Brazil and Argentina, for example, lack effective laws against commercial piracy. The government of Korea routinely extends credit to large export firms at very low interest rates, and sometimes even subsidizes the principal as well. Japan does not allow foreign stock brokerages to operate in Tokyo on a par with Japanese ones. Germany allows interlocking ownership between large banks and corporations—which is prohibited in the United States. Other important industries, such as civil aviation and petroleum, are regulated or private cartels. In GATT jargon all of these are known as "non-tariff barriers." Taken together, they are far more damaging and insidious than tariffs, which are, as economists say, "transparent"—you know precisely what you are up against.

Since there is no world government, and hence no common body of commercial law across national frontiers, trade law must be understood as a mechanism to permit commerce among economies that play by different rules. Far from trade's being governed by an invisible hand, any movement to-

ward freer commerce or common rules or reciprocal results must be negotiated and constructed, piece by piece.

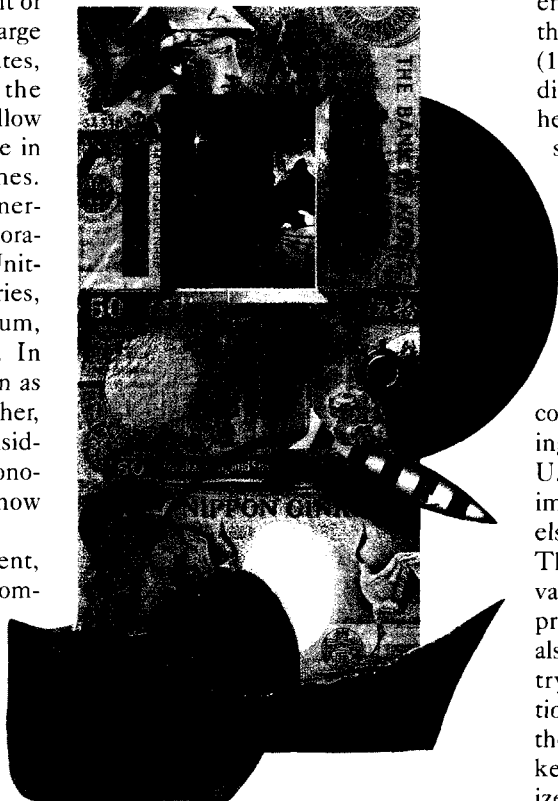
Despite the GATT, with its high principles of multilateralism and non-discrimination, disputes that arise from this most imperfect meshing of national commercial systems often must be settled bilaterally and politically. This will remain true until a global body of commercial law exists. When U.S. auto makers complain that Mazda or Toyota is "dumping" mini-vans (pricing them below cost to drive out domestic competitors), they must take their complaint to the U.S. government, not to court. Although the U.S. government could levy penalty tariffs against the import, it often prefers to negotiate a deal with the foreign government. This is not a judicial proceeding; the U.S. government is free to accept or reject the petition. U.S. diplomats usually have bigger fish to fry with the Japans, Koreas, and Brazils; generally the Departments of State, Treasury, and Defense—all with other missions—advise against "getting tough" with allies over trade disputes.

Trade affects economic prosperity, investment, and jobs—matters that are hardly trivial. But our prevailing ideology holds that these matters are the

proper business of the marketplace; diplomatic leverage should be reserved for the high politics of war and peace. The use of America's geopolitical influence to advance its economic interests is deemed protectionist. The only fit goal for trade policy is to nudge the world toward ever freer markets—a conceit that our trading partners are happy to indulge. For our mentality allows smaller and weaker nations the benefits of strategic trade policies, and denies them to the United States.

ONE LEGACY OF reciprocal tariff reduction is a hallowed but misleading concept known as the most-favored-nation principle. Countries granted most-favored-nation status are able to sell products in foreign markets at the lowest prevailing tariff rate. This principle, which covers GATT members, was intended to ensure that the products of all major trading nations would be traded subject to the same strictures, regardless of their national origin. This ideal is called nondiscrimination. However, with the rise of non-tariff barriers, nations that played by mercantilist rules, using subsidies, quotas, piracy, targeting, and limits on imports, nonetheless enjoyed free access to our markets under the nondiscrimination doctrine. These emerging forms of discrimination were thrown into relief at the Tokyo round (1973–1979), which encouraged but did not require GATT members to adhere to codes of conduct. Thus, despite the GATT's nominal principles, discrimination has been central in the trading system.

Looking at the trading system in the early 1980s, the Reagan Administration had three broad concerns. First, despite nominally low tariffs, all the non-tariff barriers added up to a global system of covert protection, which was swamping both the ideal of free trade and the U.S. trade balance. Second, our trade imbalance was reaching dangerous levels—more than \$156 billion by 1986. This was partly the result of an overvalued dollar, which priced many U.S. products out of world markets, but it also reflected the fundamental asymmetry in the openness of different nations. Generally the United States was the world's most penetrable major market. Among the advanced industrialized countries America took roughly 57



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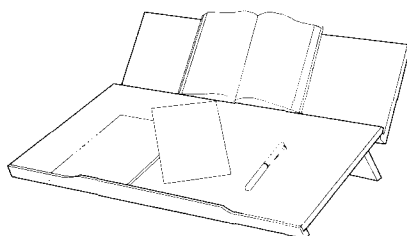
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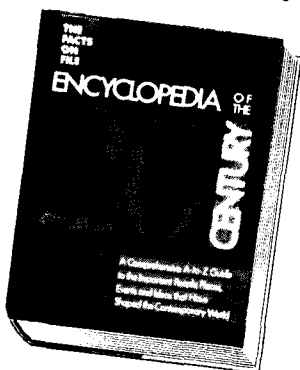
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percent of the total manufactured exports from the Third World; Japan took only 12 percent. And third, as one domestic industry after another was losing out to foreign competition, Congress was making increasingly protectionist noises, most notably about Japan. This threatened not only harmonious relations with our leading Pacific ally but also America's credibility within the GATT as the champion of liberal trade.

The Reagan Administration hoped that a new, ambitious trade round might address all three problems. By pulling down all the covert barriers to free trade, a round could try to make other nations operate their economies more like ours, according to market principles, free from government distortions, and using norms of "transparency" that would give all economic contestants the guarantee of equal treatment and also avenues of legal redress. That, in turn, would give U.S. exporters new access to foreign markets, temper our trade imbalance, and damp down protectionist pressures.

In 1982 William Brock, then the U.S. trade representative, decided, in line with the bicycle theory, that it was time for a new round of trade talks that would finally address the several covert forms of protection not remedied by tariff reduction. After a few false starts the round finally began in 1986, at Punta del Este, Uruguay, and became known as the Uruguay round.

At Punta del Este the Reagan Administration persuaded other nations to accept a remarkably sweeping negotiating agenda. It included bringing all forms of "services"—banking, insurance, engineering, films, broadcasting, aviation, and shipping—and also agriculture and textile trade under the GATT for the first time. It included, as well, working out common rules for the use of subsidies, a common understanding of what constituted dumping, rules for the consistent protection of intellectual property and for fair play on domestic-content and licensing requirements, and mechanisms for beefing up the GATT's ability to enforce its own rulings. The agenda was utopian. It called for nothing short of a common framework of global commercial law—a major delegation of national sovereignty—to be achieved in four years. In line with the usual procedures, working groups in each functional area

were to begin technical discussions immediately, a "midterm" review by cabinet-level negotiators was set for late 1988, and the round was to be concluded by 1990.

The politics attendant to the Uruguay round were difficult, domestically and internationally. The domestic challenge for the Administration was to build a coalition of economic interests—farmers, bankers, multinational corporations—that would be net winners if the round succeeded. The international politics necessary for success was even trickier. Most of the world's nations do not have America's appetite for ever freer trade as an end in itself. Japan and, to a lesser extent, the European Community are relatively content with their present blend of private capitalism and state-led mercantilism. The EC Commission considers its Common Agricultural Policy essential to its emerging political union. The Japanese have grown wealthy on chronic trade surpluses. Most Third World nations that have industrialized have done so with heavy state involvement—through subsidies, limitations on imports, state financing, and state-assisted piracy.

Even though the United States was the world's most open market, and even though American firms were the primary victims of foreign mercantilism, the logic of a U.S.-inspired trade round required the United States to begin by offering concessions rather than making demands. U.S. demands for the opening of foreign markets are generally more effective in quiet bilateral negotiations, in which the United States is able to throw around its economic and political weight. But multilateral negotiations are conducted in broad daylight, and the rituals of the GATT tend to elevate small, poor nations to the same status as big, rich ones. "Carla Hills [the current U.S. trade representative] is a tiger in bilateral negotiations," says the trade lobbyist for a major industry association. "She is a pussycat in the GATT."

For the new round to begin at all, the United States had to offer Third World nations such carrots as the prospect of freer exports of textiles and farm products to the rich markets of the United States and Europe, and also relief from the sticks that the United States sometimes wields, such as Section 301 of the 1974 Trade Agreements

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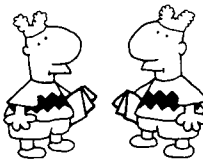
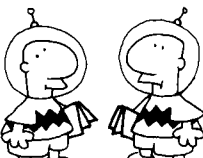
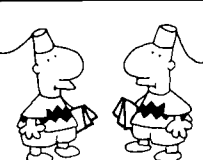
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Act, a tough provision that allows the United States to retaliate in order to pry open foreign markets. In return, the United States hoped to persuade Third World nations to run their economies more in the American image—to allow foreign banks entry, to privatize state-subsidized industries, to get rid of domestic-content requirements, and to offer U.S.-style patent protection. This logic caused the identified villain of the round to become the European Community, with its protected agriculture. Japan, by far the most protectionist of the major industrial nations, kept a very low profile and enjoyed something of a free ride.

AS THE ROUND progressed, the United States found itself oddly on the defensive. America was preaching free trade, and “Third World nations took us at our word,” one trade negotiator recalls. The Americans found themselves pressed to abolish textile quotas, to open farm markets, to swear off “voluntary” restraint agreements that had limited import penetration in steel. India and other poor nations proposed to expand the definition of services to include “labor services,” which is to say they sought the free immigration of low-wage workers attached to foreign construction companies.

In most of the fifteen working groups scant progress was made. In the important intellectual-property area the working group tentatively agreed only to an incomplete and vague set of principles. In the meantime, some nations, notably Mexico and Chile, were persuaded to adopt U.S.-style patent protection by U.S. trade officials who employed the old-fashioned method—threatening retaliation if they refused. By the time the round collapsed, major industries that had been expected to be key supporters, such as the pharmaceutical and telecommunications industries, considered the intellectual-property proposals worse than nothing.

The round ended with the working group on subsidies and dumping far from agreement. Many nations view regional, industrial, and environmental subsidies as legitimate tools of economic development. The United States, in principle, argues that “trade-distorting” subsidies should be prohibited. But in a sense all subsidies distort trade, because they cause products to

be priced differently from the way they would have been priced in the absence of the subsidy. The United States sponsored what it called a “traffic light” system. Some subsidies, such as environmental ones, would get a green light; others, such as explicit export subventions, would get a red light, and be prohibited. Yellow-light subsidies could be challenged if they seemed to distort trade. Negotiators never could agree on either a precise test or an enforcement mechanism—but several nations pressed the United States to get rid of its own anti-dumping laws in exchange for this minimal move toward global standards.

The group working on freer trade in financial and other services failed even to agree on a common framework. American negotiators belatedly realized that freer trade in telecommunications, as long as it left foreign state telecom monopolies intact, would provide foreign producers with freer access to the U.S. market without adequately opening foreign markets. European nations and others, citing “cultural” concerns, refused to provide free access to American films and TV programs. Nor was there much progress in dealing with the subtle, covert ways in which some nations coerce U.S. manufacturers to produce overseas as a condition of doing business.

Much to the relief of many U.S. industries, which feared that other U.S. objectives would be traded away in exchange for progress on the farm question, the round finally came a cropper over agriculture. The liberalization of farm trade had been the special objective of Clayton Yeutter, who served as U.S. trade representative from 1985 to 1989 and as Secretary of Agriculture from 1989 through February of this year. Yeutter repeatedly deemed agriculture the crucial issue for the entire round. He grandly proposed that all nations should eliminate all farm subsidies and price supports by the year 2000—an objective that neither the European Community nor many U.S. farmers took seriously. By the time the round collapsed, the Europeans were willing to support a 30 percent cut in subsidies over a ten-year period, while the Americans were insisting on a 90 percent cut in export subsidies and a 75 percent cut in internal supports. Although Europe is committed in its domestic policy to reducing the cost of its

farm program, there is virtually no support there for a completely free market in farm products, which is viewed as dangerously unstable. The U.S. position on farm trade was an epic case of the best being the enemy of the good.

LAST FEBRUARY, Bush Administration officials endeavored to resurrect the failed round, working through GATT officials. Arthur Dunkel, the GATT director-general, persuaded the Europeans to soften their bargaining position on agriculture. That gave the Americans the necessary fig leaf, and they agreed to come back to the table. In May, by a close margin, Congress authorized the Administration to negotiate for another two years. At this writing, discussions at the working-group level have resumed, attempting to pick up where the failed negotiations left off. However, heads of state meeting in London at the July summit of the industrialized nations were embarrassed that the agriculture talks—the make-or-break issue for the round—remained deadlocked.

In the meantime, the United States embarked on an ambitious effort to negotiate a free-trade agreement with Mexico. This plan aroused the criticism of groups not normally involved in trade policy. Environmentalists realized that free trade with Mexico, whose health, safety, and environmental standards are significantly weaker than those of the United States, would be an invitation for U.S. companies to flee south, and also a deterrent to tough standards at home. Some eminent free-traders, among them the Columbia University economist Jagdish Bhagwati, who was recently named the senior economic adviser to the GATT, warned that a preferential arrangement with Mexico could seriously undermine the GATT ideal of nondiscrimination, and that it would also invite new demands for bringing regulatory and social policies into harmony as a condition of trade generally. Many Europeans took the Mexico deal as an ominous sign that the United States was giving up on the multilateral GATT. U.S. support simultaneously for a more comprehensive GATT and for a preferential North American trade bloc is just one more sign of the general incoherence of our trade policy.

Congress's backing of a U.S.-Mexi-



co free-trade arrangement was conditional. It must win legislative approval again when the draft agreement is completed, presumably in 1992. The surprisingly strong criticism of the Mexico deal led to widespread recognition of the uncomfortable reality that when you import a nation's goods, you also import its social, labor, and environmental standards. The deal further underscored the fact that free trade is in reality a delegation of sovereignty—not to an international government but to a global market with uneven rules. Therefore, the gains from trade between any two nations are only as reciprocal as their actual conduct of trade. If Japan's markets are significantly less open than our own, and opening them is a low diplomatic priority for Japan, there is no assurance that "freer" trade will be a net gain for the United States. If Mexico's wages are one seventh our own, and U.S. firms flee to Mexico, there is no assurance that the predicted rise in Mexico's purchasing power will compensate for the loss of our jobs.

ALTHOUGH THE collapse of the Uruguay round last December was accompanied by dire economic prophecies, there could be worse outcomes than for this trade round to fizzle again. That, at least, would force the United States to revise its goals.

A more modest but attainable trade-policy goal would be to acknowledge the radical disparity in the rules by which diverse economic systems play, and to seek a trading system that accommodates diversity rather than demanding nominal conformity. Concretely, this would mean a shift in the operating principle of the GATT, from unconditional to conditional free trade. Nations that agreed to a common set of practices on subsidies, pricing, intellectual-property protection, social standards, and, generally, the right to do business would enjoy free access to one another's markets. Nations that did not agree would retain the right to operate more mercantilist or exploitive economies internally—but their access to other nations' markets

would be conditional and would have to be negotiated, country by country and sector by sector. Ironically, a step backward from the utopian ideal of perfect free trade would enhance both the health of the multilateral trading system and the competitiveness of the United States.

The stakes are anything but academic. It matters whether the products made in the United States—and the jobs, the investment capital, and the knowledge embedded in those products—get roughly equal access to world markets. By viewing the trading system in utopian terms, denying that the policies of other nations affect our access, and insisting that the only kind of national security is military, the United States is slowly squandering both its standard of living and its economic influence in the world. To revise our trade strategy will require an acknowledgment that we have economic interests to defend and advance, in addition to ideological goals for the world.

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LOOKING *for* SHAKESPEARE

*Two partisans explain and debate
the authorship question*



URING THE PAST TWO CENTURIES DOUBTS ABOUT THE IDENTITY OF THE AUTHOR of the works attributed to William Shakespeare have brought a small cottage industry into being. To date more than 4,000 books have been written on the authorship question. Passions and interest have always run high.

The roots of the enterprise can be traced to the 1780s, when the Reverend James Wilmot moved to Warwickshire, where Shakespeare had lived, to gather information for a biography. After covering himself, in the words of one scholar, “with the dust of every private bookcase within a radius of 50 miles” of Stratford and finding no books that had been owned by the playwright or other physical evidence, Wilmot burned his notes for fear of their implications. Eventually Wilmot revealed to a visitor his belief that the works of Shakespeare had been written by “some other person,” perhaps Sir Francis Bacon. Because the secondhand account of Wilmot’s conclusions did not surface until 1932, the credit for the opening public salvo in the debate is given to Delia Bacon (no relation to Francis) and William H. Smith, who each published a book in 1857 suggesting that William Shakespeare of Stratford could not have been the author of the works of “Shakespeare.” Both writers implicated Francis Bacon.

Nathaniel Hawthorne, who wrote the introduction to Delia Bacon’s book, in 1863 also wrote an *Atlantic* article in which he praised her conviction, if not her conclusion. Bacon’s scholarship had a profound effect on Mark Twain, who said his disbelief in Shakespeare as the true Bard “was born of Delia Bacon’s book.” But neither Twain nor any of the other prominent figures who have expressed “anti-Stratfordian” beliefs—Henry James, Walt Whitman, and Sigmund Freud, among others—has exempted the doubters from academic scorn (in many cases well deserved). The Shakespeare scholar Alfred Harbage characterized them in our pages in 1956 as “eccentrics of the most familiar type—pathetic victims of the *idée fixe*, or wealthy old gentlemen safely indulging a latent hunger to be ‘radical’ about something.”

The anti-Stratfordians are not discouraged, however, and during the past few decades a solid majority of them have coalesced behind Edward de Vere (1550–1604), the seventeenth Earl of Oxford, as the “onlie begetter” of the Shakespeare canon. The Folger Shakespeare Library—a bastion of orthodoxy—last April went so far as to invite Charles Vere, a descendant of the seventeenth Earl of Oxford, to present the case for the earl before a packed audience in the library’s Great Hall.

Because authorship debaters typically talk past one another, we allowed for a two-stage process. We gave the writers here—each a learned and enthusiastic partisan, one for the Earl of Oxford and the other for Shakespeare—the opportunity to make his best case. Then each piece was sent to the opposing writer for rebuttal. A brief look at computer-assisted investigations of the authorship question follows this exchange.



THE CASE *for* OXFORD

BY TOM BETHELL

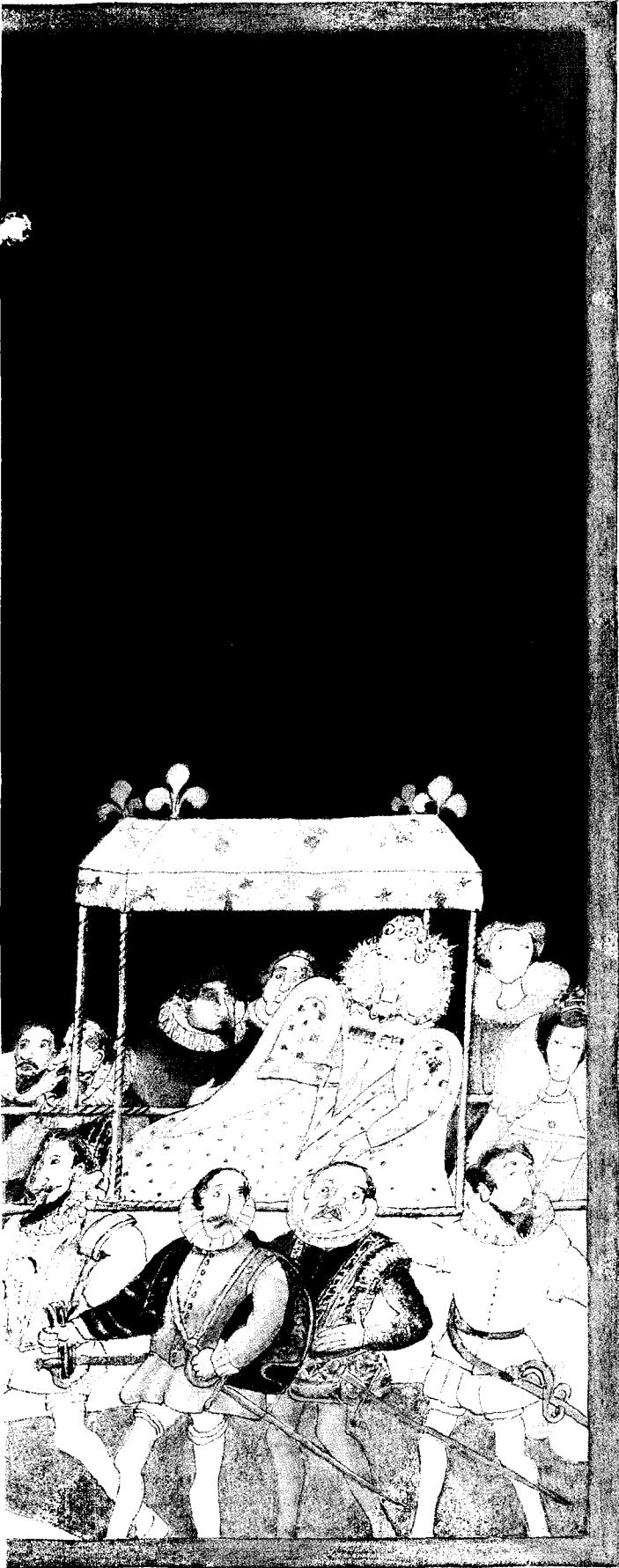


HAMLET IS DERIVED FROM A STORY IN François de Belleforest's *Histoires Tragiques* (1576), not yet translated into English when Shakespeare adapted it. Shakespeare introduced new characters and greatly enlarged the roles assigned to various characters by Belleforest. One of these magnified characters is Polonius, the Lord Chamberlain to the King of Denmark, who is not even named in the original story. As long ago as 1869 the scholar George Russell French noted the similarities between Queen Elizabeth's principal minister, Lord Burghley, and Polonius in *Hamlet*. French added that Burghley's son and daughter Robert and Anne Cecil seemed to correspond to Laertes and Ophelia.

Taking this scenario one step further, Hamlet himself becomes Edward de Vere, the seventeenth Earl of Oxford. Ophelia was unhappily involved with Hamlet; De Vere, who grew up as a royal ward in the household of Lord Burghley, was unhappily married to Anne Cecil. Oxford believed that his wife had been unfaithful to him while he was away on a European tour and (for a time, at least) seems to have doubted that he was the father of her first child. Hamlet says to Polonius, "Conception is a blessing, but not as your daughter may conceive."

Hamlet has often been thought to be autobiographical. Was Edward de Vere, then, Shakespeare? Confining ourselves just to *Hamlet*, we find more than a few additional parallels:

- Lord Burghley wrote out a set of precepts ("Towards thy superiors be humble yet generous; with thine equals familiar yet respective") strongly reminiscent of the advice Polonius gives to Laertes ("Be thou familiar but by



no means vulgar. . . ."). Burghley's precepts, intended for the use of his son Robert, were published in 1618. *Hamlet* first appeared in quarto in 1603. Edmund K. Chambers, one of the leading Shakespeare scholars of the twentieth century, offered the following explanation: "Conceivably Shakespeare knew a pocket manuscript."

- In Act II Polonius sends Reynaldo to spy on Laertes in Paris, possibly catching him "drinking, fencing, swearing, quarreling," or "falling out at tennis." In real life Burghley's older son, Thomas Cecil, did go to Paris, whence the well-informed Burghley somehow received information, through a secret channel, of Thomas's "inordinate love of . . . dice and cards." Oxford, incidentally, did have a real "falling out at tennis"—not a widely practiced sport in those days—with Sir Philip Sidney, the Earl of Leicester's nephew.

- Oxford and Hamlet are similar figures, courtiers and Renaissance men of varied accomplishments; both were scholars, athletes, and poets. Many critics have noted Hamlet's resemblance to Castiglione's beau ideal in *The Courtier*. At the age of twenty-one, Oxford wrote a Latin introduction to a translation of this book. Both Oxford and Hamlet were patrons of play-acting companies.

- In 1573 Oxford contributed a preface to an English translation of *Cardanus Comfort*, a book of consoling advice which the orthodox scholar Hardin Craig called "Hamlet's book." The book includes passages from which Hamlet's soliloquy was surely taken ("What should we account of death to be resembled to anything better than sleep. . . . We are assured not only to sleep, but also to die. . . .").

- Oxford stabbed a servant of Burghley's (possibly another of Burghley's spies). Polonius is stabbed by Hamlet while spying on him.

- Hamlet's trusted friend is Horatio. Oxford's most trusted relative seems to have been Horace Vere, called Horatio in some documents (and so named by the *Dictionary of National Biography*).

- Oxford, like Hamlet, was captured by pirates en route to England; both participated in sea battles.

The parallels between Hamlet and Oxford, ignored by conventional scholarship, were first discovered by J. Thomas Looney (pronounced "LOE-ny," but the harm's been done), an English schoolmaster whose book "*Shakespeare Identified in Edward de Vere*" was published in 1920. If it is ever vindicated—as is still possible—it will far surpass Heinrich Schliemann's discovery of Troy in the annals of amateur scholarship. Among Looney's converts were Sigmund Freud and John Galsworthy, who said that Looney's book was "the best detective story I have ever read." Looney (who refused his publisher's understandable suggestion that he consider using a pseudonym) died in 1944, his theory widely ignored. After the prolonged controversy over the proposition that Francis Bacon was the real author of the Shakespeare canon, the proposal of yet another candidate seemed to be mere

desperation. But Looney had found a candidate far more interesting, and plausible, than the Baconians or anyone else ever had.

Oxford's life posed an obvious challenge for Looney and his followers (known as Oxfordians), however. The earl's death preceded the Stratford man's by twelve years. Plays dated after 1604, or references in the plays to topical events in the years 1604–1616 (should any be found), would expose Oxford to anachronism. Conventional dating holds that there are ten such plays (I'm not counting *Two Noble Kinsmen*). And orthodox scholars claim that there is one such topical reference—to the "still-vex'd Bermoothes," in Act I of *The Tempest*. This is believed to refer to a 1609 shipwreck in Bermuda, not heard of in England until 1610.

Leaving *The Tempest* aside for a moment, the nine remaining post-1604 plays are amenable to earlier dating without contradicting any known facts. The date of their composition is quite uncertain, many having appeared for the first time in the posthumous First Folio (1623). Some are dated late simply to fit the period when the Stratford man (1564–1616) is thought to have been in London. He couldn't have been there much before 1587, and there are already numerous signs of uncomfortably early authorship—a published reference to *Hamlet* in 1589, for example, when the Stratford man was twenty-five years old.

The conventional dating of many of the supposedly post-1604 plays is more a matter of giving breathing space to Stratfordian chronology than of letting the facts speak for themselves. In addition, one or two conventional scholars date *King Lear* before 1604; *Pericles* and *Henry VIII* were certainly worked on by another hand; and there is nothing in the remainder—*Macbeth*, *Timon of Athens*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Coriolanus*, *Cymbeline*, and *The Winter's Tale*—that requires a post-1604 date. I believe that the latest source material undeniably used by Shakespeare is John Florio's 1603 translation of Montaigne's essay "Of the Cannibals," which reappears in much the same words in Act II of *The Tempest*. Stratfordians have always insisted that this is a late play, and Oxfordians are happy to agree with them.

Orthodox research into Shakespeare's sources barely conflicts with this analysis. The entire eight volumes of Geoffrey Bullough's *Narrative and Dramatic Sources of Shakespeare* contain only one source that is dated after 1604 and deemed a certain, rather than possible or probable, source. This is William Strachey's account of the 1609 shipwreck in Bermuda. In fact, however, there is nothing in Strachey that is certainly in *The Tempest*, although his description of St. Elmo's fire in the rigging does suggest Ariel's magical powers ("On the topmast, the yards and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly"). Furthermore, there is nothing in *The Tempest* that was not known to Elizabethans. If "Bermoothes" is taken as a reference to Bermuda, Oxfordians point out, not only

does Hakluyt's *Principal Navigations* (1598–1600) contain an account of a 1593 shipwreck in Bermuda, but a decade earlier the Earl of Oxford himself had invested in—possibly even owned—the *Edward Bonaventure*, one of the ships involved in that wreck.

Looney, however, did not know this. Uncharacteristically deferring to the authority of Chambers and other conventional scholars on this point, he accepted the conventional date for *The Tempest* (1611). In his final chapter, therefore, Looney argued that the play did not belong in the Shakespeare canon. As it is thought to include some of Shakespeare's best verse, this greatly weakened Looney's case. By the time Hakluyt's references to Bermuda were pointed out, Looney had come to seem discredited. In *Shakespeare and His Betters* (1958), an attack on the anti-Stratfordian heresy, R. C. Churchill claimed that the date of Oxford's death was "decisive" against his candidacy for authorship. In *Shakespeare's Lives* (1970), S. Schoenbaum more cautiously argued that "*The Tempest* presents Looney with his greatest challenge, for topical references and other internal considerations lead him to accept the late date to which the commentators assign it."

In recent years, however, the earl's fortunes have revived somewhat. Charlton Ogburn's huge book *The Mysterious William Shakespeare* was published in 1984, attracting many converts to the cause. In the fall of 1987 David Lloyd Kreeger, a Washington phil-anthropist who died last year, organized a moot-court debate on the authorship question at The American University, presided over by three Supreme Court Justices (William Brennan, Harry Blackmun, and John Paul Stevens). They awarded the verdict to the Stratford man, but Oxford benefited mightily from the exposure.

At the end of his opinion Justice Stevens noted that "the Oxfordian case suffers from not having a single, coherent theory of the case." True, but most Oxfordians (not all, alas) would subscribe to something like the following:

There did exist a man named William Shakspere, of Stratford, but the plays and poems attributed to William Shakespeare were in fact written by Edward de Vere, the Earl of Oxford, the Lord Great Chamberlain and senior earl of England, early a favorite of Queen Elizabeth

and usually on good terms with her. (Henceforward I will use "Shakspere" to denote the man from Stratford and "Shakespeare" to denote the author of the plays, whoever he was.) There is abundant evidence, discomfiting to Stratfordians, that many of the existing plays are rewritten versions of earlier plays or, more simply, date from a time that would require prodigious effort on the part of the Stratford man. Perhaps as many as a dozen plays were written before the Stratford man reached his thirty-first birthday. Oxfordians believe that Oxford wrote the earlier plays for court performance in the 1580s—when Oxford was in his thirties—and that they were later revised for the public theater. Not until 1598 was the name Shakespeare appended to plays. Before then, all published quartos of plays subse-

quently attributed to Shakespeare had no name on the title page. In associating himself with and writing for the public theater, Oxford was both slumming and enjoying himself—and taking the opportunity to write figuratively about events and people surrounding the court. As it was not acceptable for noblemen to be associated with public (as opposed to court) theater, Oxford agreed to keep his family's name out of it. He wrote "not for attribution," as we now say. Perhaps, as Justice Stevens suggested, the Queen herself so ordered him. Possibly he was content to write pseudonymously without urging.

The Earl of Oxford may have met the Stratford man

in London at some point and enlisted him as his "blind," or front man: Oxfordians disagree among themselves about this key point. A variant of this theory holds that Oxford was already using the name Shakespeare when the Stratford man showed up in London. This is less plausible, but it accommodates a contemporary document in which it is reported that Gabriel Harvey, a fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, praised the Earl of Oxford in 1578 (in Latin) with the words "Thine eyes flash fire, thy countenance shakes a spear." I shall simply assume that Shakspere was in town seeking his fortune and that he and Oxford somehow established a collaborative relationship. Oxford thereupon set Shakspere up as a shareholder in the Chamberlain's Men, the theater company where Shakspere presumably worked as a factotum and manager.

*Writing in the
mid-1840s, Ralph
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admitted that he could
not "marry"
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Shakespeare's
work. That is the
anti-Stratfordian case
in a nutshell.*



THE INADEQUACY OF THE STRATFORD MAN

WRITING IN THE MID-1840S, RALPH WALDO Emerson admitted that he could not “marry” Shakspeare’s life to Shakespeare’s work: “Other admirable men have led lives in some sort of keeping with their thought, but this man in wide contrast.” That is the anti-Stratfordian case in a nutshell. There is a great gulf between the life and the work. Ivor Brown inadvertently drew attention to it in his 1949 biography of Shakespeare. “During 1598,” he wrote, the Bard was “managing, acting . . . and turning out plays (two or three a year was his pace at this time) and yet keeping an eye on malt and [Stratford] matters.” In 1604 Shakspeare sued the Stratford apothecary for the balance of an account for malt, and for a debt of two shillings. But “it may have been Mrs. Anne Shakespeare who forced this into court,” Brown continued. “Shakespeare himself was then at the top of his performance in [the] tragedy period. . . .” Hm. . . .

No amount of research has been able to narrow this gulf. In some respects research has widened it. At the time of the Restoration, forty-four years after the Stratford man’s death, knowledge of Shakespeare was so poor that the plays bound together for the library of Charles II and labeled “Shakespeare. Vol. I.” were *Mucedorus*, *Fair Em*, and *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, which are not accepted today as Shakespeare’s. Textual scholarship only later clarified the canon, and tremendous archival digging in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries turned up quite a bit of information about Shakspeare’s life. But (if we exclude posthumous testimony) none of it establishes Shakspeare as a playwright. With the rise of critical scholarship, poetic images of the Stratford man, told as fables at second and third hand in the eighteenth century, have mostly been overthrown as unreliable.

S. Schoenbaum, who more than most biographers has eschewed the “perhaps” that links Shakspeare to so much of Elizabethan life, was reduced by his own scrupulosity in his *Documentary Life* (1975) to presenting scraps of paper that show little more than routine transactions—Stratford tithes, Southwark tax records, and documents involving “petty disputes over money matters.” Echoes of the plays are few, faint, and unconvincing.

The Stratfordians have a point when they tell us we know quite a lot about Shakspeare—more than we do about Christopher Marlowe, for example. It’s *what* we know that causes difficulties, not how little. His father, the constable and glover, could not write; he signed documents with a cross or made his mark. Judith, Shakspeare’s younger daughter, “evidently took after her mother [Anne Hathaway]—she couldn’t write,” A. L. Rowse reported. As for the older daughter, Susanna, Joseph Quincy Adams, a former director of the Folger Library, reproduced her wobbly signature in his *Life of William*

Shakespeare, but it does not encourage confidence that she was literate. Married to Dr. John Hall, she lived on into the time of the English Civil War. After Hall’s death a surgeon visited her at Stratford because he wanted to see her husband’s manuscripts (not her father’s). At that time she was unable to recognize her own husband’s handwriting. “Odd,” Schoenbaum wrote. “Did she have learning sufficient only to enable her to sign her name?”

Which brings us to Shakspeare’s six uncontested signatures. They are painfully executed in an uncertain hand, a historical embarrassment. Joseph M. English, Jr., a documents examiner with the forensic-science laboratory at Georgetown University, offered the provisional opinion (he had access only to reproductions) that the signatures were those of a man not familiar with writing his own name, particularly the latter part of it. The surviving record does not contradict the possibility that Shakspeare’s level of literacy was no greater than his daughter’s. His signatures are appended to legal documents only. There are no known manuscripts or letters by Shakspeare. We have one letter that was sent to him (but he is thought not to have received it). It asks for a loan of £30.

Shakspeare is not known to have attended Stratford grammar school (the school records have not survived), and no one who did attend it ever claimed to have been his classmate. If he was a pupil, he probably was not one for long, as orthodoxy concedes, because his father ran into financial difficulties. Shakspeare married at the age of eighteen and had three children (including twins) before his twenty-first birthday, in 1585. Joseph Quincy Adams guessed that Shakspeare spent some time as a schoolmaster. The alternative he described as follows:

If we are forced to think of him as early snatched from school, working all day in a butcher’s shop, growing up in a home devoid of books and of a literary atmosphere, and finally driven from his native town through a wild escapade with village lads, we find it hard to understand how he suddenly blossomed out as one of England’s greatest men of letters with every mark of literary culture.

Several orthodox scholars, including Alfred Harbage, date the composition of *Love’s Labour’s Lost* to the late 1580s. “What Shakespeare was doing at the age of twenty-four or twenty-five we do not know,” Harbage added. The play contains allusions to the 1578 visit of Marguerite de Valois and Catherine de Medici to the Court of Henry of Navarre at Nérac, the names of French courtiers remaining unchanged in the play. Somehow the Stratford man found out about all this, embodying it in a parody of court manners and literary fashions. “Unless there was a source-play,” Edmund Chambers wrote, “some English or French traveller must have been an intermediary.”

The play was “a battle in a private war between court factions,” according to the Arden edition of *Love’s Labour’s Lost*, with many indications that it had been written first “for private performance in court circles,” and then

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was rewritten and published in quarto in 1598. It's hard to believe that Shakspeare *started out* as a court insider. "To credit that amazing piece of virtuosity to a butcher boy who left school at 13 or even to one whose education was nothing more than what a grammar school and residence in a little provincial borough could provide is to invite one either to believe in miracles or to disbelieve in the man of Stratford," wrote J. Dover Wilson, the editor of the *New Cambridge Shakespeare*.

IN HIS PREFATORY POEM IN THE FIRST FOLIO (1623), BEN Jonson misleadingly told readers that Shakespeare had "small Latin and less Greek." Jonson also spread the idea that Shakespeare was nature's child, who "wanted art." This falsely implied that Shakespeare's poetry was the spontaneous, untutored babbling of a provincial. John Milton picked up the refrain, writing in 1632 that the poet "warble[d] his native wood-notes wild." The well-educated Milton probably didn't realize that Shakespeare's vocabulary was twice his own. Shakespeare's learning, worn so unostentatiously, didn't become apparent until much later. The eighteenth-century editor George Steevens said of a portion of *Titus Andronicus*: "This passage alone would sufficiently convince me that the play before us was the work of one who was conversant with the Greek tragedies in their original language. We have here a plain allusion to the *Ajax* of Sophocles, of which no translation was extant in the time of Shakespeare." Gilbert Highet, of Columbia University, said that "we can be sure" that Shakespeare "had not read Aeschylus." (He meant that Shakspeare had not.) "Yet what can we say when we find some of Aeschylus' thoughts appearing in Shakespeare's plays?"

The Comedy of Errors was taken from a play by Plautus before it had been published in English translation. *The Rape of Lucrece* is derived from the *Fasti* of Ovid, of which there appears to have been no English version, according to John Churton Collins, the author of *Studies in Shakespeare* (1904). Collins also found in the plays "portions of Caesar, Sallust, Cicero and Livy." As for modern languages, Charles T. Prouty, a professor at the University of Missouri, concluded that Shakespeare "read both Italian and French and was familiar with both Bandello and Bellefont." The dialogue in some scenes of *Henry V* is in French, "grammatically accurate if not idiomatic," according to Sir Sidney Lee, the influential Shakespeare scholar and the editor of the *Dictionary of National Biography*. As noted above, Belleforest's *Histoires Tragiques*, which contains the Hamlet story, had not been translated from the French by the time *Hamlet* was written. *Othello* is based on a story in G. Giraldi Cinthio's *Hecatommithi*, not translated from the Italian by the time of the play's first performance. Andrew S. Cairncross, who in the 1930s espoused an early-authorship theory of the plays, concluded that Shakespeare's "knowledge and use" of Italian is "established." (Oxford wrote in French and Latin and,

having spent almost a year in Italy, almost certainly knew Italian.)

Meanwhile, we catch glimpses of Shakspeare in London: In March of 1595, along with William Kempe and Richard Burbage, he was recorded as a payee of the Chamberlain's Men, for performances before Her Majesty the previous December at Greenwich. In 1596 William Wayte "craves sureties of the peace against Shakspeare" and others "for fear of death." In 1597 and 1598 the Stratford man was listed as a tax defaulter in Bishopsgate ward. In Stratford he was among the "wicked people" named as stockpiling grain at a time of famine in 1598. A year earlier he bought New Place, the second-largest house in Stratford, for £60, but he "did not live there permanently until his retirement, c. 1610," wrote F. E. Halliday in *A Shakespeare Companion*, a standard reference work. In London there was no recorded reaction to his death, in 1616—an extraordinary oversight, considering that the city went into mourning when the actor Richard Burbage died, three years later.

The playwright "spent some years before his death at his native Stratford," according to his first biographer, Nicholas Rowe, "in ease, retirement, and the conversation of his friends." Schoenbaum granted him a "final non-literary phase." How many writers retire in their forties? (Francis Beaumont, who died a month before Shakspeare, was said by Marchette Chute to have "retired" from playwriting in his late twenties, but a recent study argued that he had suffered a stroke.) It seems unlikely that Shakspeare really did retire, however, for in 1613 we find him again back in London—buying property in Blackfriars and mortgaging it the next day. Shakspeare's will, first prepared in January of 1616, itemizing such minutiae as a silver-gilt bowl, his own clothes, his plate, and his second-best bed (this last to his wife), mentions no books or manuscripts. This was the will of someone concerned about and attentive to details—but these did not include the disposition of his literary remains. At this point just over half the plays had not been published anywhere.

"Circumstances were uniquely favorable to the retention of any products of his pen had there been any," Charlton Ogburn wrote.

His last years were spent in affluent leisure in a fine house he had owned for two decades, and this house remained in the possession of his daughter and then granddaughter while three collected editions of Shakespeare's plays were published in which their author was hailed as his nation's triumph. Are we really to imagine that nothing in the form of a letter, a note, a bit of manuscript, would have remained of Shakspeare's had he been the greatest of writers?

As far as I know, at no point in Shakspeare's lifetime was the claim made that he had written anything, nor do we have any evidence that he was ever paid for writing. Shakspeare himself makes no authorial claim in the anecdotes that have come down to us. In his fugitive appear-

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ances he is businesslike rather than literary. In the words of Joseph Sobran, the columnist and *National Review* critic at large, he remains throughout "a singularly taciturn fountain of eloquence."

THE VIRTUOSITY OF DE VERE

AS A YOUNG MAN, DE VERE "DAZZLED THE QUEEN and absorbed the attention of her leisure moments," according to one historian. An uncle of his, Henry Howard, introduced the sonnet form in English; another uncle, Arthur Golding, who was probably also De Vere's tutor, translated Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, an important Shakespeare source. When Oxford was nineteen, a copy of the Amyot (French) translation of Plutarch's *Lives* was bought for him; a letter written by him in French at the age of thirteen survives. He "won for himself an honorable place among the early masters of English poetry," Thomas Macaulay wrote. Of all the courtier poets, Chambers wrote, "the most hopeful" was De Vere, but he "became mute in late life."

In deference to the taboo against noblemen's using their own names, only one published poem disclosed Oxford's authorship. (Others used the initials "E.O.," and may have been published without his permission.) Steven W. May, of Georgetown College, Kentucky, an expert on Oxford's poetry, has reduced to sixteen the canon of his certain poems. "His latest extant poem was composed no later than 1593," according to May. This happens to be the year of Shakespeare's first poem (*Venus and Adonis*). What has survived of Oxford's poetry does not rival Shakespeare's, but most of his known poems were written when Oxford was young, probably in his early twenties. According to Ward Elliott, of Claremont McKenna College, in California, who has researched the authorship question with statistical techniques, some of Oxford's known poems may have been composed when the earl was sixteen or younger.

Oxford's oldest daughter, Elizabeth Vere, was in the early 1590s engaged to marry Henry Wriothesley, the third Earl of Southampton, to whom *Venus and Adonis* and *The Rape of Lucrece* were dedicated. Burghley and Oxford tried to persuade the rich youth to marry the girl (Oxford

had sold off an uncomfortably large portion of his inheritance by this time), but Southampton declined (and was apparently fined by Burghley for doing so). Shakespeare's sonnets, or most of them, are believed to have been written in the early to mid-1590s, and Southampton's three biographers believe that he was the sonnets' "onlie begetter." The poet, in any event, is feeling his age, speaking of the "wreckful siege of battering days," weeping for "precious friends hid in death's dateless night" and "all those friends which I thought buried," and missing his "lovers gone." In the mid-1590s the Stratford man wasn't thirty years old, yet in Sonnet 73 we read:

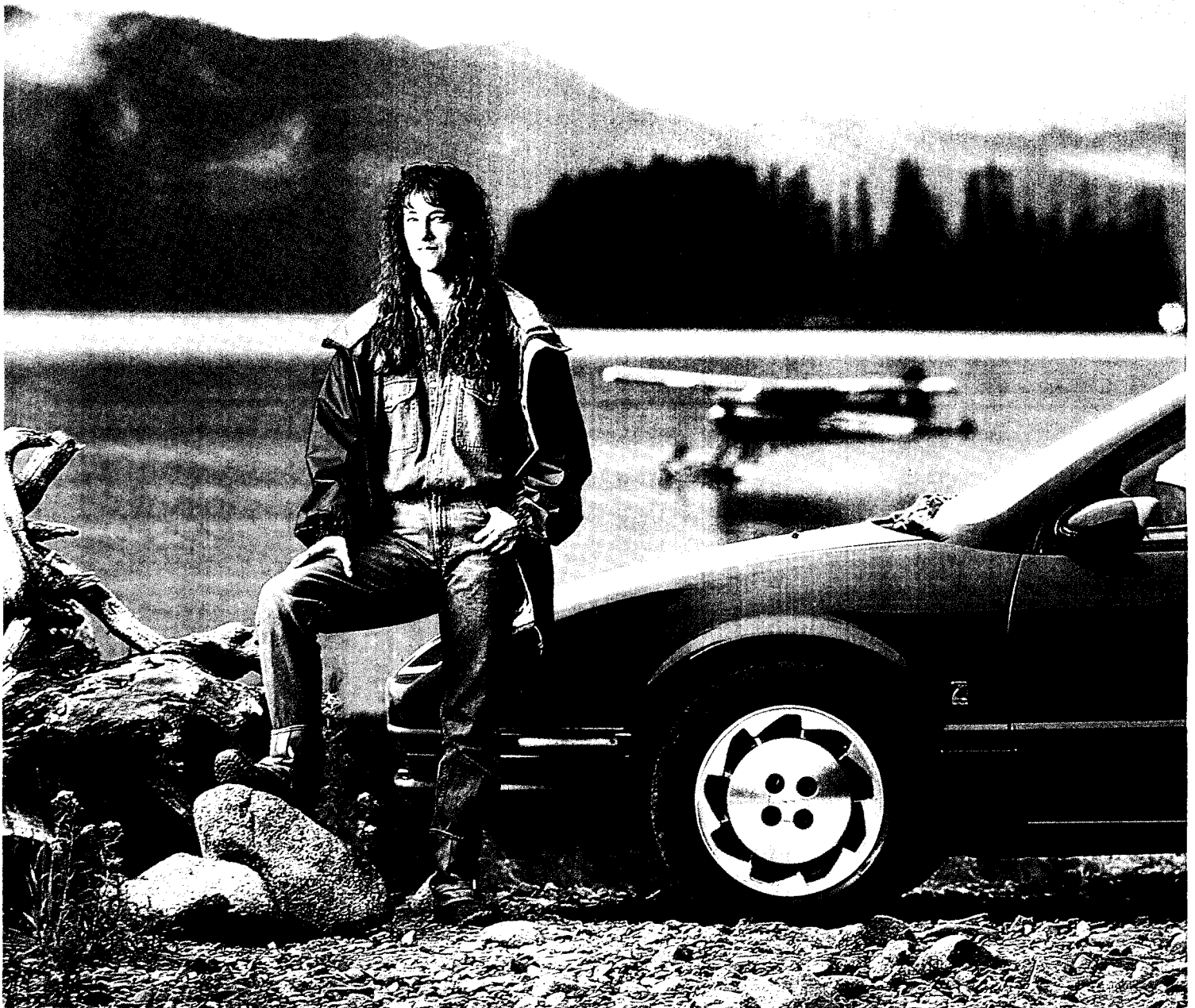
That time of year thou mayst in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs where late the sweet birds sang.

*In London there
was no recorded
reaction to Shakspeare's
death, in 1616—an
extraordinary
oversight, considering
that the city
went into mourning
when the actor Richard
Burbage died.*

Soon after undertaking his quest for the true author of Shakespeare's works, Looney turned to the *Dictionary of National Biography*, where he read:

Oxford, despite his violent and perverse temper, his eccentric taste in dress, and his reckless waste of his substance, evinced a genuine interest in music, and wrote verses of much lyric beauty. Puttenham and Meres reckon him among 'the best for comedy' in his day; but, although he was a patron of players, no specimens of his dramatic productions survive.

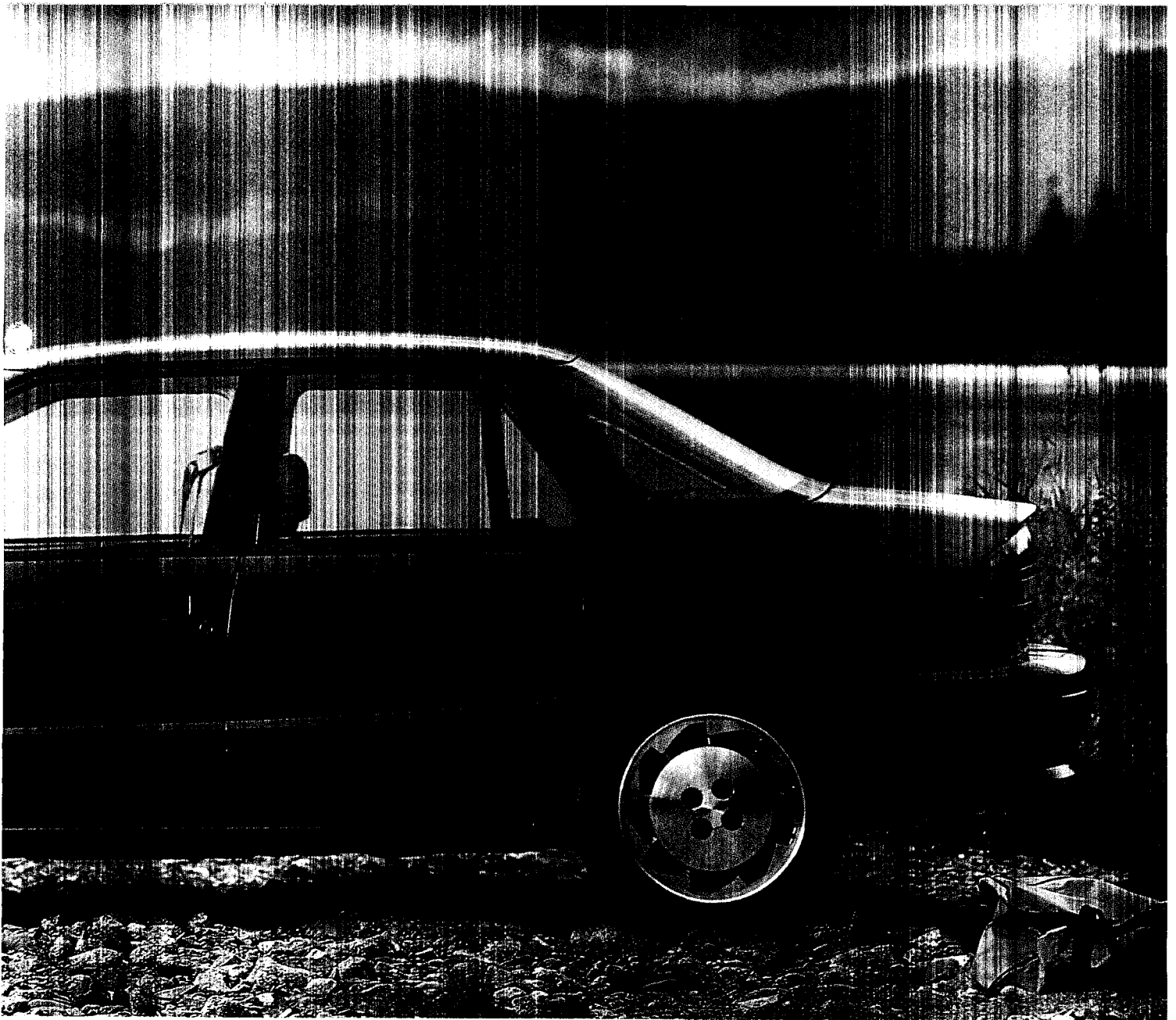
In 1567 Oxford was admitted to Gray's Inn, where he studied law and probably became acquainted with the dramatists and literary figures who frequented the Inns of Court at the time. He took over the Earl of Warwick's acting company in 1580, and in 1583 leased Blackfriars Theatre for his own boys' company of players; he transferred the lease to John Lyly, an early Elizabethan dramatist who was also Oxford's private secretary. "In comedy," R. Warwick Bond wrote in an introduction to Lyly's *Complete Works*, "Lyly is Shakespeare's only model." (But if Oxfordianism triumphs, the relationship between Lyly and Shakespeare will have to be reversed.) "There is little doubt that the Earl himself collaborated in the writing and production of Lyly's Court Comedies," wrote Oxford's biographer, B. M. Ward. In 1593 Gabriel Harvey ambiguously referred to Lyly as "the fiddlestick of Oxford." Oxford was four years older than Lyly.



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According to *The Cambridge History of English Literature*, “the earl of Oxford’s company of players acted in London between 1584 and 1587.” At that time the public theater was considered to be a low-rent and low-life enterprise. Lords and ladies didn’t exactly go to opening nights at the Globe. It’s suggestive that in 1587 Burghley complained in a letter to Sir Francis Walsingham that Oxford’s “lewd friends . . . still rule him by flatteries.” Sidney Lee wrote that Oxford “squandered some part of his fortune upon men of letters whose bohemian mode of life attracted him.” Sir George Buc, a poet and Deputy Master of the Revels, deplored Oxford’s “waste” of his earldom but thought him a “magnificent and a very learned and religious man.” In 1573 three of Oxford’s rude companions staged a mock robbery (or possibly it was intended as a real one) of two men formerly employed by the boisterous young earl, “by the highway from Gravesend to Rochester,” according to a letter of complaint that the victims promptly wrote to Burghley. In *Henry IV*, Part I, Falstaff and three of Prince Hal’s companions hold up some travelers on the highway near Gadshill—which is on the highway between Gravesend and Rochester.

Did Oxford write plays? In 1589 the author of the *Arte of English Poesie* (thought to be George Puttenham) praised Oxford “for Comedy and Enterlude,” and in *Palladis Tamia* (1598) Francis Meres wrote that “the best for Comedy among us be Edward Earl of Oxford.” Admittedly, in the same famous passage Meres also praises “Shakespeare” and lists twelve of his plays. It can be argued, however, that Meres either knew Oxford’s secret and kept it or innocently believed that Oxford and Shakespeare had separate identities. If he knew the secret, he was presumably discouraged from revealing it by the same social system that prevailed upon Oxford to hide his identity.

In Oxford’s case peer pressure to hide his name would have been strong. “Among the nobility or gentry as may be very well seen in many laudable sciences and especially in making poesie,” Puttenham wrote in 1589,

it is so come to pass that they have no courage to write and if they have are loath to be known of their skill. So as I know very many notable gentlemen in the Court that have written commendably, and suppressed it again, or else suffered it to be published without their own names to it: as if it were a discredit for a gentleman, to seem learned.

He went on to describe “Noblemen and Gentlemen of Her Majesty’s own servants, who have written excellently well as it would appear if their doings could be found out and made public with the rest, of which number is first that noble gentleman Edward Earl of Oxford.” In *Shakespeare and His Betters*, R. C. Churchill was so confident that Oxford’s death in 1604 ruled him out as the Bard that he boldly asserted:

I believe it is as well for the officials of the [Oxfordian] Shakespeare Fellowship that the Earl of Oxford is safely dead, for they would be in some danger of being run through if they insulted the Earl in person by suggesting he had written Shakespeare’s plays. For a courtier brought up on Castiglione, a greater insult could hardly be imagined.

Which helps explain the use of a pseudonym.

TWO CHARACTERISTICS OF THE SHAKESPEARE CANON suggest powerfully that its author was not a small-town burgher but rather a well-traveled nobleman. One is the very attitude. The author displays little sympathy for the class of upwardly mobile strivers of which Shakespeare was a preeminent member. Shakespeare celebrates the faithful servant, but regards commoners as either humorous when seen individually or alarming in mobs. Either way he is remote from them. The concerns of the burgher are not his—hardly what one would expect from the pen of a thrifty countryman new in the big city and rising fast. Shakespeare’s frequent disgust with court life sounds like the revulsion of a man who knew it too well. His contempt for a climber like Malvolio in *Twelfth Night* suggests a writer who is by birth above social climbing and finds it laughable in his inferiors. (Oxfordians, incidentally, make a strong case that the character of Malvolio is based on Sir Christopher Hatton.) Louis Bénézet, a professor at Dartmouth (and an Oxfordian), noted in 1940 that Shakespeare’s noblemen “are natural, at ease, convincing.”

They talk the language of their class, both in matter and manner. They are aristocrats to the core. On the other hand in portraying the lower classes Shakespeare is unconvincing. He makes them clods or dolts or clowns, and has them amuse us by their gaucheries. He gives them undignified names: Wart, Bullcalf, Mouldy, Bottom, Dogberry, Snout. . . .

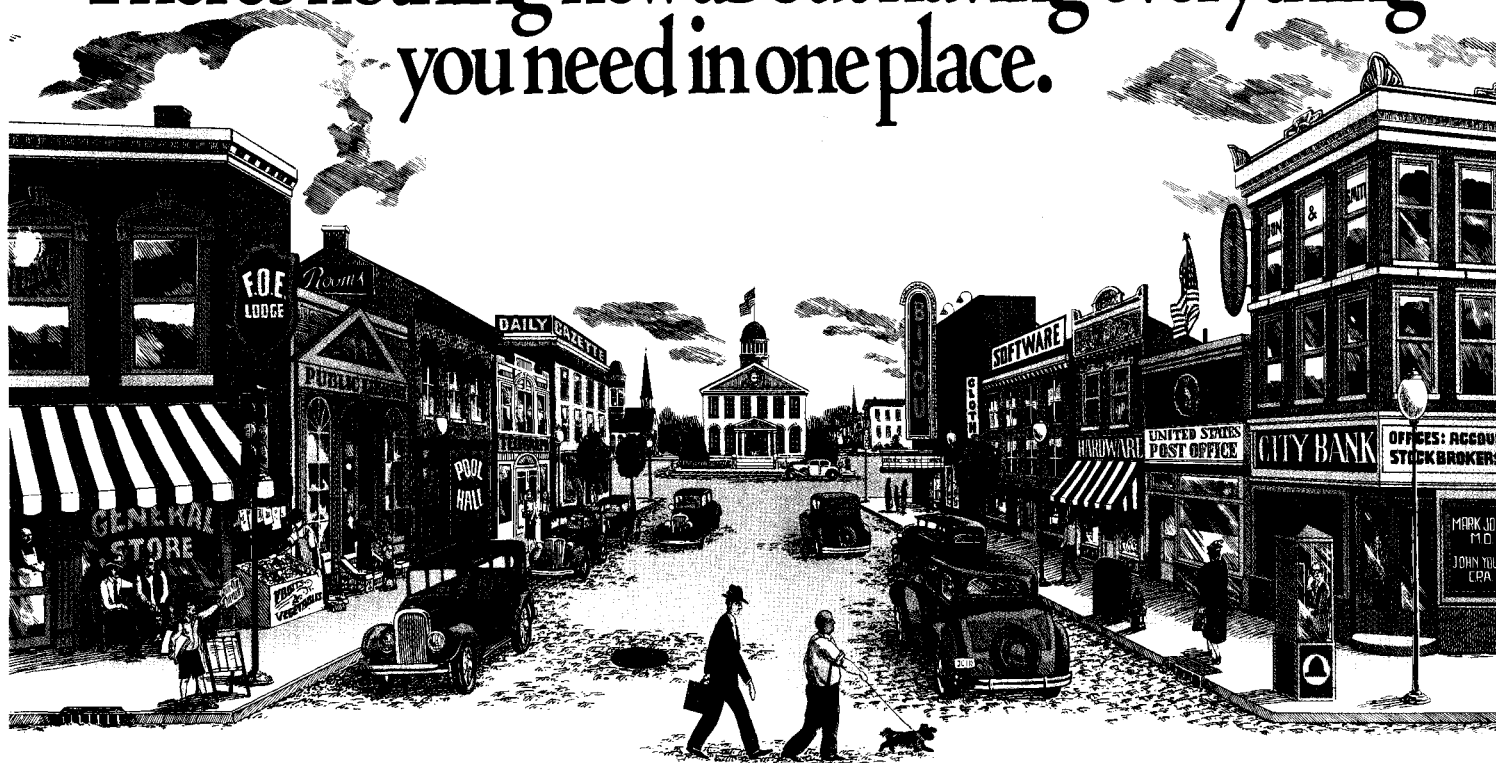
Walt Whitman noted the same thing. “The comedies,” he wrote, “have the unmistakable hue of plays, portraits, made for the divertissement only of the élite of the castle, and from its point of view. The comedies are altogether non-acceptable to America and Democracy.”

Whitman was an agnostic anti-Stratfordian; his comments (1888) on the historical plays are remarkable. The histories suggest, he wrote, “explanations that one dare not put into plain statement.” But then he added:

Conceiv’d out of the fullest heat and pulse of European feudalism—personifying in unparallel’d ways the mediæval aristocracy, its towering spirit of ruthless and gigantic caste, its own peculiar air and arrogance (no mere imitation)—only one of the “wolfish earls” so plenteous in the plays themselves, or some born descendant and knower, might seem to be the true author of those amazing works. . . .

We find in Sonnet 91 (and is this the voice of our litigious grain-hoarder from Stratford?):

There's nothing new about having everything you need in one place.

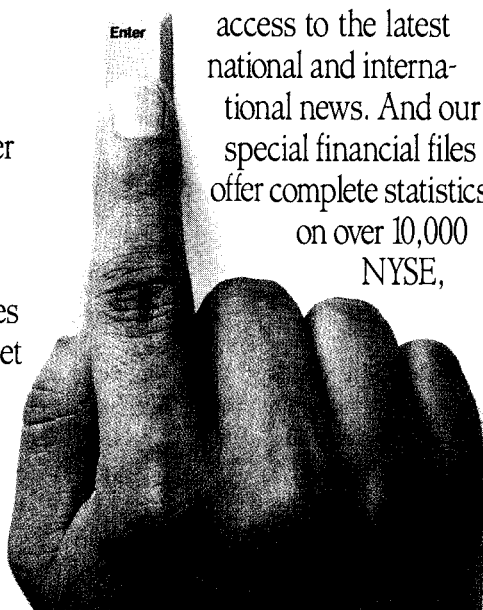


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Thy love is better than high birth to me, . . .
Of more delight than hawks or horses be.

In Sonnet 125 the poet wrote, "Were't aught to me I bore the canopy." We know that Oxford was one of those entitled to bear the canopy over the monarch, and according to Oxford's biographer, a contemporary ballad tells us that in a thanksgiving procession after the defeat of the Armada, "the noble Earl of Oxford then High Chamberlain of England / Rode right before Her Majesty his bonnet in his hand."

The second characteristic of the canon which points away from Shakspeare—and toward Oxford—is the author's apparent knowledge of foreign lands. Shakespeare's "knowledge of Italy was extraordinary," the historian Hugh Trevor-Roper wrote. "An English scholar who lived in Venice has found his visual topographic exactitude in *The Merchant of Venice* incredible in one who had never been there." Edmund Chambers allowed that the playwright "seems to have been remarkably successful in giving a local colouring and atmosphere" to the plays set in Italy. He even "shows familiarity with some minute points of local topography." Karl Elze, the nineteenth-century German scholar, pointed out that in his description of Venice, Shakespeare "does not confound the Isola de Rialto with the Ponte di Rialto." As a result, Chambers said, "much research has been devoted to a conjecture that he spent" some time in Italy. But it is implausible that the Stratford man ever went abroad. Travel to the Continent was both dangerous and expensive. When Edward de Vere set off for France in January of 1575, he was accompanied by "two gentlemen, two grooms, one payend, a harbinger, a housekeeper, and a trencherman," Lord Burghley noted for his records.

Oxford and party stayed six weeks or more in Paris and were introduced to the French King, Henry III. It is possible that at this time Oxford met Henry of Navarre (King of France 1589–1610), whose brother-in-law, the Duke of Alençon, was then being considered as a husband for Queen Elizabeth. Henry of Navarre and Oxford were about the same age, and in many respects Henry seems to have been a man after Oxford's own heart. We know, in any event, that Oxford later kept in touch with

the French ambassador in London; and we know that Shakespeare was familiar with some details of the Navarre court in 1578 (described in *Love's Labour's Lost*).

Oxford went to Strasbourg, and thence to Italy, arriving in Padua in May. "For fear of the Inquisition I dare not pass by Milan, the Bishop whereof exerciseth such tyranny," he wrote to Burghley. From Padua he traveled to Genoa, later returning to Padua. In September he was in Venice. Here he borrowed 500 crowns from one Baptista Nigrone; then in December he received a further remittance through a Pasquino Spinola. In *The Taming of the Shrew* the rich gentleman of Padua whose shrewish daughter Petruchio will tame is called Baptista Minola, and his "crowns" are repeatedly mentioned.

Oxford then traveled to Florence and Siena. He was also reported to have been in Sicily, "a famous man of chivalry," who challenged all comers to a contest with "all manner of weapons." In a book published in Naples in 1699 he was described as participating in a mock tournament staged by the *Commedia dell' Arte*; the account implied that he was a familiar figure at these performances. In 1936 George Lyman Kittredge, of Harvard, pointed out that "the influence of the Italian *commedia dell' arte* is visible throughout" *Love's Labour's Lost*. "Several of the figures correspond to standard figures of the Italian convention. . . ."

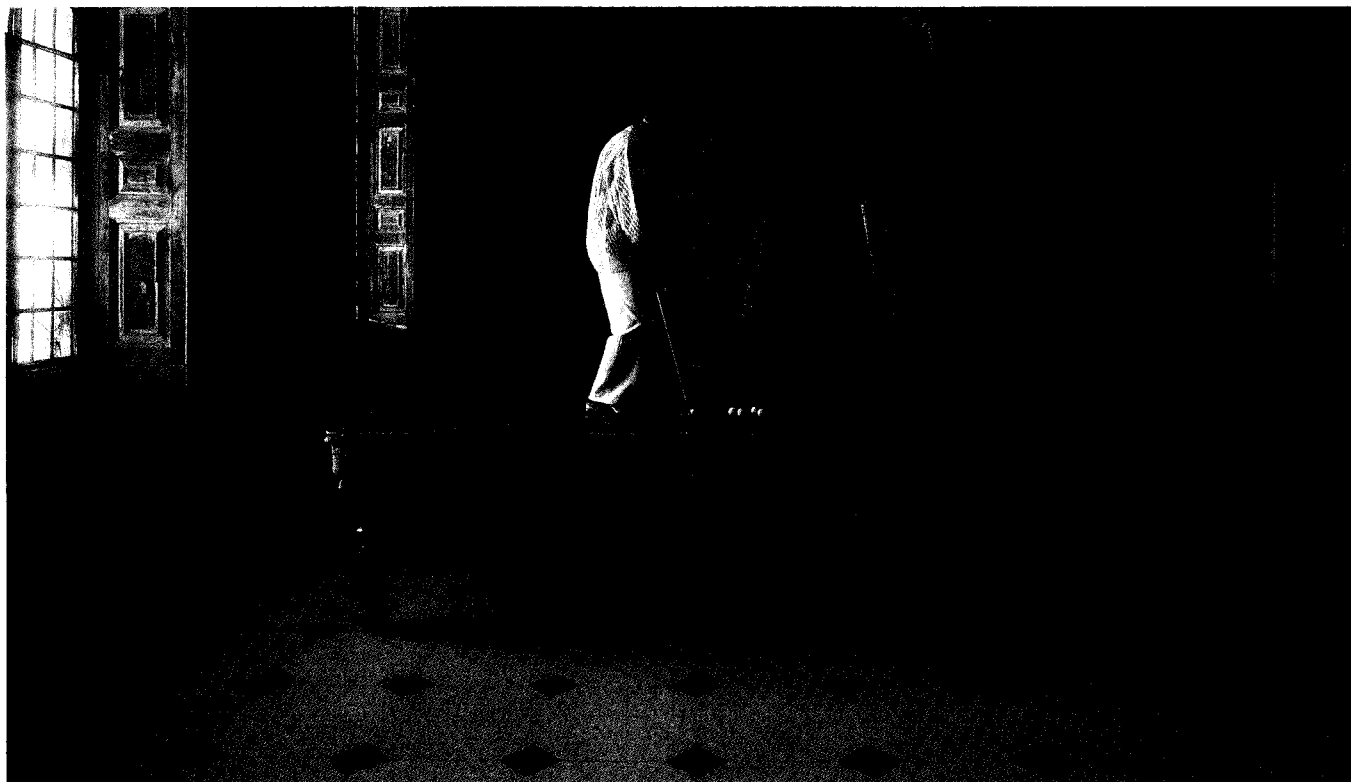
By March of 1576 Oxford was back in Paris, having stopped en route at Lyons.

A striking echo of Oxford's life and travels is found in *All's Well That Ends Well*. Here is Looney's description of the principal character, Bertram. Almost everything that follows also applied to Oxford:

A young lord of ancient lineage, of which he is himself proud, having lost a father for whom he entertained a strong affection, is brought to court by his mother and left there as a royal ward, to be brought up under royal supervision. As he grows up he asks for military service and to be allowed to travel, but is repeatedly refused or put off. At last he goes away without permission. Before leaving he had been married to a young woman with whom he had been brought up, and who had herself been most active in bringing about the marriage. Matrimonial troubles, of which the outstanding feature is a refusal of cohabitation, are associated with both his stay abroad and his return home.

*Two characteristics
of the Shakespeare
canon suggest power-
fully that its
author was not a
small-town burgher but
rather a well-
traveled nobleman.
One is the very
attitude.*





I BEAT HIM at the country club. The grass was *too long*. I beat him at Pebble Beach. The grass was *too short*. I beat him at St. Andrews. There was a rock in the way. Finally, I called his bluff. This time, it was the FELT. "*How smooth does it have to be?*" I begged. Smiling, he held forth his glass of *Glenfiddich*[®] single malt Scotch. I sighed. Tennis anyone?



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There's one final point about *All's Well*. Bertram is brought to Helena's bed in the mistaken belief that he is visiting his mistress. (Shakespeare employed the same ruse in *Measure for Measure*.) In an 1836 account, *The Histories of Essex*, it was said of the Earl of Oxford: "He forsook his lady's bed, [but] the father of Lady Anne [Lord Burghley] by stratagem, contrived that her husband should unknowingly sleep with her, believing her to be another woman, and she bore a son to him in consequence of this meeting."

It's hard to believe that this really did happen to Oxford (or to anyone else). But it's suggestive that the story was told of him in particular.

Oxford's wife died in 1588. Three years later he married Elizabeth Trentham, one of the Queen's maids of honor. In 1596 they moved into a large house (which she bought) in Hackney, three or four miles from London's center. About the last decade of his life we have little information. "It is almost impossible to penetrate the obscurity surrounding his life at Hackney," B. M. Ward wrote (1928). "There can be little doubt that literature, his main interest in life, occupied the greater part of his time."

Almost alone among Elizabethan poets, Shakespeare wrote no eulogy on the death of the Queen, in 1603. Oxford himself died at Hackney in June of 1604, it is thought of the plague. In 1622, the year before the publication of the Folio, Henry Peacham published a book with a chapter on poetry. Elizabeth's reign had been a "golden age," he wrote therein, listing (in order of rank) those who had "honoured poesie with their pens and practice." First was "Edward Earl of Oxford." Edmund

ELEGIST

More marrow to suck, more elegies
to whistle through the digestive tract. So help
me God to another dollop of death,
come on strong with the gravy and black-eyed peas,
slop it all in the grand, transcendent stew
whose vapors rise and shine in the nostrils of heaven.
Distill the belches, preserve the drool as ink:
Death, since you nourish me, I'll flatter you
inordinately. Consumers both, with claws
cocked and molars prompt at the fresh-dug grave,
reaper and elegist, we collaborate
and batten in this strictest of intimacies,
my throat an open sepulchre, my tongue
forever groping grief forever young.

—Rosanna Warren

Spenser and Philip Sidney made the list. There was no mention of Shakespeare.

The post-1604 period, potentially so perilous for Oxford, turns out to contain surprises—for Stratfordians. The Bard appears to have continued writing, but with a collaborator. Sidney Lee, a pillar of Stratfordian orthodoxy, believed that Shakespeare "reverted [in 1607] to his earlier habit of collaboration, and with another's aid composed two dramas—*Timon of Athens* and *Pericles*." How about the possibility that he had died, leaving unfinished work that was completed by another hand? The first two acts of *Pericles*, it is generally agreed, are not by Shakespeare at all.

From 1594 to 1604 plays by Shakespeare had been published regularly in London in quarto editions. But then publication stopped for some reason until 1608, and the appearance of *Lear*. In 1609 the sonnets were published, with a preface referring to "our ever-living poet." The phrase strongly suggests that the poet was dead. The title, *Shakespeare's Sonnets* (rather than *Sonnets by Shakespeare*), also implies that additions are not to be expected. "The numerous misprints indicate that the poet who took such pains with *Venus and Adonis* and *The Rape of Lucrece* had no part in supervising the printing of his most important body of non-dramatic verse," Schoenbaum wrote.

In 1607 a poet named William Barksted said of Shakespeare, "His song was worthy merit." Shakespeare had nine years to live.

In 1605 *The London Prodigal* was published in quarto as "By William Shakespeare," and in 1608 *A Yorkshire Tragedy* was likewise published and attributed. The King's Men also performed these plays, now known as apocryphal and their authors having been lost to history. The Stratford man was alive, supposedly still turning out plays himself, and certainly suing for malt debts in Stratford. Why did he not object to the attachment of his good name to plays that he did not write? It seems likely that the company, knowing that the real playwright was dead, decided to go on using his name as a drawing card. There had been other apocryphal plays, some appearing in quarto and attributed to "W. S.," but all the evidence we have suggests it was only after Oxford's death that the company openly used the name Shakespeare to advertise plays not by the real author.

In 1609 *Troilus and Cressida* was published in quarto, with the last few scenes possibly "by another hand," according to the *New Cambridge* editors. The first edition included a strange preface—dropped from a second edition published later that year—with the headline (ignored by Stratfordians) "A never writer to an ever reader. News." Oxfordians note that "ever" is an anagram of "Vere."

And I can't resist citing a similar play on words in these lines, fondly regarded by Oxfordians, from Sonnet 76:

That every word doth almost tell my name,
Showing their birth, and where they did proceed. □

America needs a new fast and effective cleanup

AN ALARMING LACK OF PROGRESS IN CLEANUP.

When Congress enacted the Federal Superfund program in 1980, the goal was to quickly clean up America's most dangerous hazardous waste sites. Congress and many others assumed there would be only a relatively few such sites and that cleanup costs would be limited.

Now, after a decade of trying to make Superfund work, it's clear these assumptions were wrong and that a quick fix was never possible. What's wrong with Superfund and why has so little been accomplished?

The problem is twofold. First, the real scope of our nation's hazardous waste situation is far greater than Congress anticipated. With 1,200 priority sites already identified, growing numbers of sites are being found in every state. The Environmental Protection Agency expects that by the year 2000, there may be as many as 2,000 priority sites.

With rapidly rising cleanup costs, which now average about \$25 million per site, the eventual price tag is staggering. According to a top government agency, cleaning up all of America's hazardous waste sites could take from 30 to 60 years and cost up to \$500 billion!

A second problem is Superfund's alarming lack of progress in cleanup. A decade and billions of dollars later, fewer than 60 out of the 1,200 sites have actually been cleaned up.

Why? One major reason is Superfund's liability system. It requires that cleanup be paid for by establishing liability—who sent what waste, how much and where—and then negotiating or litigating with those believed to be responsible. While this sounds good in theory, it hasn't worked in practice. Instead, the result has been



delayed cleanup and enormous legal, consulting and other costs unrelated to cleanup.

COMPOUNDING THE PROBLEMS INSTEAD OF SOLVING THEM.

This is because working out who pays and how much for cleanup is very difficult. Under Superfund, anyone who simply used or owned the site at any time could be liable for the entire cleanup bill. Users can include major corporations, small businesses, local governments, hospitals, nursing homes, schools, even individuals. And it does not matter who caused the harm or whether they did anything wrong. Superfund's retroactive

A new system to achieve cleanup of our environment.

liability provision makes parties pay for past actions based on today's standards.

For example, at 422 sites almost 14,000 parties have been notified that they could be liable. In turn, many of them are identifying still others who contributed in some way to the presence of waste at each site. And since Superfund liability deals with past waste disposal, the record of users can go back 25, 30 or even 40 years and can number in the hundreds.

The result? The focus on cleanup has been lost as private and public parties spend years in difficult but unavoidable negotiations and litigation, trying to work out agreements that would provide funds for cleanup. At some sites, more money has been spent resolving complex factual issues than on cleanup itself. This does a lot for lawyers and consultants, but very little for the environment. And of course, these costs are eventually passed on to all of us as consumers in higher prices for goods and services. Isn't it time to stop this wasteful process and get on with cleaning up our environment?

At AIG, we think so. There is little to be gained by arguing over waste disposal that happened long ago. America needs a system that will promote fast and effective cleanup, reduce unnecessary legal fees, spread the cost of cleanup broadly, and encourage responsible waste management practices today.

A PROPOSED SOLUTION: THE NATIONAL ENVIRONMENTAL TRUST FUND.

To accomplish this, we have proposed creating a National Environmental Trust Fund, similar to the National Highway Trust Fund. Its resources would be used exclusively for cleaning up old hazardous waste sites. Superfund's tough

liability provisions would still apply for future pollution, as would all other state and federal environmental laws designed to promote responsible waste management.

One way this fund could be financed would be by adding a separate fee to commercial and industrial insurance premiums in the United States. Even a modest assessment, say 2% of premiums and an equivalent amount for self-insureds, would provide about \$40 billion over the next decade - more than enough to clean up the 1,200 highest-priority sites. Without endless time and money spent on legal debates about liability.

A national advisory board consisting of private individuals, industry and public officials could be charged with overseeing the program. We also suggest giving consideration to establishing local technical monitoring committees in each community. These groups of local citizens, representatives of industry and others would work with the Environmental Protection Agency and their own state on the particular cleanup site - from the very beginning of the cleanup effort.

YOU CAN HELP

We've waited long enough and spent enough money in the courtrooms. Now it's time for action. A cleaner America should be all Americans' shared goal and shared responsibility.

To express your views, or if you would like further information about AIG's proposed National Environmental Trust Fund, write to Mr. M.R. Greenberg, Chairman, American International Group, Inc., 70 Pine Street, New York, NY 10270.

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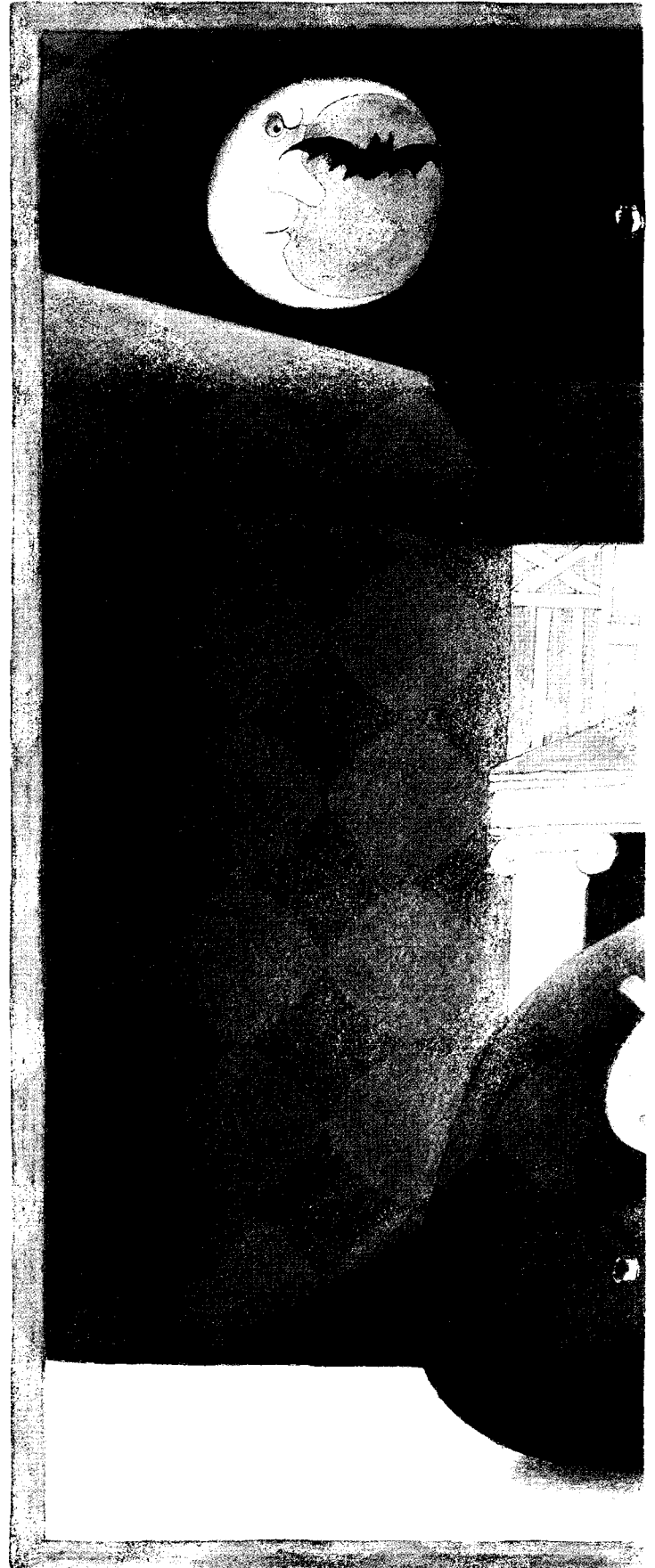
THE CASE *for* SHAKESPEARE

BY IRVIN MATUS

THE NEW READING ROOM OF THE FOLGER Shakespeare Library is dominated by a huge painting of the sort that Oscar Wilde's *Lady Bracknell* might have characterized as being of "more than usually revolting sentimentality." Many scholars who do their research beneath it would share that view. ("I try to keep my back to it," one longtime reader says.) But when it was painted, around 1792, *The Infant Shakespeare Attended by Nature and the Passions*, by George Romney, was a reflection of the fledgling cult that over the next century matured into what George Bernard Shaw would disdainfully dub "Bardolatry."

The origins of this cult are usually dated to the publication of Samuel Johnson's edition of Shakespeare's plays, in 1765, and the Shakespeare Jubilee staged by the actor David Garrick in Stratford-on-Avon, in 1769. The jubilee brought into the open a division that would shape perceptions of Shakespeare well into the future: the actor's Shakespeare versus the scholar's Shakespeare. The actor's Shakespeare was a fellow who wrote plum parts, often set to musically poetic verse. Actors do not seem to have ever doubted that he wrote his plays for the stage—what else would one write a play for? The scholar's Shakespeare, on the other hand, could not be revealed in an "ephemeral stage work," as Martha Winburn England put it; he became apparent only in "the eternal values of written commentary." The likeness of the author that would emerge from these studies was of a highly educated man versed in law and classical literature, fluent in several languages, equally at home at court and on the Continent.

In the 1780s the Reverend James Wilmot scoured Stratford and its environs but could find nothing of the





omniscient, cosmopolitan Shakespeare his generation had created. There were only documents of a propertied country gentleman and his rather hard-nosed business dealings, disposed of in a distinctly unpoetic will, sandwiched between church records of his birth and death. Wilmot concluded that the Immortal Bard could not have been that very mortal man. Nowadays, those who dispute the authorship of the plays do concede that there was a "man from Stratford" named "Shakspere" in Elizabethan theater, probably an actor, though not a very good one. He was, they assert, paid off by confederates of the real playwright to go back to Stratford and leave behind the Shakespeare name for the exclusive use of the True Author. No fewer than fifty-eight claimants to that title have been put forward; because the current front-runner is Edward de Vere, the seventeenth Earl of Oxford, the authorship challengers shall here be called Oxfordians. (And let it be understood that any reference by me to Shakespeare is always to that "man from Stratford.") While modern Shakespeare scholars have sought to restore the playwright to his own age and its teeming theater world, Oxfordians carry on the search for Shakespeare the man of vast knowledge, Shakespeare the well-traveled courtier—the Shakespeare who overwhelms all in his age: the Shakespeare of whom Charles Vere, the spear-carrier for his distant ancestor and the family name, has said: "If you get Shakespeare wrong, you get the Elizabethan Age wrong."

The major questions that have been raised and that will be addressed here are whether the contemporaneous record of the man and playwright is suspect; whether the "Soul of the Age" (as Ben Jonson called him) was the very heart of it as well; and, finally, whether Shakespeare was indeed a man of the theater.

THE MISSING-RECORDS CANARD

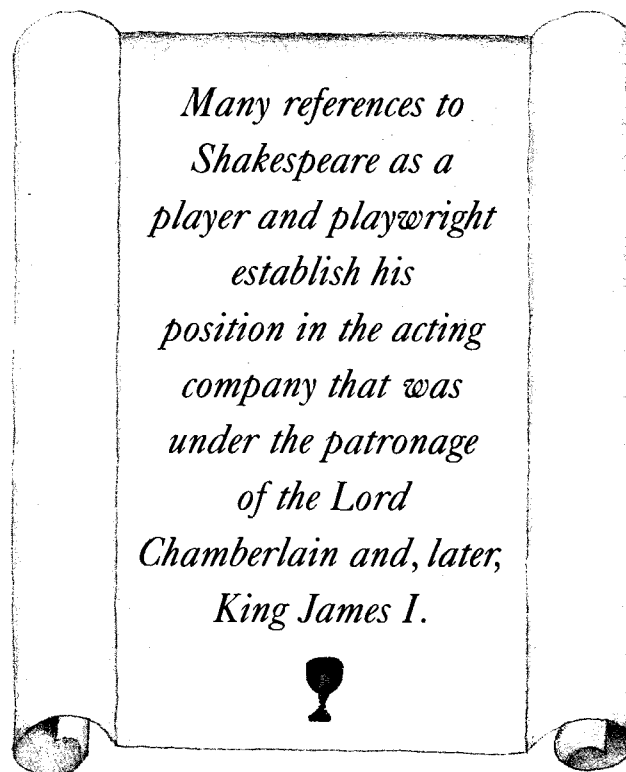
THERE IS MORE ABOUT SHAKESPEARE IN CONTEMPORARY materials than about most others in English Renaissance theater. An ample supply of references to Shakespeare as a player and playwright establish his position in the acting company that was under the patronage of the Lord Chamberlain

and, from May of 1603 onward, of King James I. Another ample supply of references made during Shakespeare's lifetime substantiate that his plays were performed in public playhouses and also in private theaters and at court. Relatively few though these documents may seem by modern standards, they pose a considerable problem for Oxfordians—and, as Charlton Ogburn, Oxford's foremost American champion, has said, "you can't get anywhere with Oxford unless you dispose of the Stratford man." Ogburn has led the attempt to portray the record of Shakespeare the man as entirely anomalous, and the documents that place Shakespeare within the theater of his time as ambiguous or faulty, while suggesting that those that have not survived might have been deliberately destroyed. These arguments are a disprovable feast, of which only a taste can be given here.

For example, Oxfordians question not merely whether Shakespeare had enough education to be the author of the plays but whether he had any education at all. Wilmot was the first to discover that there is no record of Shakespeare's having attended the Stratford grammar school (nor, for that matter, is there any record of anyone else's having done so before the nineteenth century). Ogburn plants the suspicion that the school records "would have disappeared because they showed he did not attend it." In contrast, Oxfordians observe, virtually all the other dramatists of Shakespeare's age, except Ben Jonson, had

been to university, and Jonson had been a student of the learned William Camden, at Westminster School. Camden, however, was the second master, teaching only the lower forms when Jonson attended. Jonson could not, then, have had much more than a few years of rudimentary schooling before he was put to work, probably at his stepfather's trade, bricklaying. Nevertheless, Jonson would become, as we shall see, Britain's most admired playwright in the seventeenth century, and also effectively its first poet laureate. In the top rank of classical scholars, he would be granted honorary master's degrees by both Oxford and Cambridge. Evidently there may be more to both scholarship and literary genius than a formal education.

In any event, is the absence of records from the Stratford grammar school really very suspicious? It so happens



that no admission books from before 1715 survive for Westminster School either, and Westminster has been called "the most fashionable school" in Tudor England. In fact, the only knowledge we have of Jonson's attendance there comes from William Drummond's notes of his conversations with the poet, and Drummond tells us nothing more than that Jonson "was put to school by a friend (his master Camden)." Drummond was the closest thing to a Boswell that this Jonson would have: none of the admiring "Tribe of Ben," nor any of his fellow playwrights, thought to tell us more about the life of this notoriously self-promoting man, who made himself a legend in his own time. Clearly, the severe critical eye cast upon Shakespeare's record has been averted from Jonson's.

One set of records that has survived is *Henslowe's Diary*, which contains virtually all the internal documents of theater in Shakespeare's age that have come down to us. It is actually more of an account book than a diary, and was kept by the theater manager Philip Henslowe, who was also the builder of the Rose, Fortune, and Hope playhouses. Ogburn asserts that the "names of all other prominent playwrights of the time . . . find a place in his diary along with the names of famous actors and others who would be unknown but for his records"—not Shakespeare's, though. That three eminent Shakespeareans failed to cite "another case of an actor of Shakspeare's alleged prominence not mentioned by Henslowe or Alleyn" (the actor Edward Alleyn, Henslowe's son-in-law and partner) amounts, in Ogburn's view, to proof that something is seriously amiss.

Is Shakespeare indeed the only actor not mentioned? We also do not find the actors Richard Burbage, John Heminge, Henry Condell, and other players who had performed at the Rose with Lord Strange's Men and, with the addition of Shakespeare, were to be the nucleus of the Chamberlain's Men. Nor are the dramatists in the first wave of London theater to be found: Christopher Marlowe, Thomas Kyd, George Peele, and Robert Greene. Not even Edward Alleyn, who was the first famous tragedian on the Elizabethan stage and who was closely connected with Henslowe, is mentioned in association with the stage until 1596. As a matter of fact, no player or playwright is named in the *Diary* before 1596, which certainly explains the absence of Shakespeare: by then Shakespeare was a member of the Lord Chamberlain's company, which had no association with Henslowe or his playhouse. No wonder we don't find him in the *Diary*.

Those records in which Shakespeare's name is associated with theater always bring out the creativity in Oxfordians. There is, for instance, the account book for King James I's triumphal procession through London on March 15, 1604. The Chamberlain's Men had been taken into the new monarch's service ten months earlier, and the nine actors named in the King's license, including Shakespeare, are to be found in this account as the recipi-

ents of four and a half yards of red cloth. Ogburn tells us nothing more of what appears in this account than that this grant was made to "diverse persons." Ruth Loyd Miller, another Oxfordian, contends that "the clothe was issued to them not as 'actors' but as men of 'The Chamber.'" The word "actors" is not to be found in the account book, it is true; but beside the names of Shakespeare and his fellows the word "Players" is written, large and grandly. Such matters are important to Oxfordians, because in their scenario Shakespeare the bit actor had been packed off to Stratford in the late 1590s, and here, as in several other documents from after that time, Shakespeare's name heads a list of his fellow players. They must therefore find some way to show how, when William Shakespeare is mentioned in connection with the Chamberlain's Men, the reference is really to Oxford in his not-so-secret identity. In fact, Oxfordians suggest that Oxford's role in this troupe was not merely as its playwright but as its patron. Could it be, they ask, that the patron of the Chamberlain's Men was not Lord Hunsdon, the Lord Chamberlain of the Household, who has traditionally been assigned that role, but rather the Lord *Great* Chamberlain of England—who happened to be Oxford?

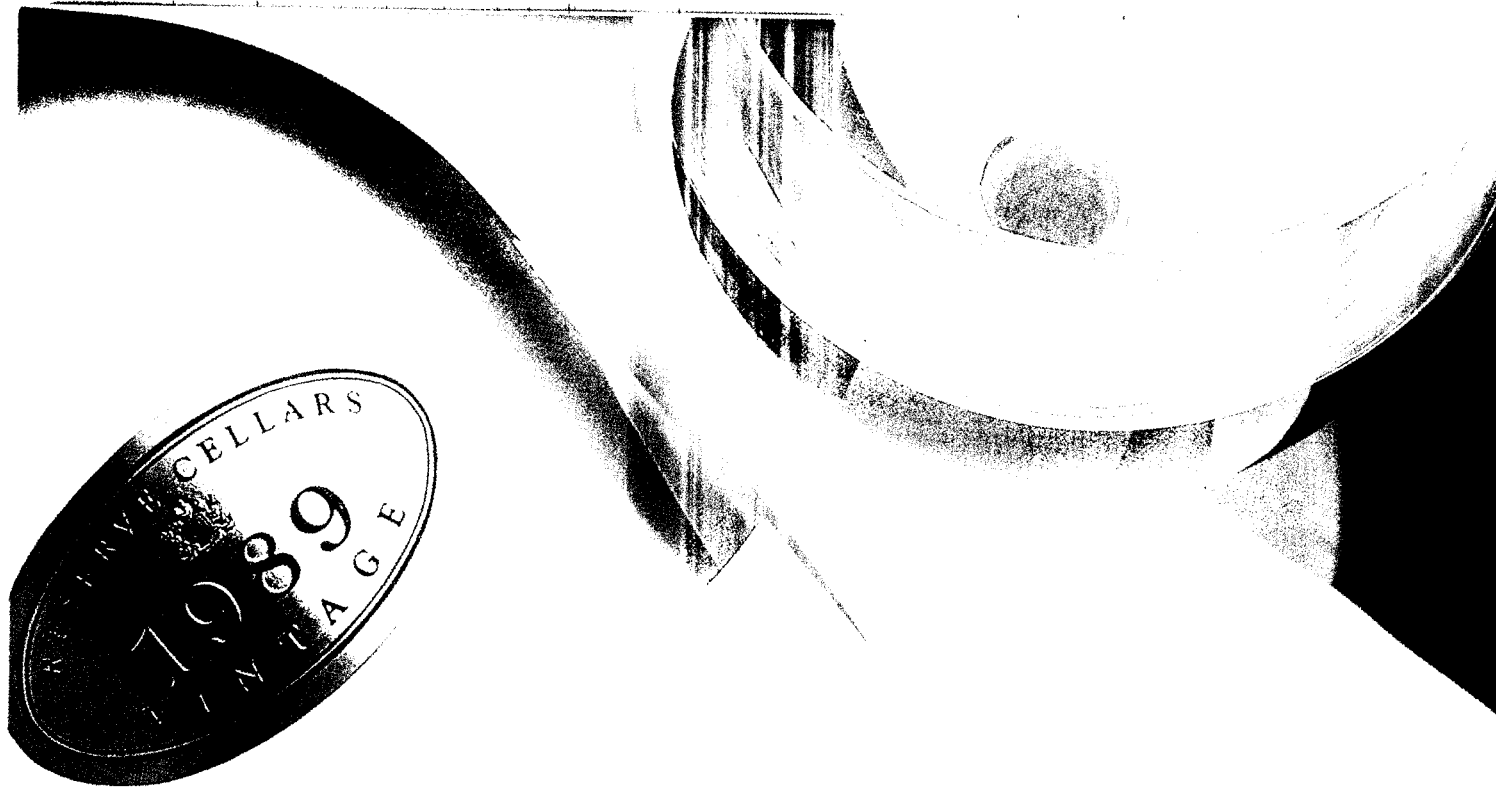
Aside from the fact that the actors in what had been the Chamberlain's Men had been in the King's service for nearly ten months at the time, this hypothesis also ignores one account of James's procession which makes it certain that the actors' previous patron was unquestionably Lord Hunsdon. In *The Time Triumphant*, by Gilbert Dugdale, which was in print about two weeks after the event, the author wrote of the new sovereign that he "to the mean gave grace: as taking to him the late Lord Chamberlain's Servants, now the King's Actors." This could only be a reference to Hunsdon, who had died six months earlier; Oxford survived another three months. This is but one of several contemporary items that leaves no question that the company had been Hunsdon's. The Hunsdon-versus-Oxford issue, then, is not an issue at all, merely an example of Oxfordian scholarship that is less than scrupulous.

ONE COULD GO ON ENDLESSLY WITH EXAMPLES OF how straightforward evidence is manhandled by the Oxfordians, but let us turn instead to the question put succinctly by Ogburn: "What about the manuscripts of his plays, which he had never shown any interest in having printed?" There is little that gets more attention from Oxfordians than the absence of autograph manuscripts, which they insist must have had some value to the author. However, there is no evidence that Shakespeare's contemporaries attached any more importance to their manuscripts than he did. Certainly, Ben Jonson thought highly of his plays. In 1616, having carefully selected and edited certain of them (and having rewritten *Every Man in His Humour* entirely), Jonson published a collection in

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a handsome folio volume. "A major principle behind this selection," Richard Dutton wrote in his book on the folio, "was certainly the promotion of the image of himself as a serious poet—something very different from a mere playwright." Nevertheless, although many examples of his literary output in other forms survive, not a leaf of a Jonson play in his hand has come down to us.

Indifference to the preservation of manuscripts was not peculiar to Shakespeare and his fellow dramatists. In his *English Literary Hands From Chaucer to Dryden*, Anthony G. Petti concluded:

Even literary figures preoccupied with posthumous fame did not apparently place value on preserving their holograph manuscripts after publication, much less their earlier drafts, and neither, generally speaking, did anyone else, other than close friends, for the cult of collecting literary autographs did not begin in earnest until the end of the 18th century.

Petti found English Renaissance dramatic remains to be in a particularly poor state in every respect, for though "there are references to over three thousand plays in the Elizabethan and Jacobean period, . . . only a handful of manuscript copies survive, and a mere fraction is extant in print."

At any rate, the manuscript of a play was the property not of the playwright but of the company that produced it; unless an unauthorized printer got hold of it first, a play could not be published without the consent of the shareholders. Oxfordians dismiss this contention, but the two surviving documents that touch on this, and the publication history of Chamberlain's Men and King's Men plays, leave little room for doubt that the companies did indeed exercise control over publication.

The one contract between a playwright and an acting company that still exists is that between Richard Brome and Queen Henrietta's players. Brome, the contract stipulated,

should not suffer any play made or to be made or composed by him for your subjects or their successors in the said company in Salisbury Court to be printed by his consent or knowledge, privity, or direction without the license from the said company or the major part of them.

The agreement of the sharers in the Whitefriars The-

atre provides even more important information about a company's determination to control publication of its plays:

no man of the said Company shall at any time hereafter put into print, or cause to be put in print, any manner of play book now in use, or that hereafter shall be sold unto them, upon the penalty and forfeiture of forty pounds. . . .

Here we see that even a shareholder, as Shakespeare was in the Globe company, was forbidden to derive personal benefit from what was viewed as the property of the company as a whole. There is no reason to think that such contracts were confined to these two particular acting companies. All the evidence is to the contrary—especial-

ly where the Chamberlain's Men and the King's Men are concerned. In the forty-eight-year history of this company it had four principal playwrights—Shakespeare, John Fletcher, Philip Massinger, and James Shirley. Although the shareholders did put plays into print from time to time, only three plays, all by Massinger, show evidence of having been printed with the author's cooperation; all three give unmistakable evidence that they were published with the company's consent as well.

WHAT SEEMS EVEN more suspicious to Oxfordians than Shakespeare's indifference to his own greatness is the

complementary indifference of his contemporaries. "To make Shakspeare the author," said Peter Jaszi, an Oxfordian attorney, in an authorship debate in Washington, D.C., in September of 1987, "we would have to explain away the lack of recognition, in life and at death, that he would have received as such an author, in London or in Stratford." This seems a perfectly reasonable idea in the twentieth century, and especially nowadays, when a person can be famous for being famous, and journalists and biographers will root through trash to find every scrap of paper that may hold some secret to this evanescent personality. But the Elizabethans were guilty of something more than failing to anticipate what our century would want to know about Shakespeare: there is little reason to believe they shared our exalted opinion of the Bard.

To put Shakespeare into the perspective of his age,

*There is
no evidence that
Shakespeare's contemporaries attached
any more importance to
their manuscripts
than he did. Not a leaf
of a Ben Jonson
play in his hand has
come down to us.*



**CAN THE RUSH OF TECHNOLOGY
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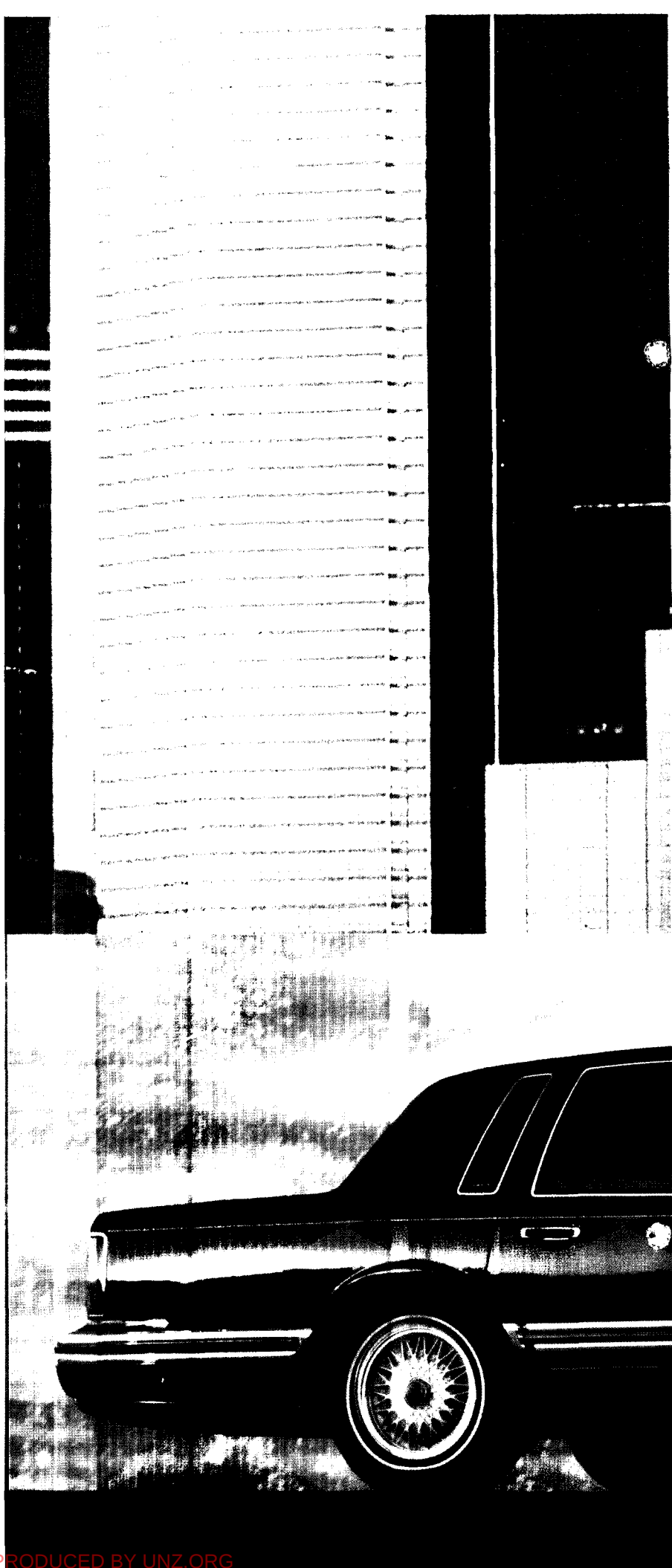
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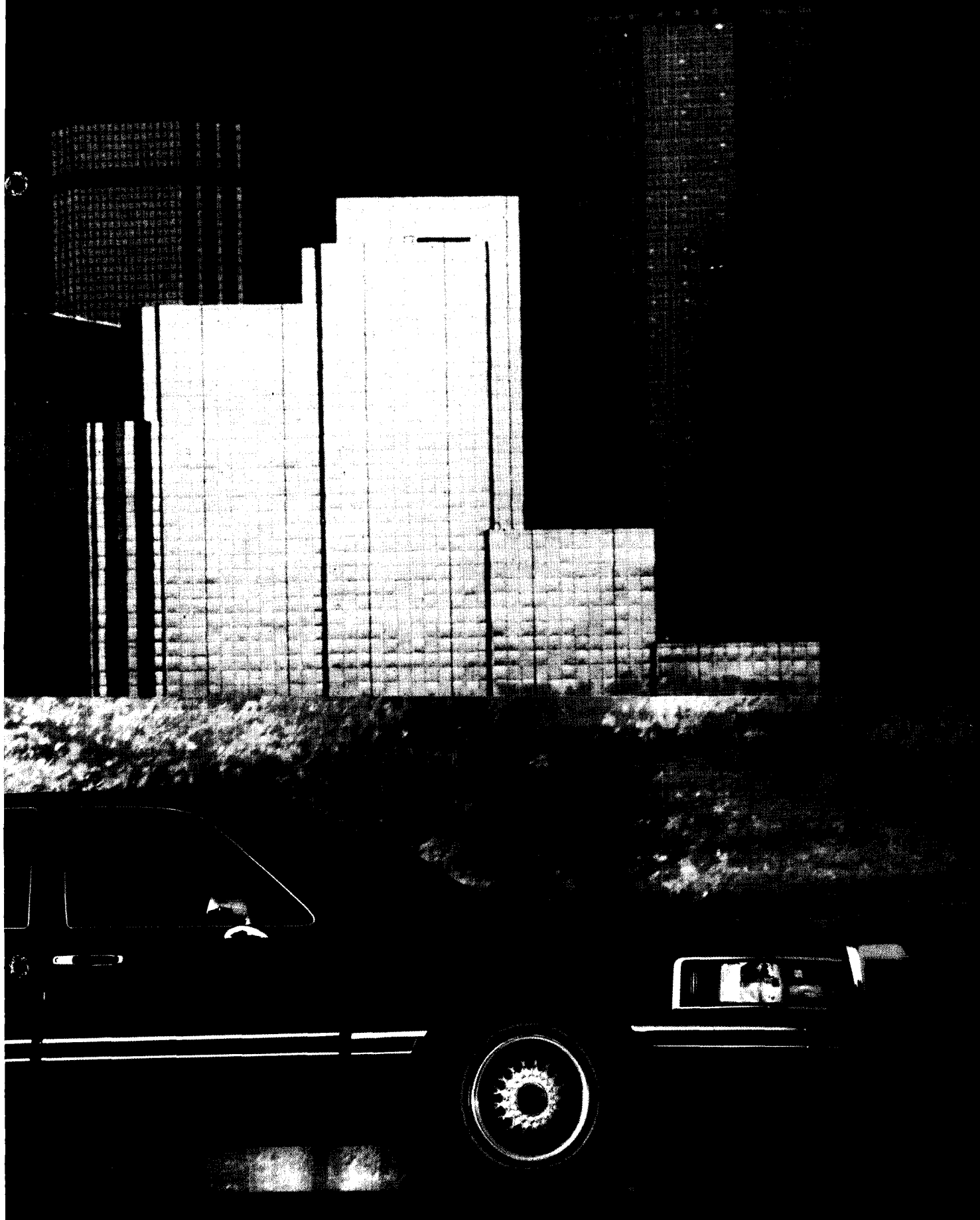
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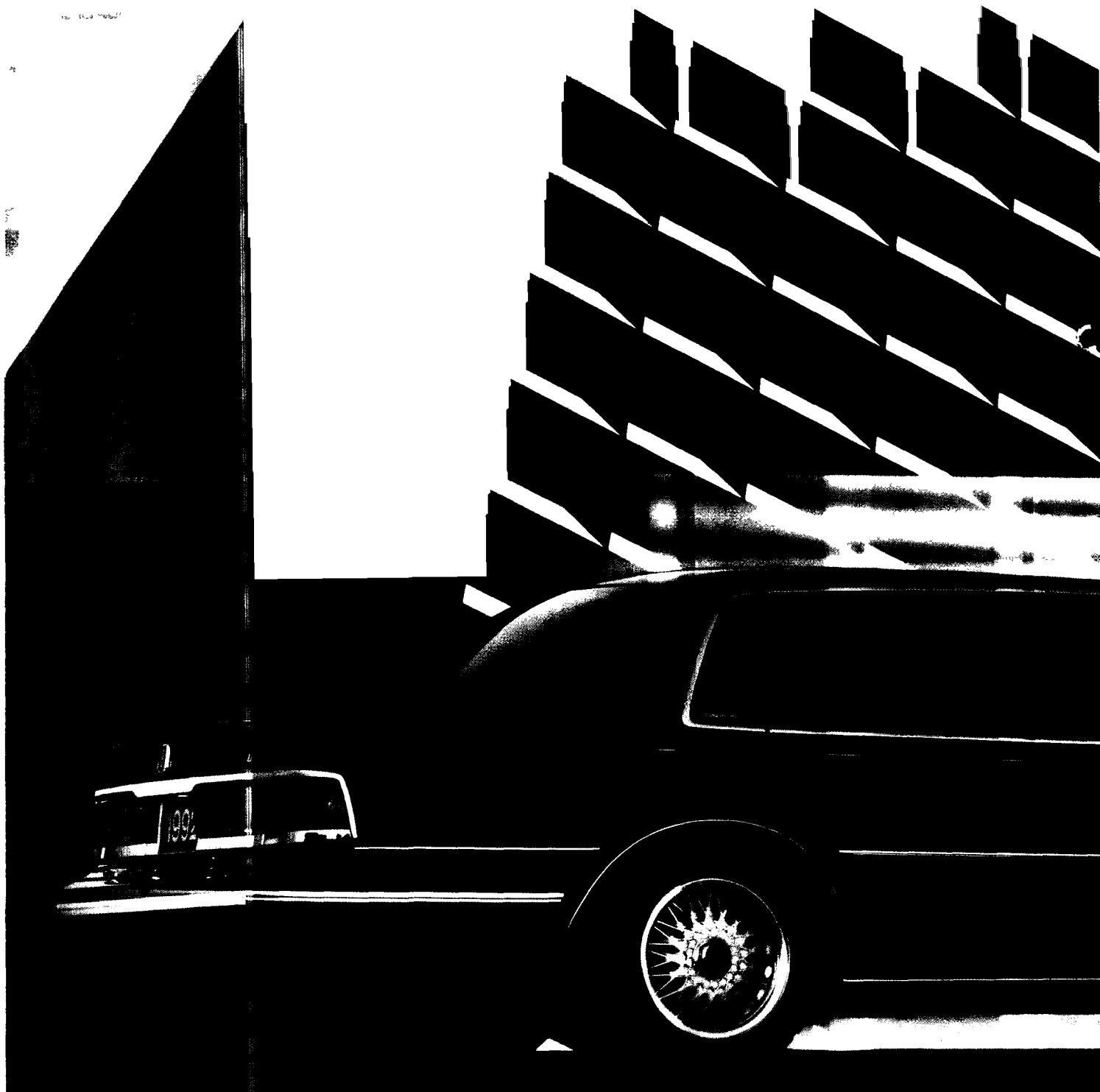
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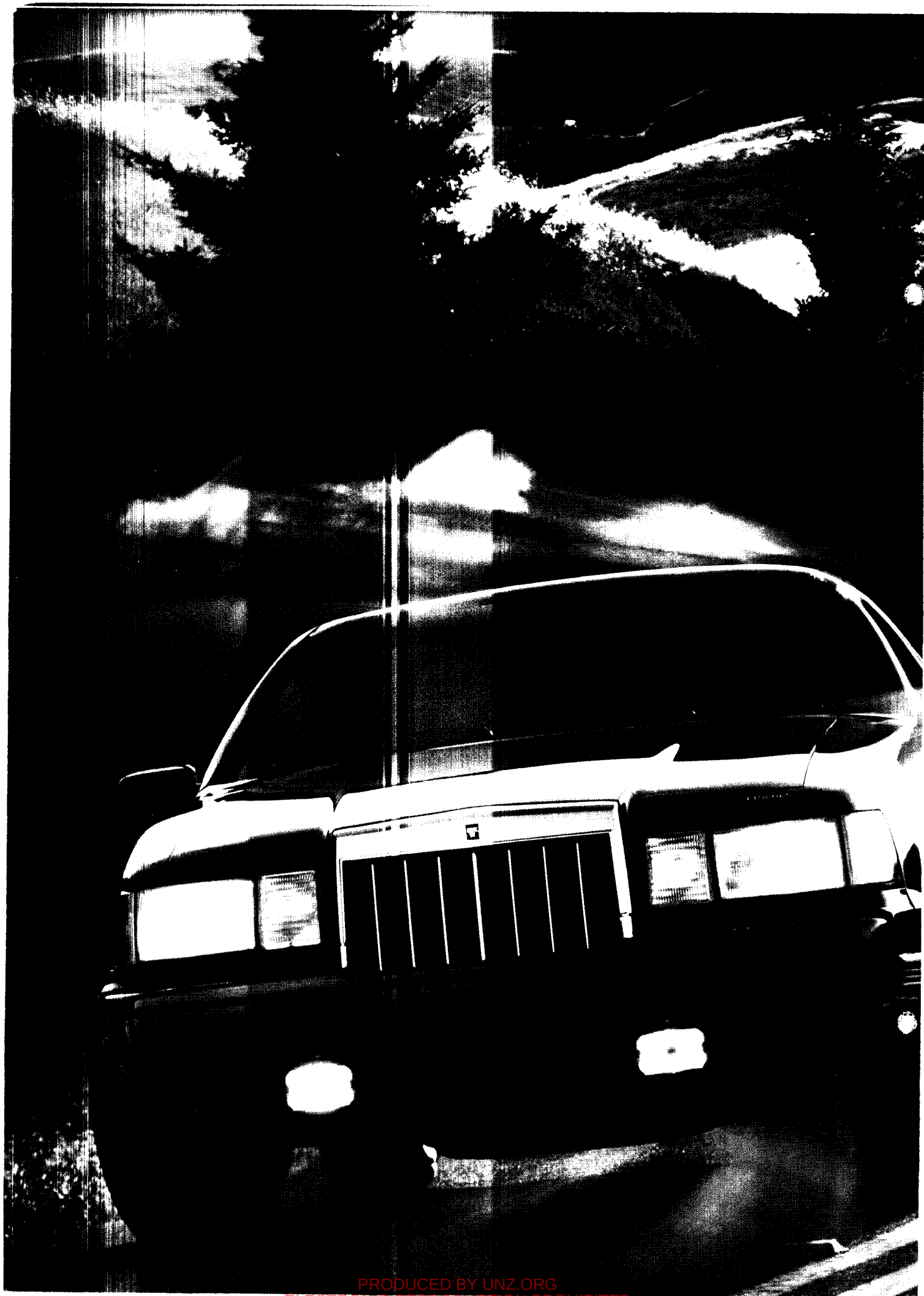
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one must recognize that stage plays were considered things of slight literary merit. In 1612 Sir Thomas Bodley, the founder of the famous Bodleian Library, at Oxford, took the library's keeper to task for cataloguing "riffraffs," a category that included plays. "Some plays," he allowed, "may be worth the keeping, but hardly one in forty." For although the playwrights of other nations were "men of great fame for wisdom and learning," such qualities were "seldom or never seen among us." Indeed, he feared the scandal "when it shall be given out that we stuff [the library] full of baggage books." None of Shakespeare's plays was among the one in forty.

For all the honors that were soon to be conferred on Ben Jonson, when his 1616 folio, *The Works of Benjamin Jonson*, appeared, a wag posed the famous question, "Pray tell me, Ben, where doth the mystery lurk,/What others call a play you call a work."

Though John Dryden was an admirer of Shakespeare's, he confessed that Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher "had with the advantage of Shakespeare's wit, which was their precedent, great natural gifts, improv'd by study," and that for this reason "their Plays are now the most pleasant and frequent entertainments of the Stage; two of theirs being acted through the year for one of Shakespeare's or Jonson's." Whether or not Dryden's estimate is reliable, the Restoration audiences of Jonson and Beaumont and Fletcher saw the plays as they had been written. But Shakespeare offended this refined age, violating its idea of dramatic form and good taste. Not many of his plays escaped thorough adaptation. The *Macbeth* that Restoration audiences saw owed more to Sir William Davenant than to Shakespeare; Nahum Tate's revision of *King Lear* is notorious. *Antony and Cleopatra* was newly made by Dryden to become *All for Love*. And so on.

In *Shakespeare and Jonson*, the scholar Gerald Eades Bentley set himself the task of comparing the reputations of the two in the seventeenth century. By tabulating direct references to the playwrights, their plays, and their characters, he found that "not only was Jonson mentioned oftener, quoted oftener, and praised oftener, but his individual plays and poems were named more frequently than Shakespeare's, though his canon is smaller." Six plays by Jonson were mentioned more frequently than any work by Shakespeare; there were more than twice as many references to *Catiline* as to the most frequently named Shakespeare tragedy, *Othello*.

Well into the next century Shakespeare would be derided "for neglecting the unities, for ignoring the ancients, for violating decorum by resorting to tragicomedy and supernatural characters, and for using puns and blank verse." In 1709 his greatest interpreter in Restoration theater, the tragedian Thomas Betterton, looked down loftily upon the man who "liv'd under a kind of mere Light of Nature . . . in a state of almost universal License and Ignorance."

Betterton's opinion appeared in the first modern edition of Shakespeare's plays, edited by Nicholas Rowe, himself a dramatist who would become poet laureate of Britain. Ben Jonson had left behind carefully edited plays, and an excellent Beaumont and Fletcher folio was published in 1647; the Shakespeare folio texts were by comparison poor stuff. Rowe's attempt to put the texts in order incidentally set into motion the incredible reversal of opinion about their author. In 1725 Alexander Pope's edition attempted to better Rowe, and was in turn challenged by Lewis Theobald, with more to come. Finally Samuel Johnson set his formidable self to the task, for which he enlisted the aid of several literary scholars. However, not even this titanic effort satisfied George Steevens (who would collaborate with Johnson on subsequent editions). "A perfect edition of the plays of Shakespeare," he wrote after the publication of Johnson's edition, "requires at once the assistance of the Antiquary, the Historian, the Grammarian, and the Poet." It had not been a hundred years since Nahum Tate, Rowe's predecessor as poet laureate, had reworked *King Lear*, which he declared to be "a heap of jewels . . . dazzling in their disorder," and Dryden had removed from *Troilus and Cressida* "that heap of Rubbish, under which so many excellent Thoughts lay wholly bury'd." Now the originals of these plays and their brethren needed nothing less than the efforts of a legion of scholars to be fully revealed. It was inevitable that someone would conclude that the author who required such a throwing about of brains must have been quite a brain himself, at once a master of the classics, of geography, of law, of court life—of any subject that could be found in his plays. This would become the Shakespeare of the authorship debate.

A MAN OF THE THEATER

AT THE HEART OF THE AUTHORSHIP CONTROVERSY is not only what we should expect to find of the author in his own time but precisely what his special genius was. Was it essential that he have been a man deeply involved in the world of the theater (as Oxford was not)? Or could he have been, as Algernon Charles Swinburne contended, a learned belletrist who wrote for the studious future reader, "who would be competent and careful to appreciate what his audience and fellow actors could not"?

Virtually all the support Ogburn can muster for the notion that Shakespeare was not a man of the theater is from nineteenth-century critics. For instance, Ogburn cites William Hazlitt's comment "We do not like to see our author's plays acted, and least of all, *Hamlet*." Hazlitt wrote this, however, in a review of a specific performance (by Edmund Kean). In fact, it was Hazlitt who believed that Shakespeare wrote for the "great vulgar and the small," and that he did so for those "in his time, not for

posterity." Indeed, no one has more eloquently captured the unique qualities of Shakespeare's theater than Hazlitt did when he wrote in praise of the "wonderful truth and individuality of conception" of his characters, each "as much itself, and as absolutely independent of the rest, as well as of the author, as if they were living persons, not fictions of the mind." This is precisely what a playwright must accomplish. And no one has done it better than Shakespeare. Unlike the narrative poet or the novelist who, in Hazlitt's words, "answer[s] for his characters himself," Shakespeare created characters who "introduced upon the stage are liable to be asked all sorts of questions, and are forced to answer for themselves." Simply, Shakespeare had the power to make a well-rehearsed actor seem spontaneous, even unpredictable—the power to improvise a life upon the stage.

In the search for the dramatist with this singular ability, the singularity of Shakespeare's experience of theater has been overlooked. Virtually throughout his known career he was a member of the greatest and most stable acting organization of his day. Only Thomas Heywood, who fares poorly among the major playwrights of that era, approached Shakespeare's association of nearly twenty years, as player, playwright, and shareholder, with a single acting company. The importance of this relationship is everywhere evident in his plays.

Early in his career he wrote plays for whatever company wanted them. One of the *Henry VI* plays was enacted by Lord Strange's company; Part III was in the repertoire of the Earl of Pembroke's players. *Titus Andronicus* was passed among—in some order—the players of the Earl of Derby, the Earl of Pembroke, and the Earl of Sussex. Like such early comedies as *The Comedy of Errors* and *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, these plays can be effective on the stage, but they have merely flashes of what sets apart Shakespeare's work for the Chamberlain's Men and the King's Men—the individual voice, the personalized vocabulary, the rhythms of speech, the almost palpable image of the person to whom they belong. At the height of his powers, no role was so small that Shakespeare could not give a special life to it; in *Measure for Measure*, as Kenneth Muir observed, "Barnardine is given only seven speeches, Juliet seven and Froth eight, with a total of only 232 words be-

tween the three characters. But Shakespeare knew that all three could be made into unforgettable figures."

For indeed, his characters were "living persons, not fictions of the mind." They reflect his intimate knowledge of the qualities of his fellow actors. He knew the actor who would play the part—his look and gestures, the sound of his voice, the way he moved. Is it coincidental that Shakespeare alone among his contemporaries created great female roles? For no other dramatist could have known the talents of his "boy actresses" as Shakespeare knew those of his Beatrice and Cleopatra, his Rosalind and Desdemona. And after all, Shakespeare's theater, unlike that of his contemporaries, is a theater of characters, a world on the stage, richly populated with humanity in all its variety. His great tragedies *Hamlet*,

King Lear, and *Othello* were fashioned from little more than fables; they are not, like those of his contemporaries, constrained by either theme or plot. Where Jonson's characters "display a stubborn fixedness, a refusal to change or grow," Shakespeare's creations have a spontaneity and a mutability that may seem puzzling on the printed page but that assume a vividness on the stage. It is from these characters that Shakespeare's plays take their form and come to life. So unapproachable is the dramatic standard set by Shakespeare that Peter Brook, his most famous directorial interpreter in our time, has written with evident exasperation, "in the second half of the twentieth

century . . . we are faced with the infuriating fact that Shakespeare is still our model."

The sheer number of candidates put forward as having had the unique qualifications of position and education to be the True Author is evidence that these qualifications were not at all unique in Shakespeare's time. And there is, after all, really very little in Shakespeare's plays that required knowledge beyond materials that were publicly available. What the authorship partisans have failed to demonstrate is how any of their candidates had the intimate knowledge and experience of theater and drama to create plays that remain the standard by which all other stage works are measured. Those qualifications are possessed uniquely by the man who was an active member of an extraordinary theatrical ensemble—William Shakespeare, gentleman of Stratford. □

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INTELLECTUALS AND RELIGION



Recently *The New York Times Magazine* carried an article on the "return to religion" among intellectuals. From Harvard to Berkeley, among both professors and students, and amid inquisitive people generally, there is an undeniable renewal of interest in the questions traditional religion raises and seeks to answer. This interest is largely a result of the failures of secular substitutes for religion (such as rationalism, narcissism, technological utopianism, aestheticism, and extremist political ideologies) to give abidingly satisfying answers to the truly significant puzzles in life: goodness, suffering, love, death, and the meaning of it all.

By no means, however, does this religious reawakening entail having any truck with Jimmy Swaggart's weird motel bills or Tammy Bakker's real-life impersonations of Imelda Marcos, or embracing the ersatz gods of dog-eat-dog individualism, consumerism, or America First. Nor does the religious renaissance imply a retreat from working for peace and justice. Rather, there is an awareness that, in the words of Jean Bethke Elshtain, religious commitment "can help further social reform," and that religion can supply the ethical bedrock upon which to make political commitments which are far more solid than those based on passing ideologies and enthusiasms. Nor does the new openness to religion signify a hostility to science, but rather an appreciation of the limits of science and the dangers

of pseudo-scientific messianisms.

The New York Times Magazine article discussed the NEW OXFORD REVIEW as part of this "return to religion," and rightly so. We at the NEW OXFORD REVIEW are spearheading today's intellectual fascination with what Daniel Bell terms "the sacred." We are particularly interested in exploring religious commitments which result in progressive social consequences, as exemplified by such giants as Dorothy Day, Archbishop Tutu, Dietrich Bonhoeffer, Simone Weil, Martin Luther King Jr., Cesar Chavez, and Archbishop Romero. And we probe the literary riches offered by such greats as Ignazio Silone, Graham Greene, Thomas Merton, W.H. Auden, Flannery O'Connor, and T.S. Eliot.

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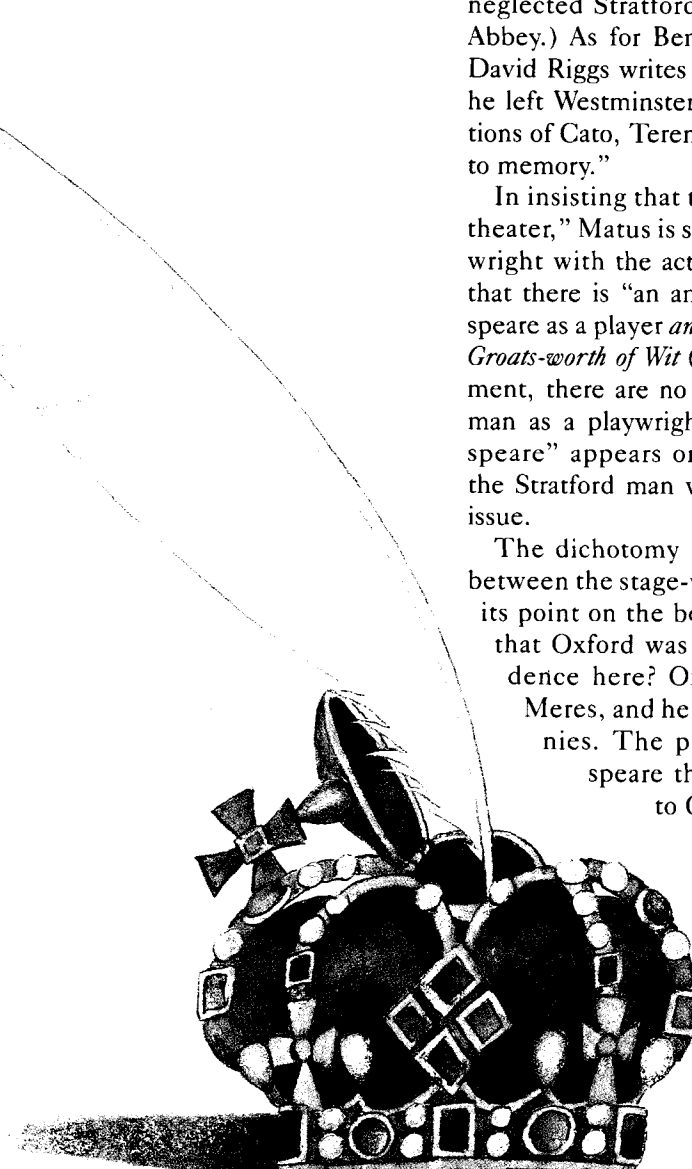
IRVIN MATUS HAS PERFORMED A USEFUL SERVICE by disposing of some of the weaker anti-Stratfordian arguments. I agree that the Stratford man was at no time “packed off” to his home town, that Lord Hunsdon was the patron of the Chamberlain’s Men, and that Elizabethans did not think holograph manuscripts worth keeping. Philip Henslowe’s failure to mention Shakespeare doesn’t concern me. I am pleased to hear that plays were classified as “riffraffs” by literary folk: this would help to explain the use of a pseudonym by a play-writing nobleman.

I agree that Shakespeare’s reputation was not by any means the equal of Ben Jonson’s in the seventeenth century. All the easier to believe that his identity could remain obscured, and all the more surprising that plays he did not write, such as *A Yorkshire Tragedy*, should be attributed during his lifetime to his pen. This never happened with Jonson, Beaumont, or Fletcher. (Beaumont died a month before Shakspeare and—in contrast to the neglected Stratford man—was buried in Westminster Abbey.) As for Ben Jonson’s “rudimentary schooling,” David Riggs writes in his 1989 biography, “By the time he left Westminster, he had committed substantial portions of Cato, Terence, Ovid, Virgil, Cicero, and Horace to memory.”

In insisting that the Stratford man was “a man of the theater,” Matus is simply trying to smuggle in the playwright with the actor. What is the warrant for claiming that there is “an ample supply of references to Shakespeare as a player *and playwright* . . .”? Except for *Greene’s Groats-worth of Wit* (1592), which I will discuss in a moment, there are no personal references to the Stratford man as a playwright that antedate his death. “Shakespeare” appears on quartos after 1598, but whether the Stratford man wrote them is precisely the point at issue.

The dichotomy that Matus is so eager to establish between the stage-writer and the belletrist depends for its point on the bold claim (inserted parenthetically) that Oxford was *not* a man of the theater. Any evidence here? Oxford’s comedies were praised by Meres, and he was the patron of two acting companies. The praise that Matus heaps on Shakespeare the stage-writer could apply equally to Oxford.

Stratfordian dogma has it that once plays were sold, the playwright surrendered all rights to them. But this claim should be treated with skepticism. By the time Shakspeare joined the company, in 1594, *Titus Andronicus* was a hit and the two long poems, *Venus and Adonis* and *The Rape of Lucrece*, were selling well. Are we really to believe that,



having written *Othello*, *Macbeth*, and *Antony and Cleopatra*, the Stratford man remained in such a weak bargaining position with his fellow actors that he was reduced in later life to seeking remuneration in the small-claims courts rather than from publishers? Are we also to believe (as his will implies) that he remained indifferent to the fate of these masterpieces, then still unpublished? I don't believe it.

Curiously, Matus fails to mention the main evidence for Shakspeare's claim to authorship, found in the introductory material to the First Folio. Poems by Ben Jonson, Leonard Digges, and two others contrive to praise the poet while failing to provide information about his life. As the Oxfordian scholar Peter Moore points out, the Folio even omits Shakspeare's proudest claim: his hard-won title of gentleman, his coat of arms and motto. In a society as conscious of rank as England then was, this was tantamount to failing to give his full name.

Jonson does refer to the poet as "Sweet Swan of Avon," however, and Digges alludes to "thy Stratford Monument." Those phrases, written after Shakspeare's death, are the strongest links between the playwright and the Stratford man that we have. Jonson and Digges convey no other biographical information, however. We don't even know if the frontispiece engraving, by Droeshout, resembles the Stratford man.

Certain aspects of the First Folio are more than a little suspect. It opens with a dedication, supposedly written by Shakspeare's fellow actors John Heminge and Henry Condell, "to the most Noble and Incomparable Paire of Brethren," William and Philip Herbert, the Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery. A preface addressed to "the great Variety of Readers" is also imputed to these players. In the eighteenth century the Shakespeare scholar Edmond Malone argued that in all probability Ben Jonson wrote this preface. In parallel columns over several pages he juxtaposed extracts attributed to Heminge and Condell in the Folio with corresponding passages in Jonson's works. (In the Folio: "How odde soever your braines be or your wisdomes. . . ." In Jonson's *Discoveries*: "How odde soever mens braines or wisdomes be.") It is likely that Jonson in fact wrote both the preface and the dedication.

Some claims attributed to Heminge and Condell are also suspect. In earlier (quarto) printings the plays had been "maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealthes of injurious imposters," the Folio notes, but now at last they were made available "cur'd and perfect of their limbes." In this respect, it was implied, the author's clean copy had been a help, for "we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers." Textual scholarship has demonstrated, however, that for many of the previously published plays the Folio editors used not manuscripts but the same "maimed and deformed" quartos already cited.

Thus the testimony of the Folio, at least in part, is suspect. It cannot be taken at face value. Ogburn quotes James Boswell the younger (1778–1822) as saying that there is "something fishy" about the whole thing. Some commentators have noted the sharp contrast between Ben Jonson's earlier lukewarm or disparaging comments about Shakespeare and his effusive praise in the Folio. Was this a command performance? The Earl of Pembroke was Jonson's patron, not to mention the Lord Chamberlain. As Lord Chamberlain he controlled the Revels Office and the licensing of plays for performance and publication. In the Folio the Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery are praised for having treated both the plays "and their Authour living" with "so much favour."

Who were these literary noblemen? In 1604 the Earl of Montgomery married Susan Vere, Oxford's youngest daughter. Marriage between Pembroke and Oxford's second daughter, Bridget, was proposed in 1597, but it fell through. The Folio, then, was dedicated to Oxford's son-in-law and the son-in-law's brother. The role they may have played in the publication of the Folio is a matter for speculation, but the circumstances are suggestive. In the strange 1609 preface to *Troilus and Cressida*, incidentally, the author of that play is coyly not named, and other works by him are referred to as being retained by certain unnamed "grand possessors."

Let us turn to *Greenes Groats-worth of Wit*, a pamphlet originally attributed to Robert Greene but now thought to have been written by Henry Chettle, and one of the stronger weapons in the Stratfordian arsenal. The pamphlet alerts playwrights to an "upstart Crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his *Tygers hart wrapt in a Players hide*, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you: and being an absolute *Johannes fac totum*, is in his own conceit the only Shake-scene in a country." Since "Tygers hart wrapt in a Players hide" is adapted from *Henry VI*, Part III, and since there is a pun on Shakespeare's name, the Stratfordians contend that the passage establishes the Stratford man as a playwright. But does it?

The reference does seem to be to Shakspeare—albeit a Shakspeare who is apparently passing himself off in the "feathers" of a playwright. If the man really *was* a playwright, of course, this would have made little sense as an exposé.

Now notice what happened next. Chettle swiftly backtracked. The pamphlet, written to "divers playmakers," had been "offensively . . . taken." Two people took offense, apparently. Chettle was acquainted with neither of them, "and with one of them I care not if I never be." (Shakspeare, I surmise.) Chettle apologized to the other. "Divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious [polished] grace in writing. . . ." Possibly, then, Chettle found out that the upstart Shakspeare, relatively new in town, was putting on airs as a "playmaker" (that is, front-

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ing for Oxford). Not realizing that a nobleman had arranged it, Chettle imprudently blew the whistle. He soon found out that divers of worship could do without investigative journalism Elizabethan style, and he duly groveled.

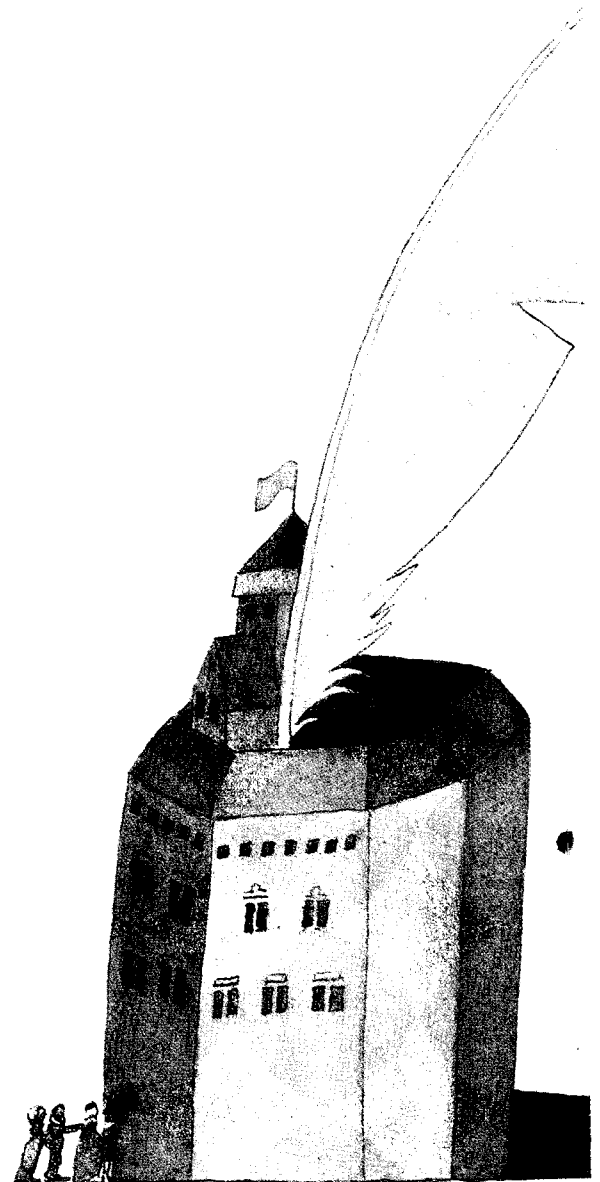
Stratfordians sometimes resemble fundamentalist theologians, who cling tenaciously to the idea that a sacred text is literally true and must then ingeniously explain away a mass of subversive evidence that contradicts it. That evidence is not going away, and it cannot be dismissed with the *ad hominem* argument (now frequently heard) that it is propounded by snobs who can't bear the idea of Shakespeare's being a common man. (Was Looney a snob?) It is the evidence itself that must be addressed. The many connections between Edward de Vere and the works of William Shakespeare can no more be explained away by attacking Oxfordians for their alleged snobbery than the apparent inadequacy of Shakspeare of Stratford can be explained away on grounds of the "essential incomprehensibility of genius," to use Schoenbaum's phrase.

There may well be more material yet to be discovered. If the Oxford theory of authorship is correct, a great deal of the Shakespeare research in the past 200 years has been done in the wrong place. The academy's almost total lack of interest in the subject over the past seventy years has ensured that only a relative handful of people have done any Oxford-related research since Looney wrote his book. Steven May, of Georgetown College, speaks eloquently about the still unresearched Elizabethan archives in English country houses and record offices. He mentions in particular Longleat and the National Library of Wales. "The manuscript materials have not been searched as carefully as everyone thinks," he says. He is confident that more material on De Vere is out there.

Oxford's oldest daughter, Elizabeth, married William Stanley, the sixth Earl of Derby, and their granddaughter married into the Wentworth family in Yorkshire. Two years ago an unemployed Englishman (on welfare!) researched Wentworth Woodhouse, one of the largest houses in England. The most valuable portion of its library had been sold to Sotheby's in 1948. Among the books sold were Holinshed's *Chronicles* (1587 edition), *The Noble Arte of Venerie or Hunting* (1575), Castiglione's *Il Cortegiano* (1562), Hakluyt's *Voyages*, and the Amyot translation of Plutarch's *Lives*—signed by Shakespeare's friend, the third Earl of Southampton. (Sotheby's kept the names of the buyers.)

Probably nothing to it, Steven May said when I told him about this. And probably he's right. It's interesting, though. They never did find one book owned by the Stratford man. Possibly, just possibly, the big Shakespeare find that so many scholars have looked for in vain for so many years is still out there in the library or attic of one of those country houses. □

REPLY *by* MATUS



TOM BETHELL'S CASE FOR OXFORD DEMONSTRATES once again that in the thousands of works on Shakespeare and his plays, something can be found to support any notion. It also demonstrates that, as usual, Oxfordians must often resort to outdated scholarship to find support for their notions. Apparently, modern scholarship is as discouraging to them as the contemporaneous records of Shakespeare and his theater are treacherous.

These problems are on display in Bethell's assertion that there is "abundant evidence" to support the earlier dating of many plays. The dating of plays after 1604, he writes, is merely a matter of "giving breathing space to Stratfordian chronology," and he states that "perhaps as many as a dozen plays were written before the Stratford man reached his thirty-first birthday," in 1595. Well, as Bethell himself notes, the *Palladis Tamia* of Francis Meres, published three years later, gives a list of plays by Shakespeare, and the total is still only a dozen. According to Oxfordians, *Hamlet*, *King Lear*, *Henry V*, and *The Winter's Tale*, at the very least, had been written by this time, and yet they do not appear on Meres's list.

Where are they? Even if we give the Oxfordians the benefit of the doubt and add these four plays to the ones on Francis Meres's list, and then combine them all with every other Shakespeare play that scholars acknowledge to have been written before 1598, that still means that more than half of the thirty-eight plays attributed to Shakespeare would have to have been written (or "revised") between that year and Oxford's death six years later, in 1604. By then only twenty-three plays that are certainly Shakespeare's had appeared in published editions or been mentioned in printed sources. It doesn't seem like the Oxfordian chronology allows much breathing room at all.

It also lacks a logical trajectory. Only two of the works on Meres's list of early plays—*Richard II* and *Henry IV*—are unquestionably works that have the earmarks of Shakespeare's mature command of drama and dramatic poetry. We know of references to nine plays written by Shakespeare during the period that ends in 1604 other than those mentioned by Meres, and again, only one or two are of high dramatic stature. By the time of Oxford's death, then, none but a handful of Shakespeare's most accomplished works had been either mentioned in print or published—quite a suggestive point in itself. But the main point is this: The traditional Shakespearean chronology, which has the author living until 1616, and places much of Shakespeare's best work after 1604, takes his artistic development over time into account. The Oxfordian chronology, in contrast, really offers nothing more than a confused redating of a scattering of plays.

Bethell claims that the King's Men were attach-

ing Shakespeare's name to plays that he didn't write (for example, *The London Prodigal* and *A Yorkshire Tragedy*) in order to sell them to printers—something he is sure that the real playwright would not have allowed if he was still alive. This assertion is a reiteration of that unshakable Oxfordian fallacy that the rights of authors were recognized in Elizabethan-Stuart England. In fact authors had no rights. And especially not in the eyes of the Stationers, a guild concerned only with the rights of its printers and publishers. And there is every reason to believe that some publishers took advantage of this, which is nearly certainly the case with *A Yorkshire Tragedy*, registered to Thomas Pavier. He was also involved in the publication of the falsely dated, falsely attributed Shakespeare volumes printed in 1619, which possibly played a part in the King's Men's attempt to have the Lord Chamberlain forbid publication of any of their plays. There is absolutely nothing to support Bethell's accusation that the acting company was involved in the printing of the books he mentions. Why should they have been? At the time, they had at least a dozen unpublished plays that were by Shakespeare.

Another of the supposed mysteries mentioned by Bethell is the absence of an author's name in the early quartos, as though this were a condition peculiar to Shakespeare. Rather, it was so common that it was a major factor in the attribution of *Mucedorus*, *Fair Em*, and *The Merry Devil of Edmonton* to Shakespeare. A substantial number of plays were published anonymously, and when catalogues of plays began to appear, in 1656, the compilers tried to find authors for orphaned plays. In fact, occasionally they would find an author for a play even if it already had one. For instance, although Thomas Heywood's name appears on the title page of *The Iron Age* (1632), one compiler awarded this play to Thomas Dekker. Needless to say, their methods weren't very exacting in attributing anonymous plays. Thus *The Revenger's Tragedy* was probably assigned to Cyril Tourneur on grounds no better than that he had written *The Atheist's Tragedy*—but the former is now generally accepted as being by Thomas Middleton.

What is especially frustrating to Oxfordians, whose fundamental tenet is that a country bumpkin could not have written the plays in which they perceive a man of vast learning, is that they cannot find even one of Shakespeare's contemporaries who agrees with them. Bethell blames Jonson for "spread[ing] the idea that Shakespeare was nature's child"—but no one seems to have disputed this. When someone did reply to Jonson's frequent reproaches of Shakespeare for "want of Learning, and Ignorance of the Ancients," the reply was most enlightening. The "ever-memorable" John Hales is said to have told Jonson that

if Mr. Shakespear had not read the Ancients, he had likewise not stolen anything from 'em (a fault the other

[Jonson] made no Conscience of), and that if he would produce any one Topic finely treated by any of them, he would undertake to show something upon the same Subject at least as well written by Shakespear.

Hales's remarks reflect what Shakespeare was most often praised for in his own age: his mastery of the language. This is heard even in Bethell's quote from the poet William Barksted: "His song was worthy merit." Of course, Bethell cites this as evidence that Shakespeare was in the past tense when the poem was written, in 1607. What, then, of the 1611 epigram "To our English Terence, Mr. Will. Shake-speare," in which the author, John Davies of Hereford, addressed the dramatist in the present tense?

But the epigram holds more of interest. Why should Davies have likened Shakespeare to Terence? He probably intended to suggest nothing more than that his contemporary's sense of language and style was akin to that of the Roman dramatist from the second century B.C. The two men have taken on other similarities since. Because Oxfordians are certain that a tradesman's son from a nasty provincial town could not have written the plays of a Shakespeare, it is worth noting that Terence was brought to Rome as a slave from Carthage, a very unfashionable city in its age. What is even more striking is that in Terence's lifetime, because of his lowly origins, it was rumored that his plays were actually written by noblemen. It appears that Shakespeare's contemporaries were more democratic-minded than Terence's. Or some of mine.

Bethell does nothing to rebut Justice Stevens's criticism that "the Oxfordian case suffers from not having a single, coherent theory." In fact, Bethell offers still another Oxfordian variant on the role of "William Shakspeare, of Stratford," in the Oxford drama. First there is the familiar version: the "front man" paid off to "ensure his return to that dreary community," where he would be kept "out of sight so that his glaring disqualifications for the role of the dramatist would not queer the game," in the words of Charlton Ogburn. And now the variant: "Shakspeare" endowed with a share in the Chamberlain's Men and left to put his glaring disqualifications on constant display as a "factotum and manager." While we anxiously await whatever story Oxfordians eventually settle on, let's consider that both current versions concede that Shakespeare was at some time a part of the London theater scene. Isn't it odd that in an age when even monarchs and (if we are to believe Oxfordians) their councilors were fair game for satire, there is not a hint that anyone sent up the fellow who hung around the playhouses as not being the same man who wrote those plays?

Of course, Oxfordians are in total agreement that the praise of the earl for comedy by George or Richard Puttenham, echoed by Meres, is an indication of his virtuosity. But there is no reason whatsoever to believe that Put-

tenham or Meres was referring to anything but the comedies written under Oxford's own name. It is interesting what company Oxford keeps in *The Arte of English Poesie*. He is paired with Richard Edwards in his facility for "Comedy and Enterlude," just as "the Lord of Buckhurst [Thomas Sackville] and Master Edward Ferrers . . . deserve the highest price" for tragedy. Not only are these men not known to have written anything after 1580, but also they wrote in the highly formal style that signified refined taste. There is no reason to doubt that Oxford was right at home among them—and none would have been at home on the popular stages. Furthermore, if the Oxfordian chronology is right, and his popular plays were revised versions of court plays, then many of his histories and tragedies had been written by 1589. But all we hear about from Puttenham is Oxford's facility for comedy, and that is all we hear about in *Palladis Tamia*, nine years later.

Most of all, the case of the Oxfordians relies on what they perceive to be stunning parallels between Oxford's life and Shakespeare's plays. Sometimes this calls to mind nothing so much as Fluellen, the Welsh captain in *Henry V*, who finds striking parallels between King Harry and "Alexander the Pig" ("is not 'pig' great"), especially:

There is a river in Macedon, and there is also moreover
a river at Monmouth. . . . 'tis all one; 'tis alike as my fin-
gers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both.

For instance, Oxford had been to Italy, and Bethell finds scholarly support for Shakespeare's familiarity with its topography. But somehow we find nothing of its people in the plays set in Italy; Shakespeare's characters are always of contemporary England. But Oxford's character was definitely influenced by his Italian travels. Therefore, whereas Bethell discerns "Shakespeare's frequent disgust with court life," it is curious to find the Duke of York in *Richard II* complaining of the court's taste for the

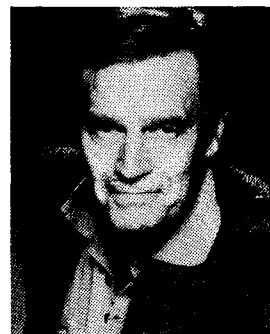
Report of fashions in proud Italy,
Whose manners still our tardy apish nation
Limps after in base imitation.

Historically, Richard's court aped the fashions of France. It was Elizabeth's court where Italy was in fashion, and no one, perhaps, was more in this fashion than the Earl of Oxford. Gabriel Harvey, a supposed admirer of the earl's, wrote a poem that, according to Virginia F. Stern, in her biography of Harvey (1979), "depicts with ridicule the attire and mannerisms of an Italianate Englishman and was probably conceived as a veiled caricature of the Earl of Oxford." In fact, John Lyly recognized Oxford's image in it and called it to his patron's attention, purportedly in the hope of damaging Harvey's standing with the earl.

Which brings us to another issue that looms large in Oxfordian arguments: Shakespeare's allegedly privileged knowledge of court life. As a player in an acting company, Shakespeare was in the service, first, of the Lord

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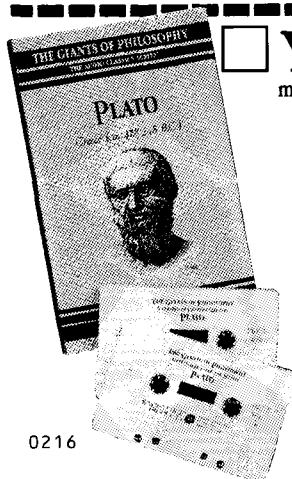
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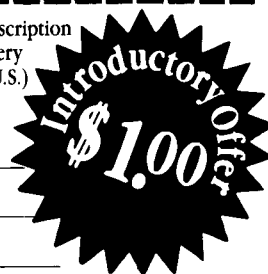
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Chamberlains of the Household (who, as their title implies, were actively involved in court life) and, second, of the King himself. Shakespeare would have been at court frequently, not only as an actor but also as one of a company whose members, under James I, were Grooms of the Chamber, attendant at state functions. It would appear that Shakespeare had ample opportunity to pick up both firsthand and secondhand knowledge of the court. After all, some of the most extensive and intimate information we have of the doings in the court of England during Shakespeare's lifetime is in the letters of John Chamberlain, a commoner with an uncommonly wide circle of friends.

Finally, Oxfordians would have us believe that the earl's last years are shrouded in impenetrable obscurity because he was indulging in his guilty passion. Those years turn out to be not so impenetrable that there isn't good reason to believe that literature was by no means "his main interest in life." What was his obsession from June of 1594, when the Chamberlain's Men was formed, to March 15, 1595, when we first hear of Shakespeare's association with the company? On March 20, 1595, Oxford wrote to Lord Burghley, "This last year past, I have

been a suitor to Her Majesty that I might farm her 'tins.'" One year later tin still seems the subject that excites his Muse. And in June of 1599, when the Globe was just finished, or nearly so, Oxford was still harping on tin. Curiously, in the enormous Shakespeare lexicon the word "tin" never once appears.

As it does not seem that there is much that partisans of Shakespeare and Oxford can agree on, it is pleasant to close on a note of accord with Tom Bethell when he calls attention to Sonnet 76 and its declaration

That every word doth almost tell my name,
Showing their birth, and where they did proceed.

We don't need an Oxfordian decoder (as Sonnet 76 does) to find a secret message that reveals the author's name. Just turn to Sonnet 135, which begins,

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy *Will*,
And *Will* to boot, and *Will* in over-plus.

and ends with a sentiment a Shakespearean can regard fondly:

Let no unkind no fair beseechers kill;
Think all but one, and me in that one *Will*. □

THE GHOST'S VOCABULARY

*How the computer listens
for Shakespeare's "voiceprint"*

BY EDWARD DOLNICK

IN 1842 LITERATURE AND SCIENCE met with a thud. Alfred Tennyson had just published his poem "The Vision of Sin." Among the appreciative letters he received was one from Charles Babbage, the mathematician and inventor who is known today as the father of the computer. Babbage wrote to suggest a correction to Tennyson's "otherwise beautiful" poem—in particular to the lines "Every moment dies a man, / Every moment one is born."

"It must be manifest," Babbage pointed out, "that, were this true, the population of the world would be at a standstill." Since the population was in fact growing slightly, Babbage continued, "I would suggest that in the next edition of your poem you have it read: 'Every moment dies a man, / Every moment 1-1/16 is born.'" Even this was not strictly correct, Babbage conceded,

"but I believe 1-1/16 will be sufficiently accurate for poetry."

Today computers are standard tools for amateur and professional literary investigators alike. Shakespeare is both the most celebrated object of this effort and the most common. At Claremont McKenna College, in California, for example, two highly regarded faculty members have devoted years of

their lives to a computer-based attempt to find out whether Shakespeare, rather than Francis Bacon or the Earl of Oxford or any of a myriad of others, wrote the plays and poems we associate with his name.

As Babbage's venture into criticism foreshadowed, the marriage of computers and literature has been an uneasy one. At the mention of computers or statistics, many Shakespeareans and others in the literary establishment wrinkle their noses in distaste. To approach the glories of literature in this plodding way is misguided, they say, and misses the point in the same way as does the oft-cited remark that the human body is worth just a few dollars—the market value of the various chemicals of which it is composed. "This is just madness," says Ricardo Quinones, the chairman of the literature department at Claremont McKenna



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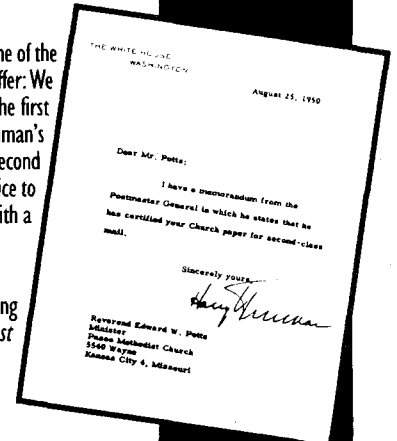
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na. "Why don't they simply read the plays?"

Rather than read, these literary sleuths prefer to count. Their strategy is straightforward. Most are in search of a statistical fingerprint, a reliable and objective mark of identity unique to a given author. Every writer will sooner or later reveal himself, they contend, by quirks of style that may be too subtle for the eye to note but are well within the computer's power to identify.

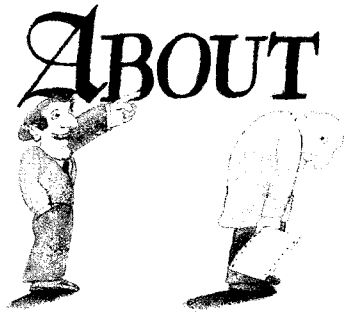
For a University of Chicago statistician named Ronald Thisted, the call to enter this quasi-literary enterprise came on a Sunday morning in December of 1985. Thisted had settled down with *The New York Times Book Review* and an article by Gary Taylor, a Shake-



speare scholar, caught his eye. Taylor claimed that he had found a new poem by Shakespeare at Oxford's Bodleian Library. Among the many reasons Taylor advanced for believing in the authenticity of the poem, called "Shall I Die?," Thisted focused on one. "One of his arguments," Thisted says, "was that several words in the poem don't appear previously in Shakespeare. And that was evidence that Shakespeare wrote it. One's first reaction is, that's dumb. If Shakespeare *didn't* use these words, why would that be evidence that he wrote the poem?" But Taylor's article went on to explain that in practically everything he wrote, Shakespeare used words he hadn't used elsewhere. Thisted conceded the point in his own mind, but raised another objection. "If *all* the words in there were ones that Shakespeare had never used," he thought, "if it were in Sanskrit or something, you'd say, 'No way Shakespeare could have written this.' So there had to be about the right number of new words." That question—

how many new words an authentic Shakespeare text should contain—was similar to one that Thisted himself had taken on a decade before. Together with the Stanford statistician Bradley Efron, then his graduate adviser, Thisted had published a paper that proposed a precise answer to the question "How many words did Shakespeare know but never use?" The question sounds ludicrous, like "How many New Year's resolutions have I not yet made?" Nonetheless, Efron and Thisted managed to answer it. They found the crucial insight in a generation-old story, perhaps apocryphal, about an encounter between a mathematician and a butterfly collector.

R. A. Fisher, the statistical guru of his day, had been consulted by a butterfly hunter newly back from Malaysia. The naturalist had caught members of some species once or twice, other species several times, and some species time and time again. Was it worth the expense, the butterfly collector asked, to go back to Malaysia for another season's trapping? Fisher recast the question as a mathematical problem. The collector knew how many species he had seen exactly once, exactly twice, and so on. Now, how many species were out there that he had yet to see? If the collector had many butterflies from each species he had seen, Fisher reasoned, then quite likely he had sampled all the species that were out there. Another hunting trip would be superfluous. But if he had only one or two representatives of most species, then there might be many species yet to find. It would be worth returning to Malaysia. Fisher devised a mathematical way to make that rough idea precise (and reportedly suggested another collecting trip). Efron and Thisted's question was essentially the same.



Where the naturalist had tramped through the rain forest in search of exotic butterflies, the mathematicians could scan Shakespeare in search of unusual words. By counting how many words he used exactly once, exactly twice, and so on, they would attempt to calculate how many words he knew but had yet to use.

Neither Efron nor Thisted had imagined that their statistical sleight of hand could ever be put to a live test. No new work of Shakespeare's had been unearthed for decades. Now Taylor had given them their chance. A new Shakespeare poem, like a new butterfly-collecting trip to the jungle, should yield a certain number of new words, a certain number that Shakespeare had used once before, and so on. If Shakespeare did write "Shall I Die?," which has 429 words, according to the mathematicians' calculations it should have about seven words he never used elsewhere; it has nine. To Efron and Thisted's surprise, the number of words in the poem which Shakespeare had used once before also came close to matching their predictions, as did the number of twice-used words, all the way through to words he had used ninety-nine times before. The poem, which sounds nothing like Shakespeare, fit Shakespeare like a glove.

This is work that can suck up lives. One Defoe scholar, trying to pick out true Defoe from a slew of anonymous and pseudonymous works, has pursued his quarry for twenty years, with no end in sight. A team trying to determine if the Book of Mormon was composed by ancient authors or by the nineteenth-century American Joseph Smith took 10,000 hours to produce a single essay. (The largely Mormon team of researchers concluded that Smith had not written the Book of Mormon. Confirmed samples of

Smith's prose, the researchers argued, showed patterns of word usage different from those in the Book of Mormon.) Paper after paper begins with a trumpet fanfare and ends with a plaintive bleat. One writer, for instance, decided to determine whether Jonathan Swift or one of his contemporaries had written a particular article, by pigeonholing his words according to what part of speech they were. "The only positive conclusion from over a year of effort and the coding of over 40,000 words," she lamented, "is that a great deal of further study will be needed." (Swift himself had satirized, in *Gulliver's Travels*, a professor who had "employed all his Thoughts from his Youth" in making "the strictest Computation of the general Proportion there is in Books between the Numbers of Particles, Nouns, and Verbs, and other Parts of Speech.")

Despite the shortage of triumphs the field is growing, because more and more of the work can be assigned to electronic drudges. Scholars once had to count words by hand. Later they had the option of typing entire books into a computer, so that the machine could do the counting. Today computers are everywhere, and whole libraries of machine-readable texts are avail-



able. Software to do deluxe slicing and dicing is easy to obtain.

As a result, everything imaginable is being counted somewhere. Someone at this moment is tallying up commas or meticulously computing adjective-to-adverb ratios. But sophisticated tools don't automatically produce good work. A future Academy of Statistics and Style might take as its motto the warning that the Nobel laureate P. B. Medawar issued to his fellow scientists: "An experiment not worth doing is not worth doing well."

AMONG THOSE LEAST LIKELY TO BE fazed by such pronouncements is a professor of political science at Claremont McKenna College named Ward Elliott. Elliott is an authority on voting rights, a cheerful eccentric, and, like his father before him, inclined to view the Earl of Oxford as the true author of Shakespeare's works. Four years ago Elliott recruited Robert Valenza, an expert programmer also on the Claremont McKenna faculty, and the two set to work on the authorship question.

This time the model would be not butterfly hunting but radar. Valenza had spent considerable time devising mathematical procedures to find the patterns obscured by noisy and jumbled electronic signals. Adapted to Shakespeare, the idea was to go beyond counting various words, as many others had done, and see whether consistent patterns could be found in the way certain key words were used together. Two writers might use the words "blue" and "green" equally often throughout a text, for example, but the writers could be distinguished if one always used them on the same page while the other never used them together.

This pattern-finding mathematics is widely used in physics and engineering, in deciphering television and radar signals, for example. Given a long list of words—not simply the "blue" and "green" of the example, but dozens more—the computer can quickly tell how Shakespeare typically balanced those words. "You might have a pattern," Valenza says, "with a lot of 'love,' very little 'hate,' and a good deal of 'woe.'" A different writer might use the same words, and even use them at the same rates as Shakespeare, but the configurations might be different. The result is that a given list of words produces a kind of voiceprint for each author.

Valenza and Elliott examined "common but not too common" words that Shakespeare used. To examine rare words, Valenza had reasoned, would be like trying to identify a voice from a whisper, and to examine common words would be to let the writer shout into your ear. The final, fifty-two-word list—with such miscellaneous entries as "about," "death," "desire," "secret," and "set"—was assembled by

trial and error. It consisted of words with two key properties. In various works of Shakespeare's those words are used in patterns that yield the same voiceprint each time. And when other writers are tested, the same words yield voiceprints that are different from Shakespeare's.

The machinery in place, Valenza and Elliott began by testing Shakespeare's poetry against that of thirty other writers. Exciting results came quickly: The disputed "Shall I Die?" poem seemed not to be Shakespeare's



after all. Three of the leading claimants to Shakespeare's work—Francis Bacon, Christopher Marlowe, and Sir Edward Dyer—were decisively ruled out. To Elliott's good-humored consternation, the test dealt just as harshly with the claims put forward on behalf of the Earl of Oxford. Worse was to follow. For even as this first round of tests ruled out the best-known Shakespeare candidates, it left a few surprising contenders. One possibility for the "real" Shakespeare: Queen Elizabeth I. "That did it for our chance of appearing in *Science*," Elliott laments, "but it vastly increased our chance of getting into the *National Enquirer*." (To his dismay, Elliott did find himself in *Science*, not as the co-author of a weighty research paper but as the subject of a skeptical news brief with the headline "Did Queen Write Shakespeare's Sonnets?")

Valenza and Elliott have since conducted more-extensive tests that have ruled out Queen Elizabeth. But the mishap highlights a risk that is shared by all the number-crunching methods. "If the glass slipper doesn't fit, it's pretty good evidence that you're not Cinderella," Elliott points out. "But if it does fit, that doesn't prove that you are."

THE RISK OF BEING FOOLED IS at least for someone who combines a deep knowledge of literature with some statistical insight. Donald Foster, a professor of English at Vassar College, fits that bill. Foster's scholarship is highly regarded. Soon after "Shall I Die?" was presented to the world, for example, he wrote a long debunking essay that persuaded many readers that the poem was not Shakespeare's. In a more recent essay he consigned whole libraries of research to the scrap heap. Hundreds or thousands of articles have been written to explain the epigraph to *Shakespeare's Sonnets*, which begins, "To the onlie begetter of these insuing sonnets, Master W.H." Who was W.H.? Foster's solution to the mystery, which won him the Modern Language Association's Parker Prize, is that W.H. was . . . a typo. The publisher, who wrote the epigraph as a bit of flowery praise to honor Shakespeare, had intended to print "W.S.H."



Those essays had nothing to do with statistics, but Foster has done some statistical sleuthing of his own, and he is well aware of the hazards. One scholar compared Shakespeare's plays with someone else's poems, for example, and concluded that Shakespeare used the present tense more than other writers do. Another compared Shakespeare with later writers and concluded that he used many four-letter words, whereas other writers used shorter words—forgetting that archaic words like "thou" and "hath" drive Shakespeare's average up. "There are strong and compelling reasons for avoiding this kind of research," Foster says, "because it's so difficult to anticipate

all the pitfalls." But Foster himself has often given way to temptation. Like many Shakespeareans, he steers clear of the "authorship question," but he has looked into a pertinent mystery.

Shakespeare acted in his plays. But with two exceptions, we don't know what roles he took. Foster believes he has found a statistical way to gather that long-vanished knowledge. "It occurred to me," he says, "that Shakespeare may have been influenced in his writing by the parts he had memorized for performances and was reciting on a more or less daily basis." Last year Foster figured out a way to test that hunch. "The results," he says, "have been absolutely stunning."

"We started by using a concordance to type in all the words that Shakespeare used ten times or fewer," Foster says. These aren't exotic words, necessarily, just ones that don't crop up often in Shakespeare. Scholars have known for some time that these "rare" words tend to be clustered chronologically. Foster found that if two plays shared a considerable number of rare words, in the later play those words were scattered randomly among all the characters. In the earlier play, the shared words were not scattered. "In one role," Foster says, "there would be two to six times the expected number of rare words." There stood Shakespeare: the words that Shakespeare the writer had at the tip of his pen were the ones he had been reciting as Shakespeare the actor.

If Foster is right, Shakespeare played Theseus in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and "Chorus" in *Henry V* and *Romeo and Juliet*. In play after play the first character to come on stage and speak is the one that Foster's test identifies as Shakespeare: John Gower in *Pericles*, Bedford in *Henry VI*, Part I, Suffolk in *Henry VI*, Part II, and Warwick in *Henry VI*, Part III. And Foster's test picks out as Shakespeare's the two roles that we have seventeenth-century evidence he played: the ghost in *Hamlet* and Adam in *As You Like It*.

The theory can be tested in other ways. It never assigns to Shakespeare a role we know another actor took. The roles it does label as Shakespeare's all



seem plausible—male characters rather than women or children. The test never runs in the wrong direction, with the unusual words scattered randomly in an early play and clustered in one role in a later play. On those occasions when Foster's test indicates that Shakespeare played *two* roles in a given play—Gaunt and a gardener in *Richard II*, for example—the characters are never onstage together. Foster's theory passes another test. When Foster looks at the rare words that *Hamlet* shares with *Macbeth*, written a few years later, those words point to the ghost in *Hamlet* as Shakespeare's role. And if Foster looks at rare words that *Hamlet* shares with a different play also written a few years later—*King Lear*, for example—those shared words also pick out the ghost as Shakespeare's role.

Additional evidence has been uncovered. After *Hamlet*, the ghost's vocabulary exerted a strong influence on Shakespeare's writing and then tapered off. But Shakespeare's plays went in and out of production. When *Hamlet* was revived several years after its first staging, and Shakespeare was again playing the ghost, he began again to recycle the ghost's vocabulary.

It is a strange image, a computer fingering a ghost. But it is a sign of things to come. Eventually the prejudice against computers in literary studies will give way. "The walls are sure to crumble," Ward Elliott says, "just as they did in baseball and popular music. . . . Some high-tech Jackie Robinson will score a lot of runs, and thereafter all the teams in the league will pursue the newest touch as ardently and piously as they now shrink from it." □



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A Short Story



How I Came West, and Why I Stayed

by Alison Baker



IT WAS A LONG, STRANGE TRIP, OVER FROZEN plains and rivers and into the mountains, but when the going got really tough, I'd close my eyes, and I'd see them: Lisa, in camouflage pants, stalking bears; Debbi, in blaze orange, wheezing out mating calls until huge bull elk stampeded down the hills, ready to perform.

Now I stood outside the Silver Dollar Saloon, the wind whipping around my collar, my hands like two lumps of ice even in my Thinsulate-lined mittens. The sky was cluttered with stars, but I couldn't stand there staring at them all night. I took a deep breath and pushed my way through the swinging doors.

My glasses steamed up, but I could tell everyone was looking at me, because dead silence dropped over the room. I took off my glasses and wiped them clean on my neckerchief. Then I put them back on. I'd been right; every head in the bar was turned toward me, and the faces were sort of orange, and puffy-looking, in the light from the video games.

I cleared my throat. "I'm looking for cheerleaders," I said.

They looked at one another and then back at me.

"How's that?" said an old geezer at the bar.

"I said, I'm looking for cheerleaders," I said.

"That's what I thought you said," the old guy said. He guffawed, and suddenly the whole room erupted in laughter, people pounding one another on the back, slapping their thighs, rolling in the sawdust on the floor. I smiled, glad the ice was broken.

I walked over to the bar and sat down beside the old guy. He said I could call him Ol' Pete. "You can't never find 'em, not in this weather," he said. The snow had stopped, but the night air was bitterly cold. The roads up the pass were closed, with drifts over twenty feet high.

"Haw!" Ol' Pete suddenly guffawed again, and the rest of the heads—hoary, bewhiskered, grizzled—turned back in my direction. "On'y a fool!" he said, and the others grinned and nodded, and chanted, "Fool, fool."

"Buy 'em a round," the bartender whispered, as she wiped off the bar in front of me.

"A round on me," I said, and an excited hum swept

the room. After the third round the hum broke out into singing, and in the middle of "... deer and the antelope play..." someone sat down beside me.

*Rarely seen but keenly remembered, they
filled the hills and canyons with
their practiced wails*

"Why you want to go up there, anyway?" she said. I turned and looked her in the eye. She was dark, of indeterminate age, and she wore a buffalo-head helmet, complete with gleaming horns. "They wanted you up there, wouldn't they a' took you with 'em?"

I nodded. "I can't explain it," I said. "It's just something I have to do."

She nodded too. "I can understand that," she said. "It's big—bigger than you, maybe. What's your name, stranger?"

"Most folks call me Whitey," I said.

"It won't be easy, Whitey," my companion said. "I can coach you some, but it'll be hard work."

She said her name was Buffalo Gal, and that I could bunk with her. On one wall of her cabin she had a USGS map, all squiggles, with red-headed pins marking the cheerleader near-sightings. I stared at it but could find no pattern in the scattered red dots.

"They come and they go," Buffalo Gal said. "They might as well be bigfoots."

"Bigfeet," I said.

"Whatever," Buffalo Gal said.

She worked me hard. She never let up, never let me slack off. "Hit 'em again," she'd say, time after time. "Harder, harder." But she was generous in her praise, too. "Go, go, go!" she'd shout, as I telemarked through the aspens. I worked harder for Buffalo Gal than I'd ever worked before; something about her made you want to.

And then one evening, as we skied through a narrow canyon, Buffalo Gal stopped so fast that I crashed into her. "Listen," she said.

"Give me an A!" The voice came, faint as starlight, distant as the sigh of a bear in a snowbound cave. It was followed by a wailed response from a dozen throats: "A!" It echoed down the hills and canyons, and up under the trees around us.

"It's them," Buffalo Gal said.

SATURDAYS WE MADE THE LONG TREK DOWN TO the Silver Dollar, just to be in contact with human beings, and to have a drink.

"Sure, I heard 'em," Ol' Pete said when I asked him. "Hear 'em all the time."

"Have you seen them?" I said.

"Hell," Ol' Pete said.

When he didn't say any more, I had to ask. "How can I find them, Pete?"

"Haw!" he guffawed, and nods and slow grins spread across the other faces in the room. "Where you from, Whitey?" he asked.

"Veedersburg, Indiana," I said.

"Well, then, I'll tell you," Ol' Pete said. "Them cheerleaders is like a poem. You don't go lookin' for a poem; it sort of comes to you, iffen yer in the right place, doin' the right thing." His rheumy eyes got rheumier, dripping a

little, as he watched Lu, the bartender, wiping up some spilled milk. "You cain't predict. You can be out there for days, huntin', trackin' 'em across the range, countin' the buttercups, and you won't see hide nor hair. And then one day yer building a fire, or you just washed yer hair and yer mebbe smokin' some weed you saved up from yer last southern trip, and there she'll be, standin' afore you, smilin' down at you, her hand stretched out, whisperin' 'Score, Pete, score.'"

"Wow!" I said. "That happened to you?"

"Nope," he said.

Buffalo Gal and I skied home, heading back out of town and up the canyon through the moonlight. I looked around for shooting stars, and my nose twitched at the smells that skidded across the moonscape toward us: a last whiff of tobacco from the Silver Dollar, the sweet, flowery smell of someone's anti-static sheet from a dryer vent, the mucous-freezing smell of cold air rushing off the mountains. It was just the sort of time I might have seen them, if I'd only known.

In the mountains, in Montana, in winter, time loses its substance; it becomes meaningless. Night runs into day like the Ovaltine that Buffy stirred into our milk in the morning. I knew time had passed by the way the moon grew and shrank; I knew a week had gone by when we headed for the Silver Dollar on Saturday night. But that's all I could tell you.

"That's how it is here," was all Buffalo Gal would say.

ONE DAY, UP IN AVERY PASS, WE CAME UPON A single dainty footprint, clear as day, left by a size-seven ripple-bottom gym shoe. I flung myself into the snow beside it. "How could she leave just one?" I cried, and when I put my face next to it, I sniffed the faintest of odors—rubber? Anti-fungal medication?

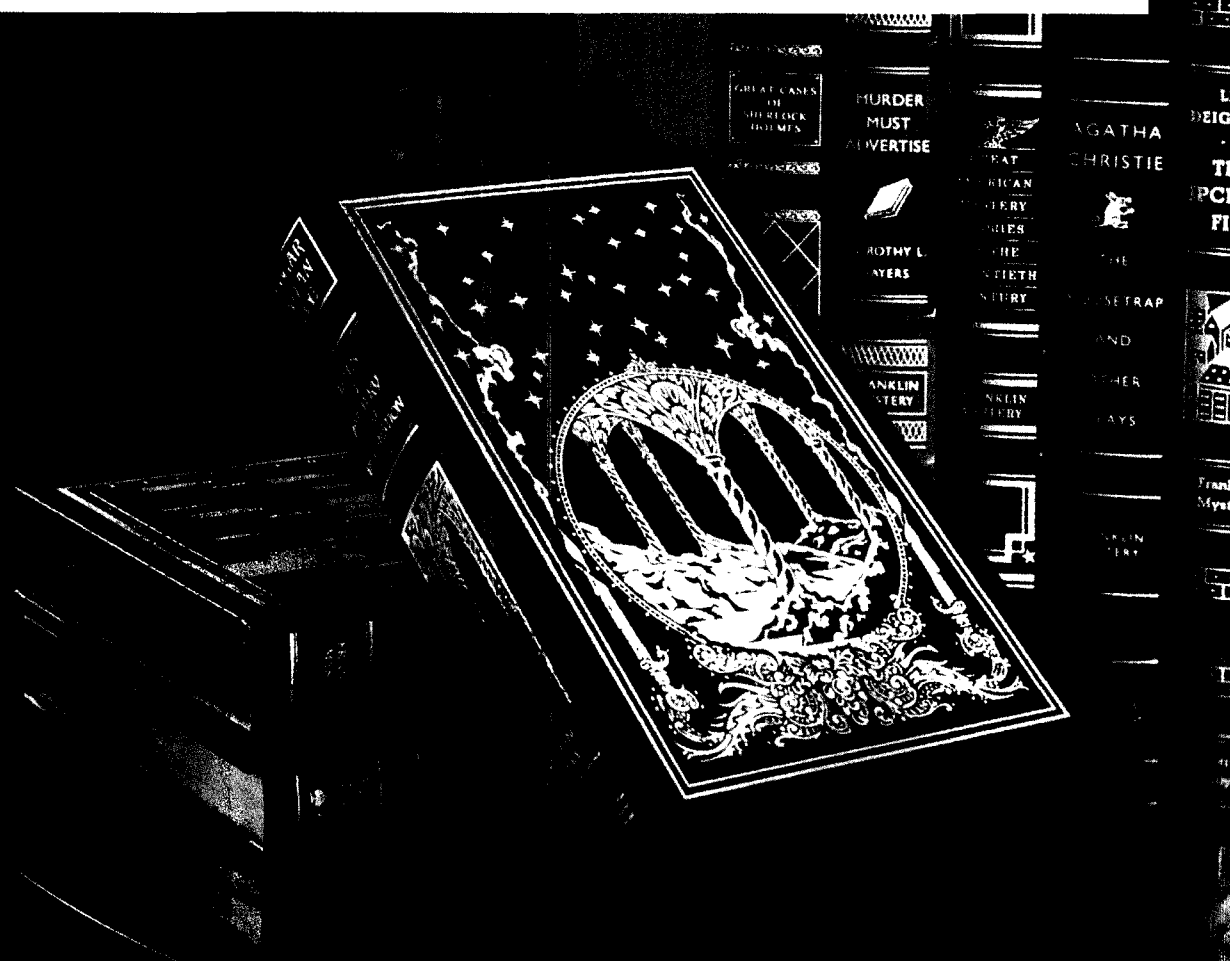
"You tell me," Buffalo Gal said. With her ice ax she chopped the footprint out of the frozen snow and laid it gently in her helmet. I pulled it along the ground behind me, the horns serving as runners across the snow. We flew down the mountain, down to the lower pass and back to the cabin, and the speed of our passage created a wind that freeze-dried the footprint, sucked the moisture right out of it. It was frozen so solid it would never melt.

We hung the footprint above the front door, hoping it would bring us luck.

I WAS BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND HOW IMPORTANT the presence of the cheerleaders was to the local people. They were part of the mountain mythology, feral fauna as significant as the mountain lion, the grizzly, the Rocky Mountain bighorn sheep. And they were not a recent phenomenon, nor were they exotic visitors. The history of cheerleaders

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in Montana went back for many, many years: as far back as the reach of local memory.

Ol' Pete had given me a hint of what they meant. What the manatee is to the naturalist in the mangrove swamp, what the race car is to the Hoosier, what the tornado is to the Kansan—that is what the cheerleader is to the Montanan. Cheerleaders are Possibility, they are Chance, they are Fate; they are beauty, and grace, and poetry.

Many had learned the hard way that Ol' Pete was right: you couldn't find a cheerleader. You had to wait, and be ready. Many an expedition, hunters in their red flannel, stocking up their mules or their llamas or their ATVs with two or three weeks' worth of food, had set out determined—come what may!—to find the cheerleaders. They carried guns, too. "Hell," they'd say, if you asked why. Would they shoot a cheerleader? Would they hang a pink-cheeked, freckled face above the fireplace, among the furry heads of grizzlies and mule deer and moose, and the iridescent bodies of stuffed dead pheasants?

The truth was—the truth was that nobody really knew how he or she might react, if he or she actually found them.

And in all the years the cheerleaders had been in those parts, no one *had* found one. They'd found tracks, and signs: bits of pompon here and there, and of course my frozen footprint, and once an old, well-used megaphone, standing on its wide end under a spruce tree.

But many a hunter had returned cold, frostbitten, disappointed. And many a hunter had hung up her gun, and taken up, say, jogging, or tai chi—something that would get her outside, in the woods, on a hilltop—and in solitude, maybe whispering, she'd chant, "S-U-C-C-E-S-S." Just in case, someday, the cheerleaders came to *her*.

"O KAY, B.G.," I SAID ONE EVENING, AS WE stretched like lazy cats before the glowing wood stove, each with her own bowl of popcorn—Buffy liked garlic powder on hers, but I stuck with melted butter.

"What gives?"

"Ah," Buffalo Gal said. She smiled, and gazed dreamily at the stove. "Impetuous youth."

"Youth?" I said. "Buffy, I'm forty-two years old. I'm not exactly youth."

She shook her head and gave me a look I couldn't interpret. "Whitey," she said, "do you know how long I've been up here?"

"No," I said.

Buffalo Gal leaned over her popcorn bowl and put her face close to mine. "Neither do I," she said.

"But Buffy," I said, "how do I find the cheerleaders?"

"How the hell do I know?" Buffy said. "I've been up here lo, these many moons, and I haven't found them yet."

When Buffalo Gal said that to me—when I realized

that, by golly, she never had said she could help me find them—I had to ask. "Why are you up here, Buffalo Gal?" I said.

She smiled. "Whitey," she said, "I used to be a jock. I did every sport you can imagine—field hockey, tennis, jai alai. Seems like every time I turned around, there they were, supporting me all the way. Go! Go! Go! Yea, rah, Buffy!" She shook her head. "Guess I just didn't want to go on through life without 'em. Even if they're not cheering for me anymore, I just want to be near 'em, hear 'em, once in a while in the night. Just want to know they're there."

I nodded, and stood up. "I'm off," I said.

"See you around," she said.

That's the way it is in Montana. When the time comes to go, you go, and there are no hard feelings.

I don't know how far I skied that night, or how long. I was thinking as I went, and that's a dangerous thing to do. Thinking distracts you. You can get lost, thinking of something other than where you're going. You can ski right up the mountain and over the top, and get going so fast that, too late, you realize you've gone too far, that you have taken off into pure, crystal-clear Montana air. Every now and then in Montana you see someone who's done that, a skier, flying across the moon like a deformed Canada goose.

I DON'T KNOW HOW FAR I SKIED, BUT WHEN THE trail ended, I was right where I knew I'd be: at the door of the Silver Dollar Saloon. I went inside, and when I'd wiped off my glasses, there was Buffy, nodding at me, and Ol' Pete lifting a finger from his glass in greeting.

I sat down at a little table and ordered a glass of milk. Then someone spoke. "What are you up to up there, anyway?" she said, across the crowded room.

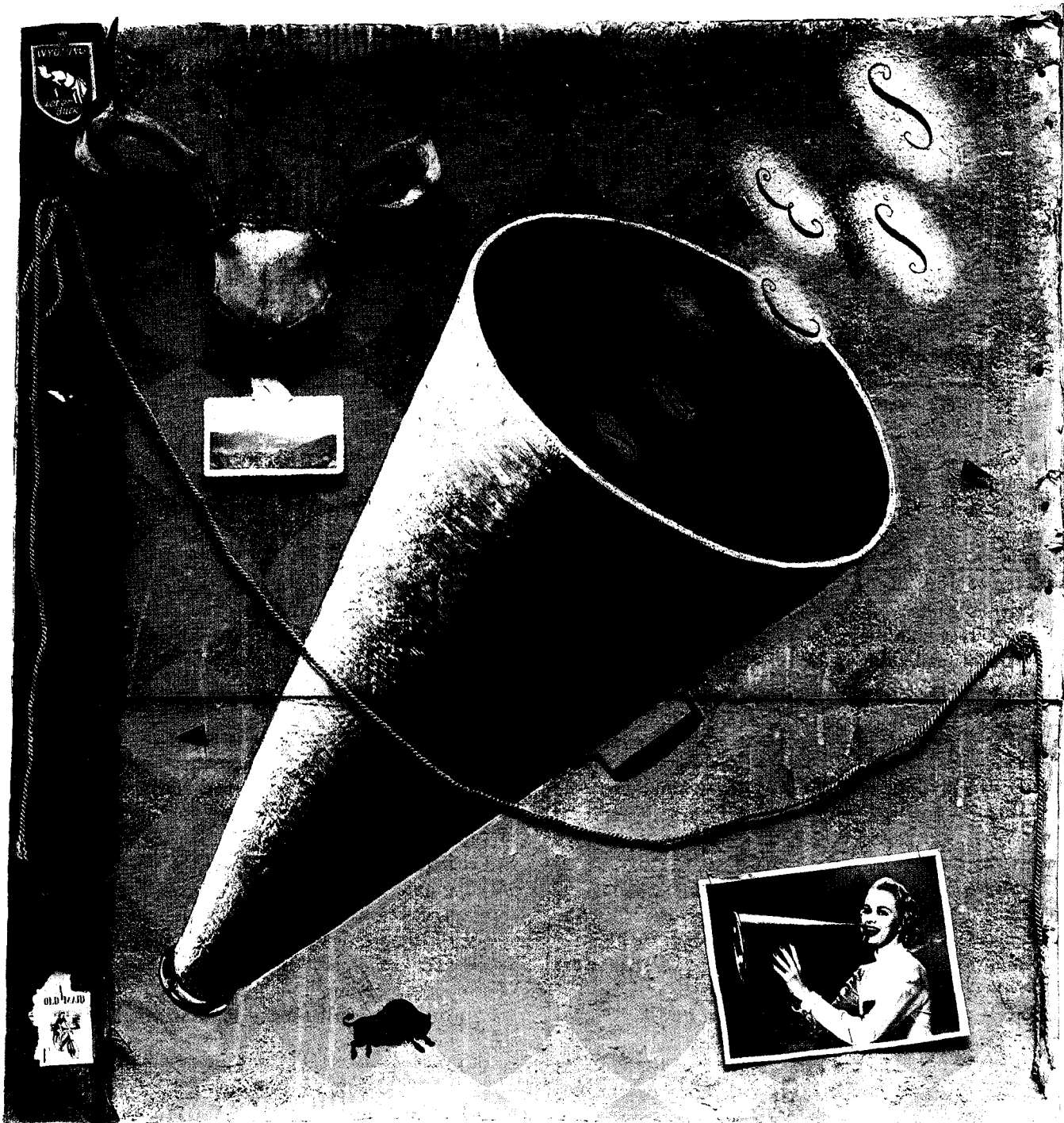
I knew who it was: Renee, a lean, grim-faced ranch hand, not much older than I was. She'd ridden the rodeo circuit for a while and then come back to Montana to work Ephraim P. Williston's sheep ranch. Somewhere along the line she'd lost her left hand—caught in a lasso and squeezed right off when she was roping a steer—and most Saturday evenings she sat in the Silver Dollar with a chamois rag, rubbing and polishing her elk-antler hook until it gleamed. She was a tough customer, Renee; even the feral dogs stayed away from her flocks.

The bar was so still you could hear the chamois rubbing against her hook. She stared at me, her eyes in the shadow of the Stetson she never took off. Her hand, polishing, never stopped moving.

I swallowed the last of my milk. I put down the little glass, and then I looked up and across the room straight at where I figured her eyes were.

"Nothing," I said.

She took off her hat then, and I found myself looking



into the hardest eyes I'd ever seen. They were as cold as ice, and dry ice at that; I had a tough time believing they'd ever cried, or looked at anything but bleak and windswept sagebrush desert.

I'd said the wrong thing.

"Sister," she said, "you just said the wrong thing. You come up here, from God knows where—"

"She's from Veedersburg, Indiana," Ol' Pete interrupted. "She never made no secret of that."

I threw him a grateful look, but Renee shook her head.

"From God knows where," she repeated. "You sit in

here and drink with us; you follow Buffalo Gal around the woods like a goddamn puppy dog, sucking up everything she knows; you pry, and eavesdrop, and then you go out and harass our cheerleaders; and when I ask you, in a friendly, innocent manner, what you're doing, you say *Nothing?*"

The silence was so thick you could have cut it with a Bowie knife. I didn't know what to say. She was right about part of it: I did come in and drink with them, I did ask questions, I did follow Buffy around. But that part about harassing the cheerleaders was way off the mark.

How could I explain that I was doing this for *all* of us? "All my life," I began, and I prayed my voice wouldn't shake, "I wanted nothing more than to be a cheerleader. All through my childhood my parents held up cheerleaders as role models for me. 'My dream,' my dad used to say, 'is that someday you'll be just like them.' We went to every game. And then when they started broadcasting games on TV—oh, I burned with the desire to be out there with them, leaping and bending and rolling on national television, and flinging my arms out to embrace the whole world!"

I paused for breath. I looked around the room, and I knew I'd struck a chord. No one was saying a word: all eyes either were on me or were dreamy, looking back to their own youthful aspirations, remembering the cheerleaders from all those little towns—Moab, Hammond, Rockland, Kennebunk. These ranch hands came from all over the country, and I suspected they'd come for much the same reason I had.

I took a deep breath. "I guess it's an old, old story," I went on. "For years I practiced, twirling my baton, getting in shape with tap lessons. I did so many splits that my legs would hardly stay closed. I memorized the chants, the yells, you name it."

They were nodding; they'd been there too.

"I never made the squad," I said quietly. "Not even the B squad. I just wasn't good enough."

A sigh rippled across the room; some of those dusty eyes were a little damp.

"You know," I said, "I wanted to be a cheerleader more than anything else in the world. I would have sold my soul." I laughed softly, sadly. "I guess it's still for sale."

"Hell," Ol' Pete said, "so's mine!"

"Whitey," Renee said, standing up and crossing the room to where I stood, "I misjudged you. I'm sorry." She did a forward lunge and stuck out her hand.

I took it. "Renee, Renee, Renee," I said. "You were right about so many things."

She punched me on the arm with her hook. "How's about a turn at the cards?" she said.

"Yeah! Yeah!" The crowd roared its approval, and Ol' Pete actually did a herkie. I grinned with pleasure; this was another Montana tradition. In many a saloon heated discussions came to an end when the cards were pulled out, and would-be pugilists resolved their differences with a hand or two of this traditional game of the Old West. It had saved the glassware and bar mirrors of a good many drinking and gaming establishments.

Eight of us sat down around a table, and Ol' Pete dealt the cards. Carol Ann, another shepherd from out at Wiliston's, held Renee's cards for her—she had trouble managing them with her hook.

The game wasn't a long one—these games never are—and one after another the players matched their last card and dropped out. Finally, as fate would have it, Renee

and I were face to face. And, friendly as we now were, I was sweating.

I held two cards, and one of them was Her. Carol Ann was holding one card for Renee, and it was her draw. If she drew the matching card, she'd be out. But if she drew the Old Maid, I still had a chance.

Renee kept her eyes on my face and reached. Her hand hesitated above my cards; the tension—friendly tension—in the room was palpable. And then, as Renee's hand descended toward the Old Maid, she stopped. She lifted her head. "Listen," she said.

I'd heard it too. A rhythmic clapping, the soft patter of sneaker-shod feet. And then voices.

"H-O-W-D-Y! Hey-hey! We say hi!" And through the swinging door burst the first cheerleader the Silver Dollar had ever seen. She popped those doors back and bounced into the room, her hands rolling in front of her, her blonde curls cascading over her shoulders. She bounded across the room, right over to our table, and dropped to one knee, one arm flung out to her side and the other straight over her head. "DeeDee!" she cried.

Another cheerleader leaped through the door and sprang over to kneel beside the first. Flinging her arms exactly the same way, she cried, "Kristi!"

And they kept on coming, the door swinging and banging against the wall, their little rubber-soled feet tap-tapping through the peanut shells that littered the Silver Dollar's floor. "Debbi! Suzi! Lori! Heather! Patti! Mindy! Lisa! Darlene!" They climbed on top of one another till their human pyramid reached the ceiling. They jumped up and landed in splits on the bar.

And in the dim light from the bar we saw that they had changed. Gone were their pleated skirts, the snowy white tennies, the matching panties. Their sweaters were black from the smoke of a thousand campfires and stiff with the arterial blood of dying elk. The dimpled knees were hidden in layers of wool, of heavy-duty twill, of camouflage-patterned neoprene. Their sneakers were gray, worn; their little socks showed through holes in the toes.

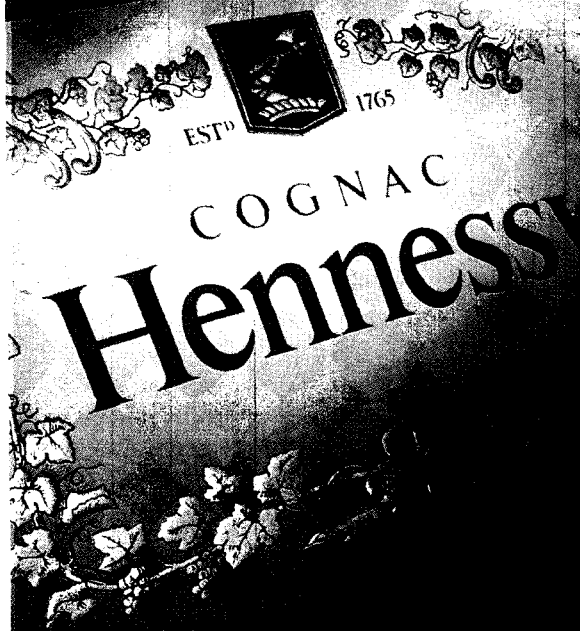
And their faces. No longer pink and shiny, their skin was rough from winter winds, wrinkled from the brutal western sun. Their blonde hair was stringy and sort of greasy, unwashed for what must have been years.

But their teeth! One after another they smiled; again and again the gloom of the Silver Dollar was broken as their teeth flashed little reflections of the neon beer signs in the windows. Years of fluoridated water, decay-preventive dentifrices, and orthodontia had worked their magic. Whiter than new snow, more uniform than kernels of hybrid corn, brighter than Venus, Jupiter, and Mars in alignment, their teeth alone would have revealed them as the cheerleaders they were.

They stood, and knelt, and sat splayed before us in splendid formation, and then they windmilled their

*If
YOU'VE
EVER
BEEN
KISSED
you
ALREADY
KNOW*

THE
FEELING
of
COGNAC
HENNESSY



arms and all at once leaped into the air, spread-eagling their limbs toward the four corners of the world, and screamed, "Yea! Rah! Team!"

Something warm surged through my body; I looked at Renee, and she was smiling right into my eyes. She reached out and took the matching card.

I was the Old Maid.

The crowd went wild, and the cheerleaders bounced and hugged each other, tears rolling down their leathery cheeks, and they all clustered around Renee and wanted to pat her, and touch her, and have her sign their sneakers. It was Renee's moment of glory.

I might have felt really bad if something hadn't happened that warmed my heart all the way to the mitral valve. As everybody pushed over to the bar, the cheerleaders spontaneously stopped, and they all came back and stood around me, in a circle, and each one put her left hand on the right shoulder of the next cheerleader. And then they bent their knees, and they stuck out their right hands, and in unison they bobbed up and down, as if they were shaking my right hand, and they chanted, "YOU'RE OKAY. YOU'RE ALL RIGHT. YOU PUT UP A DARN GOOD FIGHT! Yea! Rah! Whitey!"

There wasn't a dry eye in the room. "A round on me!" I shouted. And they cheered me again.

IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED, I KNEW SOMETHING had changed. I had achieved a goal, a major one, and now—temporarily, anyway—I had nothing to strive for. I was happy, but I felt a little empty, too.

On about Wednesday, I was sitting listlessly in the sun, contemplating the bleak future that stretched ahead of me, when I heard someone coming. I looked around and saw that it was Buffalo Gal, and behind her was Renee.

Buffy got right to the point. "We've been huddling," she said. "We want you to stick around."

"I don't know," I said. "I'm not sure I can do this anymore."

"Not this," Renee said. "The Williston ranch has an opening for another shepherd. Carol Ann's getting hitched."

"I don't know anything about sheep," I said.

"You don't have to," Renee said. "They mill around, and you stand there. Or you sing to 'em, sometimes."

"Surely there's others more qualified," I said.

Renee gazed off at the horizon and rubbed her hook with her mitten. "The thing is, Whitey," she said, "most of us, we haven't seen a cheerleader since we've been here. It's what we came out here for, and we tried to do everything right, and we waited. But they never came until you got here. It's got us hoping again."

"Hoping?" I said.

Hard-bitten, rugged, dry-eyed as she was, she blushed. "We've started practicing again. It's all we really want, still. And we've realized that even if we'll never be varsity cheerleaders, we can still do the work, learn the new routines. And who knows? Someday they may need a substitute."

I looked at her. Something was in her face that I hadn't seen there before, but I recognized it. It was spirit: team spirit. It's something that's hard to find in the West, in Montana, in the wide-open spaces, where women spend most of their time alone. I thought, maybe that's it. It's not the adulation, the cheering, the popularity, that we want; it's team spirit.

"I guess I could learn," I said.

So I stayed. I'm still just an assistant shepherd—sort of on the B team—but I'll tell you something: sheep are the best pep club in the world to practice on. You can be out there in front of them walking on your hands, doing triple back flips, and they don't even look at you. They keep on munching the grass, ripping it out of the ground and chewing it up.

But it's in the nature of sheepherding, and of cheerleading, to stick with it, to keep on trying. You realize how hard the cheerleaders have worked to get where they are. That makes you work harder.

Sometimes, of a summer evening—oh, yes, summer finally came—I'll be out there on the range, practicing in front of my sheep. "Give me a P!" I'll shout, and the only response is from a border collie, who obliges on a nearby fence post. And then the warm summer wind picks up, just as the sun sets, and the sky is all red and purple and pink, and I hear, from miles away, "Two bits!" And maybe a distant figure cartwheels across a hilltop, silhouetted against the place where the sun just disappeared.

And then, from the east, where the sky is already dark, I hear "Four bits!" And I know it's Buffalo Gal, calling down from her lonely vigil on the mountain. And from up at the ranch house, where Renee is maybe loading supplies to bring out to us the next morning, comes "Six bits!" And I jump up and shout, "A dollar!"

And the next voice is so far away that the words aren't quite clear—it's up in high pastureland, where the sheep are chewing grass in the dark, and the little lambs are jumping around, or nursing on their moms, and the dogs are lying in the dust after a hard day, sleeping with one eye open, always on the lookout for coyotes. But we all know it's Ol' Pete, yelling, "If you got spirit, stand up and holler!"

And wherever we are, we leap into the sky and holler for all we're worth. Down in town they probably think it's thunder, but it's us, practicing, ready for when the snow flies in the fall and the cheerleaders come down from the high mountain passes. We'll be ready to go with them, hunting for the Big Game. □

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A critic argues that the U.S. Forest Service, protected from congressional scrutiny by pork-barrel politics and imaginative bookkeeping, is devastating America's national forests through needless and unprofitable timber sales. A feasible and inexpensive policy alternative is available

THE MISMANAGEMENT OF THE NATIONAL FORESTS

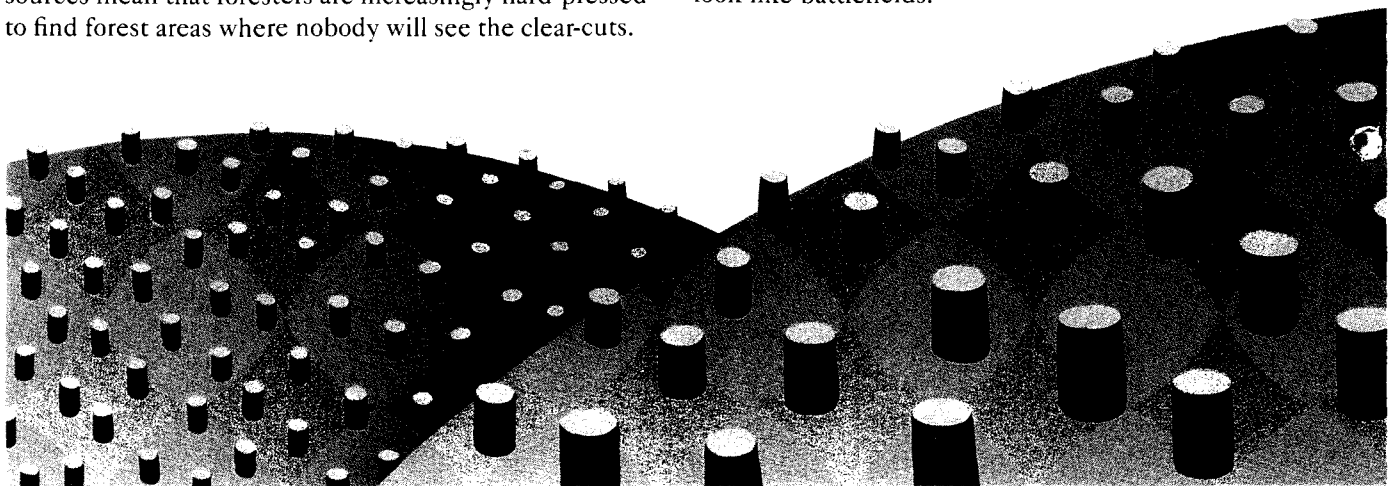
BY PERRI KNIZE

THERE ONCE WAS A TIME WHEN IF A TREE WAS FELLED IN THE FOREST, NOBODY saw, and business went on as usual. But now a tree can't be felled anywhere in the national forests without causing violent tremors all the way to Washington, D.C. There the bureaucrats at the once-proud and formerly revered U.S. Forest Service, the administrators of the national forests, are losing credibility as forty years of forest devastation come to light.

While our government supports schemes to trade Third World debt for intact Third World rain forests and dispatches American foresters to Ecuador and Honduras to aid those countries in proper forest management, the Forest Service is deforesting our national timberlands at a rate that rivals Brazil's. What remains of America's original virgin forests is being clipped away daily on our public lands, lands that contain the most biomass per acre of any forests on the planet. We are losing intact ecosystems, watersheds, fish habitat, wildlife habitat, recreation lands, and native-species diversity to a degree that may be irreparable.

Once, the land could accommodate this "management" without attracting much notice. The national forests, unlike national parks, have traditionally provided wood, grass, and minerals to the private sector. But population growth, shifting demographics, and reduced resources mean that foresters are increasingly hard-pressed to find forest areas where nobody will see the clear-cuts.

When I joined the U.S. Forest Service as a volunteer wilderness guard, in the summer of 1983, I, like most Americans, thought the Forest Service was a conservation organization dedicated to preserving the nation's wild lands. I was vaguely aware that the Forest Service sold trees, but was unprepared for the extensive logging roads and cutting I saw on the Beaverhead and Bitterroot national forests, in southwest Montana. Entire mountainsides were shorn of cover, and rough roads crisscrossed their faces, creating terraces that bled topsoil into the rivers when the snows melted in spring. Since that summer I've traveled to national forests all over the United States, from the Carolinas to Alaska, and seen the same and worse: Entire mountain ranges have their faces shaved in swaths of forty to a hundred acres which from the air resemble mange. From the ground these forests, charred and smoking from slash burning, look like battlefields.



I was shocked: the Forest Service seemed more concerned about selling trees than about the vitality of the public's forests. Yet I met many dedicated Forest Service employees at all levels of the agency who were terribly unhappy about the emphasis on timber, and I felt compelled to learn as much as I could about why the Forest Service was pursuing such an apparently destructive policy.

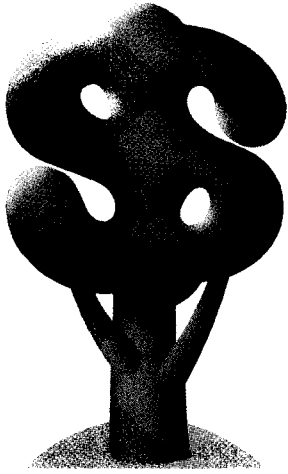
After all, the national forests supply only about 15 percent of the nation's wood, and Forest Service research shows that if that timber were removed from the market, half of the loss would be replaced by wood from private industrial tree farms and half by wood substitutes that are already on the market. Seventy-two percent of all the timberland in the United States is privately owned. This land is far better suited to tree farming than federal land—it is fertile, low-elevation, accessible, and for the most part does not have the intact ecosystems found on public land. Our national forests, although they are richer in biological diversity, have comparatively little value as tree farms. They are for the most part thin-soiled, steep, high-elevation, less accessible lands that produce low-quality timber. They are the lands nobody would take, even for nothing, when the government was divvying up the West.

Despite the abundance of merchantable private timber and the relatively low value of public timber, no one has seriously considered ending national-forest logging. With the exception of a tiny

minority of passionate nature lovers who are considered extremist, virtually everyone I've interviewed over the past eight years says that ending national-forest logging is impractical if not impossible.

A thoughtful look at the condition of our forests, the needs of our communities, and the national demand for wood products reveals that ending national-forest logging is not only possible but also highly pragmatic. In fact, we can end logging on the national forests and at the same time improve the future economic stability of small communities now dependent on timber dollars, stabilize our wood supply, save and spend more wisely the billions now pouring out of the federal Treasury, and preserve the health of our virgin forests—if we decide to. We can do it because, contrary to conventional wisdom, we don't need national-forest timber—not for jobs, certainly not for the income, and not for the nation's wood supply. Most commercial-timber owners would actu-





WE DON'T NEED NATIONAL-FOREST TIMBER—NOT FOR JOBS, NOT FOR INCOME, AND NOT FOR WOOD. COMMERCIAL-TIMBER OWNERS WOULD ACTUALLY BENEFIT IF THE GOVERNMENT WERE NOT COMPETING WITH THEM.

ally benefit if the government were no longer competing with them: as prices rose, long-term forest planning would become more feasible and profitable. The

Forest Service itself would benefit, as it escaped the endless and expensive forest-management planning with an emphasis on timber which inevitably lands it in court. Forest Service employees could begin to inventory and study the national forests, as they were mandated to do in the National Forest Management Act of 1976, though without adequate funding for the job. They could begin repairing the damage of the past forty years, instead of trying to produce board feet that can no longer be cut in an environmentally responsible fashion.

Timber Mythology

IN VIEW OF THESE BENEFITS, WHY ISN'T THE FOREST Service eager to end national-forest logging? Why is it adamant that that cannot or should not be done? The Forest Service rebuffs all such suggestions with three arguments that I call collectively the Great Federal Timber Mythology.

Myth No. 1: Federal timber is needed to meet an ever-escalating demand for wood fiber.

Myth No. 2: Timber sales overall make a profit for the federal Treasury.

Myth No. 3: Federal timber, even if sold at a loss, aids timber-dependent communities.

Last year the Forest Service once again predicted, as it has since its founding, in 1905, that demand for national-forest timber would continue to rise and that timber would remain in short supply. In fact the demand for timber has declined since the invention of the internal-combustion engine and since we began using electricity and fuel oil instead of wood for our energy needs. Many privately held forests logged in the nineteenth century are now regrown. Horse pasture and farmland have returned to forest. We actually have more standing trees today than we did ninety years ago. So whereas the old-growth trees that provide the softwood lumber used for products like fine furniture and musical instruments are indeed in short supply, particularly in the Pacific Northwest, we have plenty of wood fiber that can be made into less-refined products. Most of our ancient trees are not made

into pianos and armoires anyway, but are ground into pulp to make disposable diapers and cellophane for cigarette packs. Obviously, small-diameter trees from tree farms would serve that purpose just as well. As for building materials, we can also create them from small-diameter trees. Oriented-strand board, chipboard, finger-joint board, and particle board—made from chips or small pieces of wood—are already available; they are stronger than regular wood and can be made from very young trees grown in rows like a corn crop.

"Crop forests are where our timber supply really comes from," says a former logging manager at Weyerhaeuser Corporation, who asked not to be named. He explains that the industry wants the old timber on the national forests only because with minimal processing these logs bring a premium price overseas. "As to old growth, everyone has gored that fatted calf long enough. Weyerhaeuser made a fortune from old growth, but you can't cut the last one and say, 'Gee, that was nice. What do we do now?'"

One sign that we have a glut of wood fiber in the United States is that although we exported 4.2 billion board feet of raw logs last year, we can still find plentiful, cheap toilet paper in the supermarket. Timber has such a low market value in this country that owners of private timberland often find that growing trees doesn't pay—the rate of return isn't high enough. Many are selling off their forests and using the profits to reduce their debt. If timber were scarce—and valuable—this would be a poor business practice.

The Forest Service exacerbates the situation by flooding the market with cheap national-forest timber, driving prices down. One could argue reasonably that the national-forest timber program, by competing with the private sector, is destroying the environmental quality of our private timberlands as well.

It also empties the federal purse. "If we simply gave the loggers fourteen thousand dollars a year not to cut the trees, we'd be a lot better off," says K. J. Metcalf, a retired Forest Service planner in Alaska, about his review of the Tongass forest plan in 1978. He echoed the sentiments of many of the agency's critics. The Forest Service has long claimed that the government makes money on timber sales, but an analysis performed at the request of the House Government Operations Subcommittee on the Environment, Energy, and Natural Resources shows that the Forest Service timber program has lost \$5.6 billion over the past decade. Robert Wolf, a retired staffer at



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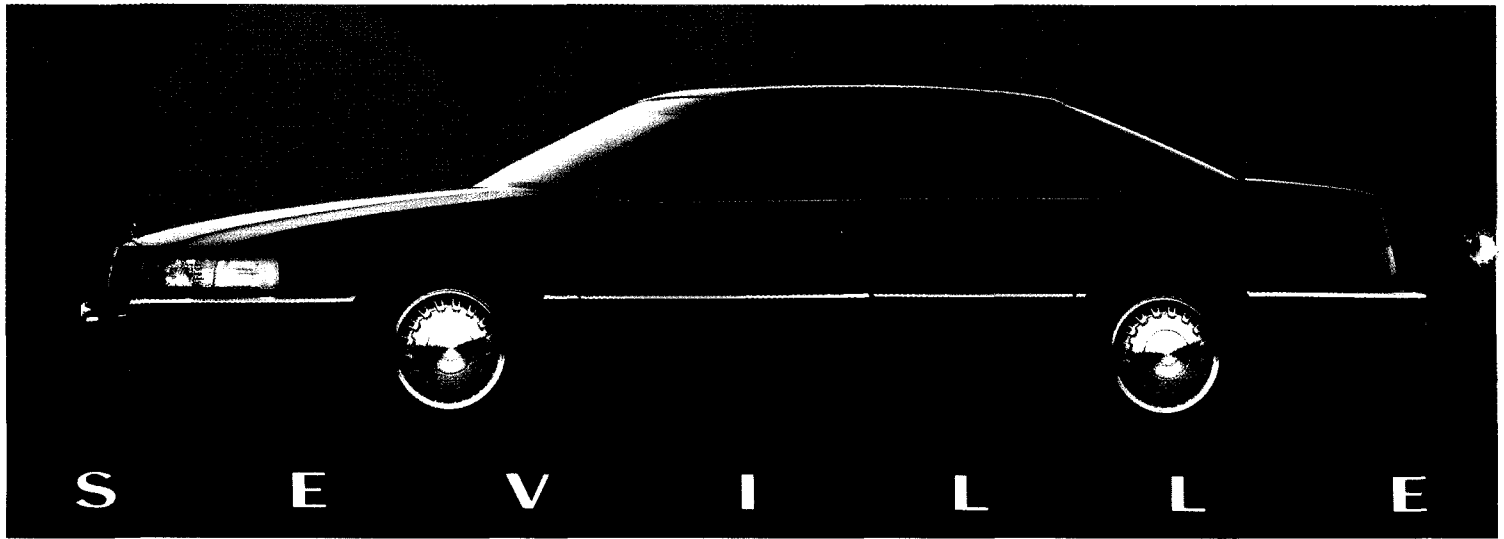
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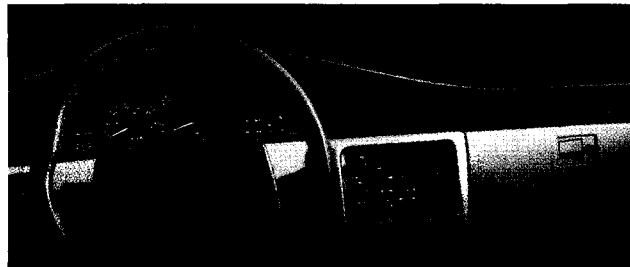
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the Congressional Research Service, a forester, and a road engineer, analyzed the Forest Service's timber-income accounting system at the request of Representative Mike Synar, the chairman of the subcommittee. At the time this was written, Wolf expected to submit his testimony in September. He says his original intention was to show that sales of national-forest timber were profitable and beneficial. Instead, he found that most of the 122 national forests have never earned a dime on timber, and only fifteen showed a profit last year. The Forest Service claims that it made \$630 million on its timber program last year; that claim, Wolf says, stems from inflated revenues and discounted costs.

The "net" revenue figure doesn't make allowances for the 25 percent of gross receipts (\$327 million last year) that must be paid to counties from which timber has been removed, as compensation for property taxes lost because those lands aren't privately owned. Nor does it take into consideration road-maintenance expenses—another \$80 million. Land-line location (surveying to confirm national-forest boundaries) cost another \$24 million. The Forest Service also overlooked some \$60 million spent on protection against insects and disease, maintenance of staff buildings, map-making, and fire protection.

Another \$575 million—funds earmarked for reforestation, brush disposal, timber salvage sales, roads built to accommodate timber buyers, and other programs—was depreciated over more years than appropriate for accounting purposes. The Forest Service has used a number of creative accounting gimmicks, including amortizing roads over 240 years. (One year roads on the Chugach National Forest, in Alaska, were amortized over 1,800 years.) The typical life of a logging road, however, is twenty-five years; that's why 60 percent of each year's road-building budget is earmarked for reconstruction. Last year the Forest Service received appropriations of \$700 million for the timber program from the federal Treasury, yet spent more than \$1 billion. According to Wolf's calculations, after a realistic amortization of costs, the timber program actually generated a net *loss* to the federal Treasury of \$186 million last year.

One reason timber sales don't make money is that most national-forest timber is virtually worthless. Short growing seasons and poor, unstable soils mean that a national-forest tree may need 120 years to reach maturity. "No one in his right mind would pay what it costs to grow it," says Wolf, who now calls the Forest Service timber program "a fraud." Since the Forest Service was founded on the promise that the timber program would make money, to admit losses after so many years of false claims would threaten not only the agency's timber program, and therefore about a third of its 45,000 jobs, but quite probably the existence of the Forest Service itself.

Even in the face of evidence that the timber market is glutted, and that its operations run at a net loss, the Forest Service will justify selling trees as a way to provide

small communities with jobs. But national-forest timber isn't keeping people employed; although timber production and logging on federal lands have increased, industry employment has declined. Automation, exports of raw lumber, and competition for foreign labor are the causes. As for small community sawmills wholly dependent on old-growth national-forest timber, their timber supply is limited. The small family mill is destined to go the way of the small family farm, and leveling the national forests won't save it.

The loggers and mill workers who depend on national-forest timber are, like the forests, victims of federal policy. Since the end of the Second World War the Forest Service has fostered in their communities an expectation that federal timber would be available indefinitely, and a way of life has evolved around that expectation. If the Forest Service and the loggers' elected representatives had been honest with their constituents even ten years ago, and warned them that the supply of trees could not support their industry forever, mill owners and loggers might not have invested further in lumber operations that are doomed, national-forest timber or no. These communities were misled, and they deserve aid in adjusting to what is for them a catastrophe.

But aiding those affected by an end to national-forest logging is less problematic than it seems. The jobs that would be lost are not irreplaceable, nor are they as numerous as claimed by the timber industry, which wants to maintain the flow of cheap national-forest old-growth lumber. A study funded by the timber industry predicted that 100,000 jobs would be lost in the Pacific Northwest as a consequence of restrictions to protect the spotted owl. But according to a Forest Service assessment written for other purposes, the true number is closer to 6,000. The industry study counted jobs projected for the year 2000 if logging continued to increase as was once planned, and it included a loss of secondary jobs, such as pumping gas and waiting tables, though the relatively healthy economy of the Pacific Northwest is creating new jobs in many other sectors.

The Forest Service says that only 106,000 jobs nationwide—including approximately 15,000 in the agency itself—are related to national-forest timber. An agency report speculated that these jobs would be replaced in part by new logging jobs when wood production shifted to private industrial lands. And in communities without nearby industrial timberland new jobs could be created, including jobs rehabilitating the national forests, with federal funds saved when national-forest timber was no longer being sold at a loss.

Inevitably, the small communities dependent on national-forest logging must diversify their economies or die. But if we do not end logging before their timber supply is exhausted, the clear-cuts that surround these communities will bankrupt their future. Once the forests are gone, they will have neither the timber industry nor

property values nor the recreation potential that could help them build a stable economic future. Logging the national forests results in the loss, rather than the strengthening, of community stability.

So if jobs are being lost despite increased logging, and the U.S. government loses millions a year on that logging, and we don't even need the lumber, why does the Forest Service persist in logging the national forests? When environmentalists, economists, forest planners, and policy-makers say it is not practical to end national-forest logging, they mean it is not practical *politically*.

Political Realities

THE NATIONAL FOREST MANAGEMENT ACT OF 1976 stipulates that those who are most intimate with the national forests—the public and the local Forest Service team—should work together to decide how they are to be managed. But in practice the forests are ruled by competing and complementary agendas in Washington, D.C. Forest Service administrators are concerned with maximizing their budgets, holding on to their jobs, and preserving the status quo. Congressmen want jobs in their districts and contin-

ued timber-industry support for their re-election campaigns. And the White House wants to take care of its friends. All use national-forest timber as a means to achieve their aims.

More than a quarter of the money the Forest Service spends comes from selling timber—whether the sales make money or not—through a little-known law called the Knutson-Vandenberg Act of 1930. The K-V Act allows the Forest Service to retain virtually all its gross timber receipts in order to fund projects like tree-planting, wildlife-habitat improvement, and trail-building, and to buy equipment like computers, refrigerators, and so on. It is a back-door way of funding the agency without going through the appropriations process. Last year K-V money and similar timber funds added \$475 million to the Forest Service budget, above and beyond congressional appropriations. Because Congress has limited its funding to timber-sales development, fire fighting, and road-building on the national forests, and has resisted the agency's requests for support of other programs, K-V money is often the only resource on which the Forest Service can rely to finance many of its non-timber activities. Erosion control, campground improvements, and plant and animal inventory, for example, are all funded by timber sales.

AT THE PIANO

At the piano, the girl, as if rowing upstream,
is driving triplets against the duple meter,
one hand for repetition,
one hand for variation and for song.
She knows nothing, but Bach knows everything.
Outside, in the vast disordered world,
the calves have been taken from their mothers;
both groups bawled and hooted all night long—
she heard them from her quilted double bed.
Twice a day, she gives the young
their frothy warm placebo. While her brother
steadies the cow with grain, her sister
leans in close from the little stool,
fingertips aligned on the wrinkled tits
as if to pick some soft, fleshy fruit,
but pressing in, hard, while pulling down,
she milks with both hands, two jets of milk
spraying the metal pail as they go in.
The girl must put her whole hand in the pail
and push the head of the suckling toward it:
wet muzzle, corrugated tongue:
when her last year's calf was in the bank
she drew the money out for candlesticks—

a present for her parents—tall and brass
because she thought the eighteenth was for brass.
Hers was the only gift. Her mother filled them
with thin candles; though never lit, they are twin
lighthouses on the mantle's narrow strait
where the loud clock makes a metronome.
At the piano, hands in her lap—
what's given, and what's made from luck and will—
she also hears a diaphonic moan:
long before dusk the animals in the pens
again have started calling for each other,
either hungry or too full, she can't tell
which is which. Her mother's in the kitchen,
her father's in the hayloft pitching hay,
she pushes off in her wooden boat—
she knows nothing, she thinks
no one could be happier than this.

—Ellen Bryant Voigt

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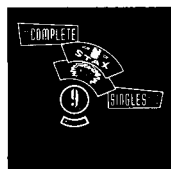
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For this reason the K-V Act has led to absolutely perverse management. According to Randal O'Toole, a natural-resource economist and the author of a tendentious book titled *Reforming the Forest Service*, mismanagement in the pursuit of K-V money is rampant. O'Toole has analyzed the management of more than half the national forests. He found, for example, that when Gallatin National Forest, in Montana, needed funds to close roads to protect grizzly-bear habitat, its managers held timber sales and built roads in other prime grizzly habitat. When the Medicine Bow National Forest, in Wyoming, needed funds to inventory ancient Indian archaeological sites, it sold timber on those very sites, destroying them in the process. And in the Sequoia National Forest, in California, when foresters needed funds for a prescribed burn to protect giant-sequoia groves from wildfire, à la Yellowstone National Park, they sold timber in the groves to get the money they needed to pay for the prescribed burn. But the clear-cuts left only a few giant trees, surrounded by devastation. Instead of burning, the foresters had to replant the area, at a cost of \$1,000 an acre. The point of these seemingly pointless exercises was to get and spend money. Like most bureaucracies, the Forest Service is deeply concerned with keeping overhead accounts full and maximizing its budget.

Since a third of all K-V money is spent on administrative overhead for every level of the Forest Service, from the Washington office down to the local districts, the promise of K-V funds encourages everyone in the Forest Service, including wildlife biologists and recreation specialists, to support timber sales, even if those sales damage the resources they are charged with protecting.

Because the Forest Service is so heavily dependent on timber sales, ensuring the future of the timber program is critical to the agency. That future depends on a vast network of access roads. In addition to the annual budget appropriation and the K-V money, the Forest Service has a capital-investment fund—known as hard money—set aside by Congress just for building and reconstructing roads. Last year this fund was \$270 million. In addition to the 360,000 miles of roads already on the national forests—nearly one mile of road for every square mile of forest, or a system about eight times the length of the U.S. interstate highway system—the Forest Service has ambitious plans to build another 43,000 miles of roads over the next fifty years. Depending on the type of road and terrain, building these roads can cost as little as \$5,000 or as much as \$500,000 a mile. The agency is anxious to get roads into even marginally productive areas, critics say, because a roadless area can become a designated wilderness, off limits to logging forever.

Another way the Forest Service hopes to protect the timber program is by rewarding forest managers with promotions for meeting their timber quotas. Congress sets these quotas as a means of accounting for the money it

has given the Forest Service. If the agency has said it will sell 11 billion board feet of timber in return for its \$700 million congressional appropriation, at the close of the fiscal year Congress will want to know that in fact the agency has sold the trees. To make sure they are sold, the Forest Service assigns sales targets to the nine national-forest regions, according to their capacity. Each regional forester's performance rating depends in part on coming within five percent of his target.

Congress's concern about jobs is of a different nature. To get votes, a public servant needs to get jobs and money for his or her district, and in small communities in the West timber sales mean jobs, and money in the county coffers for roads and schools. Counties are entitled to 25 percent of gross receipts from the national forests within their boundaries, so county commissioners are deeply interested in national-forest programs that generate receipts, and many cannot meet their budgets without them. These officials exert tremendous pressure on members of Congress and agency officials to keep the volume of timber cut in the national forests as high as possible. Congressmen from states with lots of national forest are usually zealous about complying if they want to stay in office.

They are also ready to express gratitude to the timber industry for its campaign contributions. The industry contributes to the campaigns of several key congressmen on the appropriations committees who go to bat for timber interests every year when the timber and roads budget comes up for review. Last fall, for example, the soon-to-be retired Senator James McClure, of Idaho, added to the 1991 appropriations bill a promise of a five percent funding bonus for wildlife and recreation to any Forest Service region that meets or exceeds its timber targets—this at a time when regional foresters throughout the West were insisting that they could no longer meet federally mandated targets without damaging the land and violating environmental laws.

The 9.5 billion board feet of timber scheduled for sale on the national forests this year, and the more than 2,000 miles of timber roads scheduled to be built, will continue to make following environmental standards and guidelines difficult. Former Forest Service officials have admitted to overcutting in the past, and timber targets remain high, causing some in the agency to protest that not enough trees are left to meet them. On a day I spent on the Willamette National Forest last year, no one was in the Blue River Ranger District office. The district had three days left to meet its timber target, and the rangers were out on the ground, scrambling to find trees that met specifications for cutting.

"Anybody—on the back of an envelope—could have figured out that the rate of [timber] harvest cannot be sustained," said Max Peterson, a former Forest Service chief, when he met with agency employees at the Wenatchee National Forest in 1989. He said the cut should go

down at least 25 percent; some forest planners, knowing the Forest Service to be extremely conservative on such matters, understood that to mean the cut should go down at least 75 percent.

Heavy cutting in much of the Pacific Northwest over the past decade was caused in part by congressional orders to the Forest Service which resulted in a cut far larger than the agency itself recommended. Last year Oregon's congressional delegation attached a rider to the federal appropriations bill allowing the Forest Service to sell more timber than existing laws allowed, and greatly reducing the possibilities of judicial review. A federal appeals court recently declared the rider unconstitutional.

But the impact of Congress on national-forest management is mild compared with the negative influence of the White House. My season with the Forest Service coincided with the era of John Crowell, Jr., a former timber-industry attorney and lobbyist appointed by President Reagan, as assistant secretary of commerce for natural resources and the environment—the official who oversees the Forest Service. Crowell, who had worked for Louisiana-Pacific Corporation, one of the largest buyers of federal timber, dedicated his term in office to doubling the amount of timber cut on the national forests, and he ordered the Forest Service to ignore federal court orders and national environmental laws to meet that goal.

Logging and road-building in forbidden areas was a familiar occurrence in the national-forest system during the Crowell era, and it continues to this day. Logging in a designated wilderness has been discovered several times on the Willamette National Forest. Crowell's successor, George Dunlop, another Reagan appointee, refused to approve any national-forest plan in the Pacific Northwest that didn't increase logging. As a result, Forest Service Region Six is now under such pressure to meet its targets that some districts have wandered into areas off limits to timber sales.

The President's influence on timber management can be far more direct. In June of last year the Forest Service was about to endorse the Jack Ward Thomas report, a study prepared by a team of scientists from the Forest Service and other natural-resource agencies. The Thomas report spelled out which lands should be spared from logging in the Pacific Northwest in order to save the northern spotted owl from extinction. The week before Dale Robertson, the chief of the Forest Service, was to announce the agency's endorsement of the report, timber-industry representatives paid a visit to the White House. Shortly thereafter the Bush Administration announced that it was ordering its own special task force, chaired by Clayton Yuetter, the Secretary of Agriculture, to study the spotted-owl situation further and to come up with more options. Months later Bush's task force announced its conclusions: the Thomas report's recommendations should be accepted in principle, and the cut should be reduced, but less old-growth forest should be

protected than the Thomas report implied. The delay meant that timber sales in spotted-owl habitat continued unrestricted by either report all summer; by the time Bush's task force made its announcement, the logging season was just about over.

The stalling continues. The Forest Service says it may need another two or three years to come up with a management plan for the spotted owl. And last May a court ordered the agency to withdraw sales planned for 66,000 acres of prime spotted-owl habitat. Those acres would have been in addition to the 400,000 acres of owl habitat already logged since 1984, when the agency began preparing guidelines for the spotted owl. William L. Dwyer, the U.S. district judge presiding over the case in Seattle (also, ironically, a Reagan appointee), wrote a stunning denunciation of the White House in his decision:

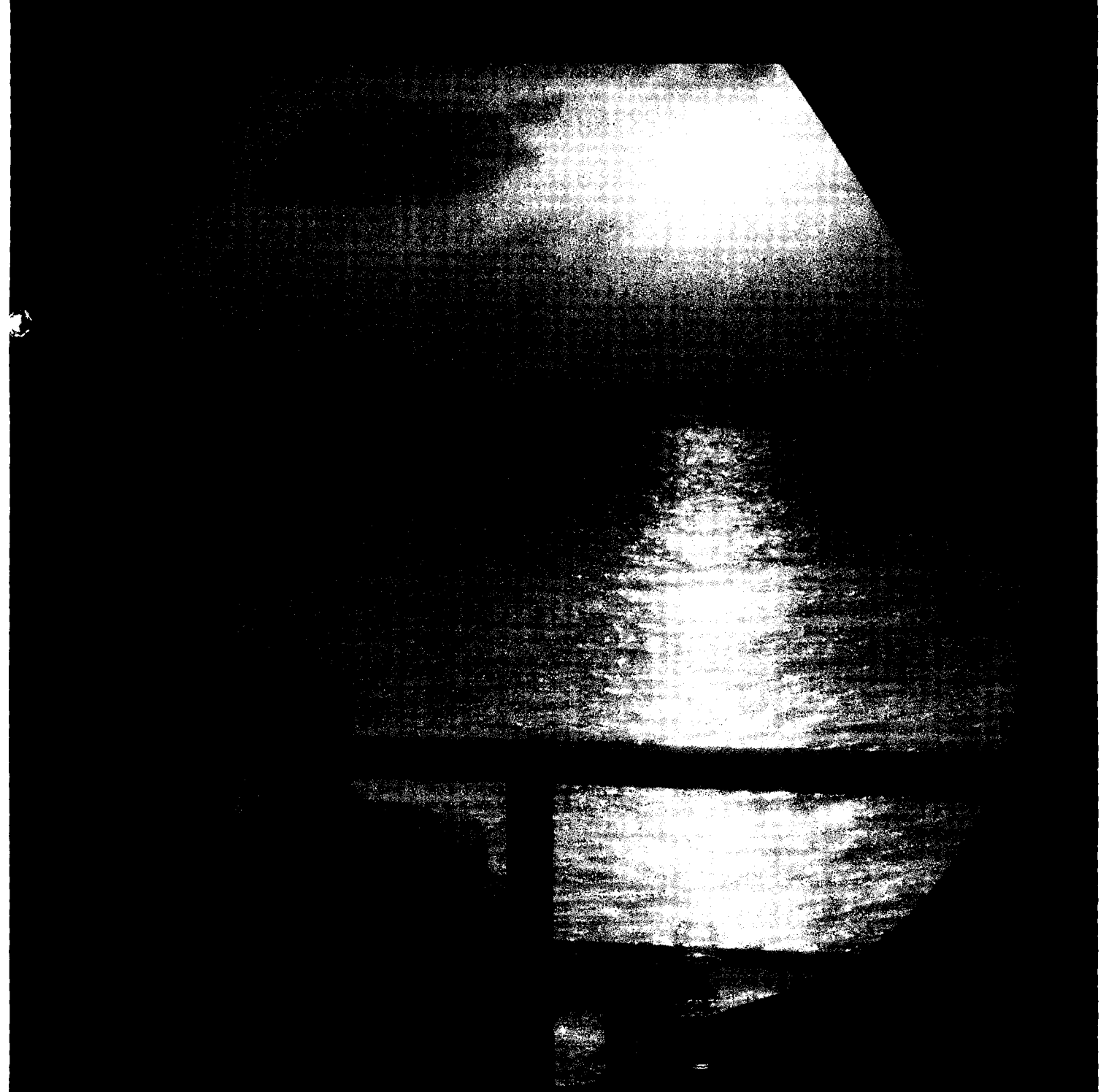
More is involved here than a simple failure by an agency to comply with its governing statute. The most recent violation of the National Forest Management Act exemplifies a deliberate and systematic refusal by the Forest Service and the Fish and Wildlife Service to comply with the laws protecting wildlife. This is not the doing of the scientists, foresters, rangers, and others at the working levels of these agencies. It reflects decisions made by higher authorities in the executive branch of government.

Biological Costs

JUDGE DWYER'S DECISION UNDERSCORES THE FUNDAMENTAL reason why we should not be harvesting the national forests. Aside from the facts that we don't need the lumber, that the timber program loses money, that the program is used to prop up faltering local economies artificially, and that the real reasons for timber cutting continue to be unacknowledged, we have a biological stake in an end to logging on our national forests.

The greatest threat represented by our current national-forest policy is that it will destroy biological diversity on public lands. Forest scientists say that the national forest are most valuable to us as founts of life. Our native and old-growth forests are intricate, fragile webs encompassing everything from bacteria, fungi, and insects to grizzly bears, wolves, and ancient sequoias. They constitute a complex, interdependent plant and animal community that is the foundation upon which we human beings eat and breathe. Scientists say they understand little about forest biological systems, but they do know that the fresh air and clean water our forests produce are essential to our survival, because they are basic components of the food chains that keep all species alive. As species die off, the ecosystem is simplified, and the more simplified it becomes, the less life it is capable of supporting.

We are learning more about the value of the national



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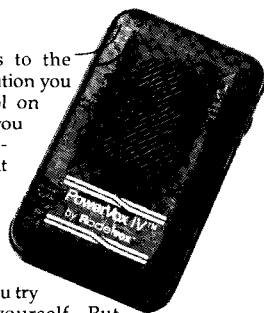
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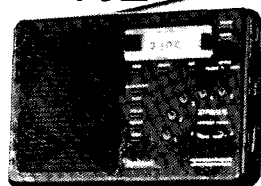
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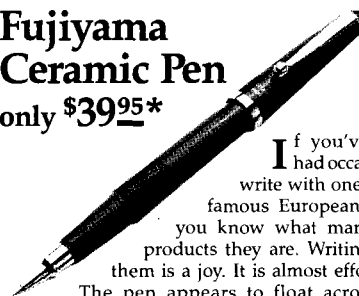
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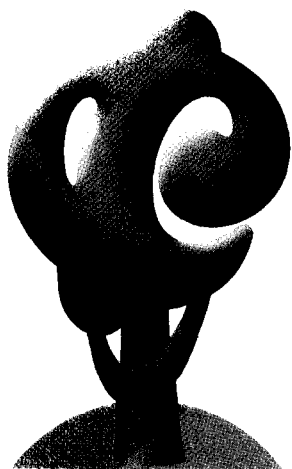
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IF THE FOREST SERVICE GETS FUNDS FOR ITS PROGRAMS
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ING THE FORESTS FOR OTHER USES, THEN WE MUST
FIND A MEANS OTHER THAN TIMBER TO FUND THE PROGRAMS.

forests every day. For example, scientists have recently concluded that forests play a major role in the absorption and storage of carbon dioxide. When very old trees,

those more than 200 years old, are cut down, vast stores of carbon are released, owing to soil disturbance, decay, and the burning that accompanies tree harvesting. The resulting climatic changes are called global warming.

With global warming, habitats that will nurture biological diversity become an even more pressing need. When climates change, species must migrate if they are to survive, and land-based species must have connecting corridors of undisturbed forest through which to move unmolested. The burden of protecting habitat that can nurture diversity must fall on the public natural-resource agencies, because virtually all the original, intact ecosystems remaining in the United States are on our public lands.

Our national forests also embody other important values. A national forest is a place where you might awaken to find a bull elk staring you down, startled from his drink at a glacier-fed lake. Snow-tipped crags and rocky cirques reflect in pools and creeks and waterfalls of penetrating clarity; the water is so clear that to look at it is to be mesmerized and merged with it. Sometimes the only sound is the wind, roaring through the giant firs like a locomotive. At other times the silence is so deep and inviolate that you can hear, seemingly, to infinity. To visit a national forest is to let a bit of the harmony lacking in our contemporary lives seep in. A lifelong New Yorker visiting a Montana national forest last summer said that camping there was like staying in a five-star hotel—a city-dweller's ultimate compliment, and a measure of how claustrophobic and diminished our everyday surroundings have become. The wildness, solitude, and silence of the national forests are now among our country's greatest luxuries.

The Forest Service's predominant logging method, clear-cutting, destroys the visual beauty of the national forests. But the threat to biological diversity is more subtle. By law, clear-cuts must be reforested, and they are usually replanted with one favored tree species. These plantings then grow into even-aged monocultures—they are tree farms, not forests. Diversity is reduced, and wildlife is stressed as nesting sites, dens, and cover from

predators are lost. Although the young grasses growing in clear-cuts do provide food for deer and elk, the loss of cover drives away bear, turkey, squirrels, and other species. Clear-cutting is also dangerous where rains are heavy and terrain is steep, as in southeast Alaska, on the western slope of the Cascade Mountains, and in the northwest corner of the Rockies. Flooding, soil erosion, water contamination, and loss of fisheries as sediment flushes into spawning streams are often the result. In some areas washouts and mud slides occur, and soil is removed down to bedrock. Clear-cutting changes the flow of streams, causing flooding during rains and drought during dry periods. It also interferes with recreation: no one wants to go hiking or camping in a clear-cut, and clear-cutting often obliterates recreation trails.

We know that clear-cutting destroys the complexity of forest ecology because we have the example of Europe, which was essentially deforested more than 300 years ago. Foresters there are still trying to figure out how to bring the forests back. Modern forestry techniques have evolved from the attempts, beginning in eighteenth-century Germany, to regenerate old-growth forests like the ones that we are logging here. The forests that European foresters so painstakingly tend are sterile: birds don't sing in them; sticks, not logs, are harvested from them; and now Europeans are worried about the long-term fertility of their soil. "Look to Europe for what the future holds," says Paul Alaback, a research biologist for the Forest Service in Juneau, Alaska. "Is it really necessary to cut all the forests down before we learn from others' mistakes?"

The Forest Service is now experimenting with an alternative to clear-cutting called new forestry. New forestry is an attempt to protect diversity by simulating natural events like windstorms and fires. As I've seen it practiced at the Andrews Experimental Forest, in Oregon, new forestry looks like a messy version of clear-cutting. Instead of clearing the land of all timber and burning the remaining debris, the foresters leave dead and living trees standing in clusters, slash unburned, and dead trees and debris on the ground and in streams. This new method can be just as ugly as a clear-cut and more expensive, because it requires being more careful and yields fewer board feet per acre. And no one knows for sure if it helps preserve long-term biological diversity, the purpose for which it was created by Jerry Franklin, a Forest Service scientist. It may not be biologically destructive, but new forestry is

almost always aesthetically destructive, and if it is adopted in place of clear-cutting, more timber will be sold below cost and net returns will be reduced on those forests that do earn money. We'll lose more money on the national forests than ever.

All of this points toward the conclusion that the Forest Service shouldn't be in the timber business. Managing the land to sustain its ecology is inherently incompatible with managing it to turn a profit. The time frame allowed under today's shortsighted economic system is far too limited to take biological diversity into account, and alternatives to clear-cutting will only increase deficit timber sales. Without regulation or financial incentives, most private industry will never manage its land to enhance biological diversity—long rotations (the number of years trees grow before harvest) don't help short-term profit margins—so this role must fall to the Forest Service. But as long as the Forest Service is in the timber business, its time horizon, too, will be far too short.

A Proposal

WE NEED TO RECONSIDER THE PURPOSE OF the national forests. Most people agree that public lands should exist to benefit the public, with private use permitted only when it does not reduce that public benefit. Yet the Forest Service's timber program is beneficial chiefly to politicians in Washington, to a small segment of the timber industry, and to the Forest Service's administrators. Taxpayers, small communities, recreationists, the owners of private timberland—and the land itself—all lose. The national forests without logging would not be the same as the national parks: hunting, grazing, mining, irrigation, and other private uses that don't interfere with the public's right to enjoy its lands would continue. But without the logging program the Forest Service could, like the National Park Service, emphasize a stronger conservation ethic.

Such a shift in management cannot be achieved without confronting the political realities. That is why any legislation to reform national-forest management must change the incentives that motivate the Forest Service and private users of the forests. If the Forest Service gets funds for its programs by selling timber, and timber management is destroying the national forests for other uses, then we must find a means other than timber to fund the national forests. The most logical approach would be to charge recreation fees.

In its 1990 planning paper the Forest Service estimated that if it were allowed to charge fees for recreation, the income to the agency could be more than \$5 billion a year, or three times what it earns in gross timber receipts. The estimate is based on fees that national-forest users

have said they would be willing to pay, ranging from a few dollars for picnicking to nearly thirty dollars a day for big-game hunting. As Randal O'Toole has pointed out, this income, combined with the money saved by ending logging on the national forests, would fund the agency entirely from its own receipts; tax dollars would no longer be needed to support the Forest Service. Instead, only those who used the national forests would pay, and their fees would ensure that the forests were managed in the best interests of recreationists.

When the agency's funding no longer came from Congress, pork-barrel politics would no longer dictate how the forests were managed. County commissioners would stop putting pressure on their congressmen to appropriate funds for timber sales, because counties that depend on timber receipts for their roads and schools would get even more money from recreation than they did from timber. Private industry and landowners would benefit, because the value of their land and their timber would increase, and they, too, could charge recreation fees. With part of the billions of taxpayer dollars we were no longer investing in the Forest Service, we could easily create programs to help communities dependent on national-forest timber make the transition to a more diverse local economy, one that would serve them for the long term.

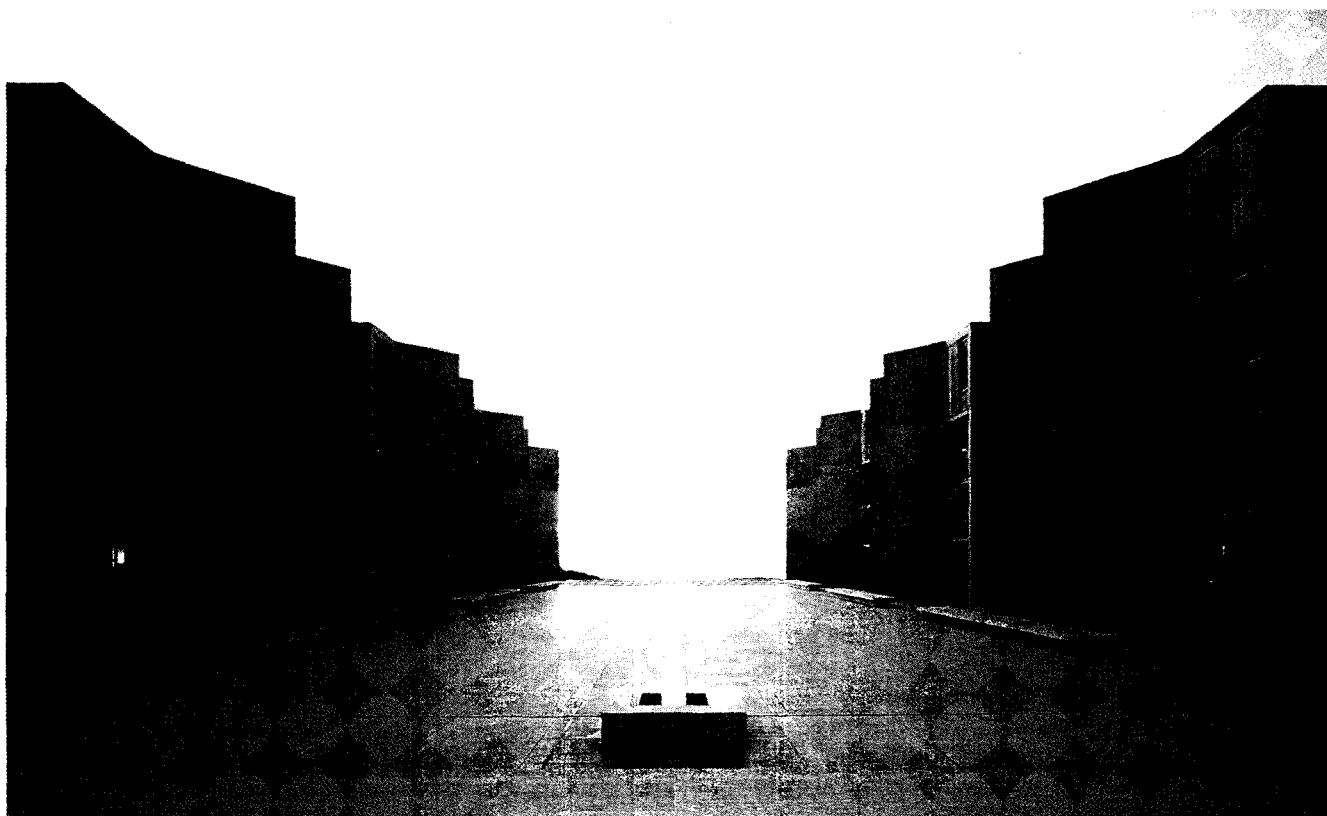
Without fees, all taxpayers are paying for the destruction of the national forests. With fees, those who used the national forests would be paying to preserve their integrity. Hikers, hunters, fishermen, backpackers, and skiers would begin to get the resources and management they need to enjoy the national forests, instead of getting leftovers after the interests of the timber industry have been served. With this new emphasis we could fund an inventory of, research on, and monitoring of national-forest species and ecosystems to help us repair the damage done by forty years of overcutting.

To accomplish this revolution in national-forest management, Congress must be persuaded that recreation fees and an end to national-forest logging are a sensible and practical way to ensure a healthy future for our national forests. Environmental groups should endorse these recommendations as a means to preservation. County governments should support this plan because it would more than double their revenues from national-forest use. Large industrial timber farmers like Weyerhaeuser and International Paper should favor it because it would increase the value of their lands and their timber. Fiscal conservatives and those worried about the national debt should support this plan because it would save taxpayers the yearly cost of managing the national forests. An unprecedented coalition of these interests would stop national-forest logging in its tracks. Congress and the White House would have to comply. □

TOURIST TRAP

BY GUY BILLOUT





The courtyard of the Salk Institute, on a cliff above the Pacific: "a dynamic hollow . . . with a suggestion of infinity"

Louis Kahn's High Aesthetic Calling

A vision of architecture as a social and political act

by Ellen Posner

LOUIS I. KAHN: In the Realm of Architecture," a retrospective of the work of the late architect (1901–1974), which opens at the Philadelphia Museum of Art on October 20, is, among other things, a masterpiece of timing. Conviction, compassion, and optimism having been steadily drained from the profession over the past decade (and replaced largely by fashion and self-promotion), it should be bracing to confront the legacy of a twentieth-century American architect who struggled with architecture as if it really mattered—not only in aesthetic terms (an area in which he happened to tower over his contemporaries) but also for its

role in shaping our lives and embodying our aspirations.

Kahn was born in Estonia, emigrated to the United States with his family several years later, and for the rest of his life lived in Philadelphia; he graduated from the University of Pennsylvania and began his work as an architect there. His early years in practice, however, collided first with the Depression, when building commissions were almost nonexistent, and then with the Second World War, when available materials and funds usually were targeted for war-related uses. In the current climate of retrenchment it may be heartening to be reminded of the ways in which Kahn's strength of intent survived—and may

even have been reinforced by—those difficult years.

In the 1930s, for instance, he brought out-of-work architects together (as the Architectural Research Group) to sort out some of the issues that they believed they should be addressing in the world as it was: public housing, slum rebuilding. He began what would turn out to be his lifelong participation in urban-planning studies for the city of Philadelphia; having grown up in poverty there, he knew that the city was a complex organism that could sustain lives, and dreams. (By the 1940s he was helping to write and illustrate engaging little pamphlets that were meant to elicit public inter-

DEWAR'S SCOTLAND

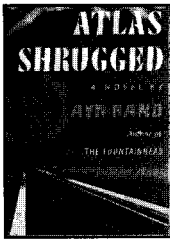
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est: "Why City Planning Is Your Responsibility," "You and Your Neighborhood: A Primer for Neighborhood Planning.") He also worked for two newly created agencies in which he fiercely believed: the United States Housing Authority and the Philadelphia Housing Authority. And he established his professional reputation with modest but thoughtful designs first for public housing and then for war housing—a fair amount of which actually got built.

These housing schemes were not, however, creative breakthroughs. Until Kahn was in his fifties, in fact, his work (on paper and built) was no more than competently imitative of the designs of such early-twentieth-century European luminaries as Le Corbusier, Mies van der Rohe, and Walter Gropius—which he knew primarily from books and journals.

But Kahn had been thinking and teaching, and he had been evolving his own views about structure, materials, and light, about how people use buildings and comprehend them. And as he moved into late middle age, he found a way to express these ideas visually. He broke free of the slender, transparent, steel-and-glass aesthetic of the day, mixing memory and invention and incorporating a deep respect for materials and for the art of building.

Never pretty or purposely photogenic—or marketable, the way that architecture is expected to be today, each building an advertisement for the next commission—Kahn's full-blown work is remarkable for its tactile and three-dimensional properties and for its incorporation of natural light, which he handled with a combination of reverence and mastery.

Even as his fortunes rose and significant commissions began to come his way, Kahn never became a purveyor of extravagant objects for private clients. Instead, he devoted most of his energies to creating an architecture of occasion: buildings in which research, study, contemplation, worship, or public assembly could take place. And one of his most spectacular achievements was to overcome what had been considered an intractable failing of the abstract architectural vocabulary of the twentieth century: its unsuitability for differentiating important civic spaces from mundane office and apartment buildings and investing them with ap-

propriate symbolic importance, or "monumentality."

Using, for the most part, humble materials (brick, concrete, wood), perhaps gently mixing them with something more luxurious (marble), Kahn managed to impart this elusive quality to such diverse buildings as the Salk Institute for Biological Studies, in La Jolla, California; the Kimbell Art Museum, in Fort Worth, Texas; the National Assembly Building, in Dhaka, Bangladesh (a modernist structure by a Western architect which, anomalously, the residents of that beleaguered country have taken to their hearts as a symbol of hope: its image is painted on the backs of local taxis and appears on postage stamps and banknotes); and the Indian Institute of Management, in Ahmedabad, India. Drawings and models that can be seen in the current exhibition suggest that unbuilt projects such as the Mikveh Israel Synagogue, in Philadelphia, and the Memorial to the Six Million Jewish Martyrs, at Battery Park, in New York, also would have been likely candidates for inclusion in this group.

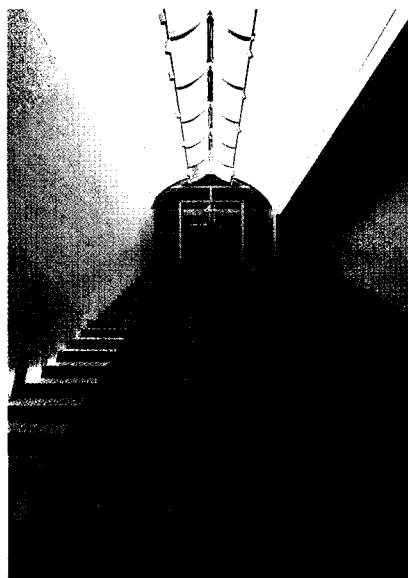
The watershed building was the Salk Institute. Kahn had written a provocative essay titled "Monumentality" in the 1940s: he postulated that the essence resided in enigma and timelessness, and did not require the use of fine materials or the clothing of structure for "eye appeal." And he had begun to make his architectural vision material in 1955, with a small recreational facility in New Jersey known as the Trenton Bathhouse, in which he used clear geometric forms, thick rough walls, and a structural configuration that allowed light and air to enter without windows. The scope of the Salk project, however, and the steadfast commitment and support of the client, Dr. Jonas Salk, gave Louis Kahn the opportunity to build his first transcendent work of architecture.

JONAS SALK HAD developed the first effective vaccine for polio in 1955, when he was just forty-one years old. In the succeeding years, though, he did not become the darling of the scientific community, members of which accused him of hubris, publicity-seeking, and angling to get himself on the cover of *Time*. When a Nobel Prize was given in this area, it went not to Salk but to the scientists whose pre-

liminary research was considered to have paved the way for the development of the vaccine.

By the late 1950s a number of factors had coalesced for Salk: his interest in breaking down the boundaries between scientific inquiry and work being done in other disciplines, his belief that people in the sciences and in the arts and humanities could contribute to one another's work, and his realization that this kind of activity needed a new kind of institution. In addition, Robert Oppenheimer suggested that he consider moving to California (the two had been speculating about what might have happened if philosophers had been involved in the harnessing of nuclear energy).

There was also the immense gratitude of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, which had been started by Franklin D. Roosevelt (the foundation later became known as the March of Dimes). The foundation had funded Salk's research, and once the vaccine was proved effective, it was at liberty to direct its resources to other areas of medical research. The foundation's president, Basil O'Connor, who had been a close associate of FDR's, would personally oversee its commitment to underwrite construction and ensure the continuing operation of the Salk Institute. And last, a friend suggested to Salk that if he was going to create a new research institute, he might want to speak with Louis Kahn, who, although not then famous, was highly regarded within the profession and happened to have designed a

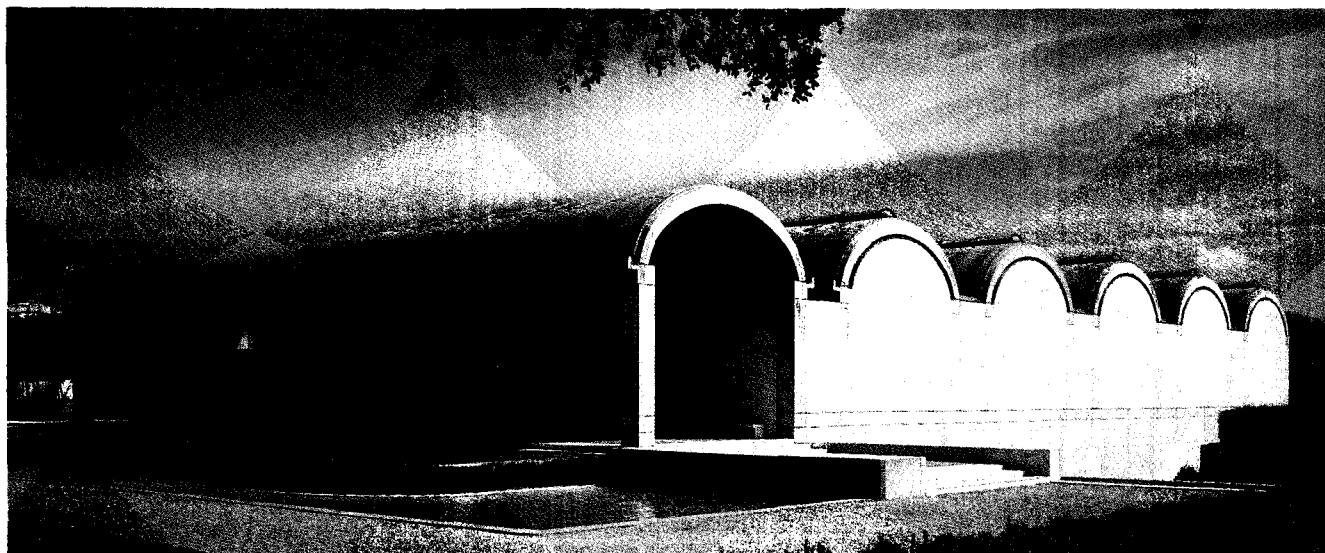


medical-laboratory building at the University of Pennsylvania, which was then under construction. (It would be the subject of its own one-building exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art in 1961.)

Now seventy-seven years old and extremely energetic and active, Jonas Salk, in his own office at the Salk Institute, which shows virtually no signs of age, is surrounded by professional journals; when I was there I also saw a copy of the oversized *Louis I. Kahn: Complete Work, 1935–1974*. Salk recalls that when he visited Kahn in Philadelphia in December of 1959, and the two of them toured the unfinished laboratory spaces, he found himself “moved and motivated” rather than “thinking” about whether Kahn would be the ap-

propriate architect. He was, of course, looking at laboratory spaces “which were relevant.” He had never seen any of Kahn's other work, but he didn't feel that he needed to. Their intense collaboration began right there, as they recognized their ability to understand each other. Kahn came to La Jolla a few weeks later to visit the site that Jonas Salk had just seen and hoped that the city of San Diego would deed to the institute: twenty-seven dramatic acres on Torrey Pines Mesa, overlooking the Pacific Ocean. By March of 1960 Kahn's preliminary sketches were being presented to the city council in order to persuade them that the gift of land would be worthwhile. By June of 1960 the site was theirs.

Funds were not in place (the project costs, including the architect's fees, would eventually total about \$17 million), but Salk and Kahn proceeded, optimistically. Bob Russell, now the executive vice-president of the March of Dimes, was on the staff of the organization at the time; he confirms Salk's recollection that they were winging it most of the way. There wasn't actually any money at all, he says, until 1961. To help inspire volunteers—who were its primary fundraisers—the March of Dimes began holding its annual meeting in San Diego and busing everyone out to the institute's future site in neighboring La Jolla to look at the terrain, and then, eventually, at the hole in the ground. In 1965, when the institute was essentially completed, *The New York Times* reported that the



The seemingly barrel-vaulted ceilings of the Kimbell Art Museum, in Fort Worth, admit natural light, as in the auditorium above

March of Dimes had had to dip into its endowment to meet its commitment to Salk.

AS SALK DESCRIBES it, he and Kahn ("Together, we were like one") were more or less oblivious of problems that would have made most architects and their clients frantic.

Kahn was a perfectionist. He would rethink, revise, redesign, and then carefully work out details. But Salk wasn't worried: "If the process is right,

ple, that he didn't realize at the time the extent to which he knew what he wanted. A colleague, however, compared him to "a man who has a watchdog but barks himself." Yet Kahn, by all accounts, did not shrink from this involved, strong-minded client.

In fact, the client initiated one of the pivotal decisions about the form of the composition. In 1962 construction contracts had been signed; the laboratories were to be built as two pairs of rectangular structures, each pair divided by

Kahn admired) arrived in La Jolla, at Kahn's invitation, to consult with him about his plans to create a garden in that single courtyard. He persuaded Kahn that the courtyard should remain bare—and be paved—rather than being planted.

THE RESULT IS a work of exquisite simplicity, clarity, and power. Poised on a cliff at the edge of the Pacific Ocean, the Salk Institute is approached from the parking area through a fragrant, informal grove of eucalyptus trees into which a few meandering paths have been inserted. One then climbs several shallow travertine steps leading to a travertine podium (an equivalent flight of steps leads down to the courtyard), where four rows of citrus trees are planted in a careful geometric grid, to mark the division between natural and invented. The view sweeps out from there toward the ocean, across the pale, travertine-paved courtyard, which, because the cliff drops away just beyond it, appears to terminate at the silvery-blue juncture of sea and sky. A slender, shallow channel punctuates the center of the courtyard; within it a stream of water flows westward, along the axis of the sun, and, after gathering in a long rectangular pool at the seaward end, descends in a cascade through a series of channels and a smaller pool to the lower level of the complex.

The laboratories flank the courtyard. Although Kahn was at that point interested in creating specific, fixed spaces rather than an open plan, Salk wanted scientists directing research projects to be able to organize their territory as they saw fit. So Kahn employed huge concrete trusses, supported at the edges on concrete columns, to create clear, columnless spans and large, uninterrupted work areas. He then took advantage of this structural configuration: in keeping with his belief that the "servant" spaces of a building (which house mechanical and other supporting elements) should be distinct from the "served" spaces (which are then free for human activity) and given their own expression, he used the nine-foot-high spaces created by the rows of trusses between the laboratory floors to discreetly house equipment serving those laboratories.

But it was Salk's most exalted hope



An architecture of occasion: the library at Phillips Exeter, in New Hampshire

the product is right." When the builders were eager to start but the design was still being developed, Salk was on Kahn's side. He says they simply "set about experimentation" as if time were of no concern. In the end some concessions were made, some simplifying done, to contain costs. But the making of the institute could hardly be said to have been budget-driven.

The interaction between architect and client in this instance also illustrates the nature of architecture as a collaborative art. Salk says, for exam-

its own courtyard. Salk suddenly realized that two sets of buildings and two separate courtyards were very likely to lead to exactly the kind of hierarchy and division within his staff that he was hoping to avoid. He conveyed to the architect his strong sense that there should be only one pair of laboratory buildings flanking a single courtyard. Kahn was not thrilled but was willing to listen, and then agreed.

When construction was nearly completed, the distinguished Mexican architect Luis Barragán (whose work

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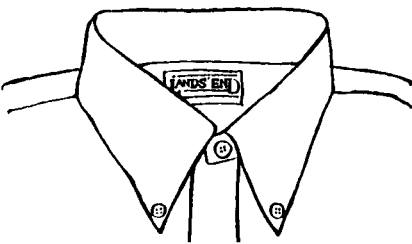
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for the institute—new methods of inquiry and, after "taking apart and taking apart and taking apart," the opportunity to "put things together"—that Kahn used to give character to the complex. Five towers, equal in height to the laboratories, stand along the courtyard side of each of those buildings. Slightly distant, as if they had been pulled away, they are connected to the larger structures by bridges. And they hold nothing more than private studies (Jonas Salk emphasizes that they are "studies," not "offices"), which are meant to provide opportunities for contemplation.

Arriving at the institute and entering the courtyard, one sees primarily the diagonal concrete walls that lead out from the towers, creating a serrated roofline that gives the buildings presence against the sky. Abstract, windowless, doorless, the walls offer no information about specific uses or activities. And because Kahn allowed natural perspective to take over, rather than making adjustments to achieve visual regularity, the diagonal walls appear to diminish and converge gently as they move toward the sea—creating a dynamic hollow that brings sea and sky together, with a suggestion of infinity.

It is when one turns around, to look back, that one sees the bleached and weathered teak panels holding the shuttered windows of the studies and discovers that the diagonal walls, in their staggered arrangement, make it possible for each of the studies to have a view of the Pacific Ocean. And the nature of the institute as a hive of activity is revealed.

It also doesn't hurt that, through Kahn's painstaking (and often mad-deningly fastidious) efforts, the concrete itself is exceptional in color and texture. He began by having samples of cement shipped to the site in bottles from manufacturers all over California. Samples were placed in the sun and their contents compared for nuances of shade. An architect who was there at the time remembers Kahn adamantly rejecting the duds: "This is blue, this is green . . . I hate it!" And when the right mix was found, only very small amounts of concrete were poured into the wood formwork each day, so that the quality could be carefully controlled. Even now Salk can guide a visitor through the basement area and identify concrete that was poured for

the building's foundations, rejected for finish, adjusted, poured again, and so on, until the desired method was found and work on the visible above-ground components could proceed.

And yet a pristine effect was not, in a larger sense, what Kahn was after. He was comfortable with irregularities and imperfections: evidence of how the building actually was made. And he incorporated them into the design. The pattern of holes left by the steel tying devices that held the plywood formwork together is not concealed; lead plugs that were hammered down into the holes to prevent rusting are allowed to show. The concrete panels reflect the vagaries of how concrete hardens after it is poured. Kahn felt certain that the expression of real conditions would create its own aesthetic. And he was right. The interaction of varying parts and the logic of those relationships generate a powerful rhythm.

Even with its strong presence and charged aesthetic, the Salk Institute sits lightly on the land. The sky and the ocean are its focal points, and the concrete and marble elements give way at either end, virtually instantly, to the natural surroundings. Slender vertical and horizontal openings (some with glass, some not) also appear in concrete walls, so that offices and even stairwells might have interesting moments of light and glimpses of the cliffs and wildflowers. Bleached and bare in the sun, the structure seems to anticipate its future incarnation as a ruin—an incarnation that Kahn particularly admired, because at that point only the bones and the character of a building remain.

WHILE THIS project was under way, and just after it was completed, Louis Kahn began work on the buildings that would cap his career. As was the case with the Salk Institute, the imagery often derived from but did not imitate archaic sources. "Tradition," Kahn wrote, "is what gives you the powers of anticipation from which you know what will last when you create." And it was the purpose, the strength, and the dignity of Greek, Roman, and medieval architecture that informed his approach. He did not hesitate, though, to employ twentieth-century structural methods. The Kimbell Art Museum, in Fort Worth, may appear to have barrel-

vaulted ceilings, but those vaults turn out to be long concrete beams that are slightly curved and that rest at either end on concrete columns; carefully orchestrated ribbons of natural light appear in the openings made possible by this structural method. In his extraordinary series of buildings on the Indian subcontinent Kahn made masonry appear to be a pliable substance—as he pulled great arcs, circles, and triangles out of its fabric. And in the brilliantly urban and urbane Yale Center for British Art he managed a transition from street-level shops to a series of serene galleries, created a corner entrance that makes itself known through the seductive radiance of internal daylight falling from above, and challenged characterization of his work by cladding the concrete-frame structure in slim panels of unpolished stainless steel intermingled with clear glass.

Kahn was not, however, even at this point, universally admired. During those same years he was, as the authors of the exhibition catalogue document, turned down for a number of signifi-

cant commissions—for instance, by universities that were planning new research facilities but found Kahn's proposals "cold and forbidding," or were "accustomed to more conventional buildings." And within a decade of his death from a heart attack in 1974 (in the men's room at Pennsylvania Station in New York, where he had stopped before taking a train home to Philadelphia after a long flight back from India) he was in eclipse: not written about, undiscussed, forgotten in architecture schools.

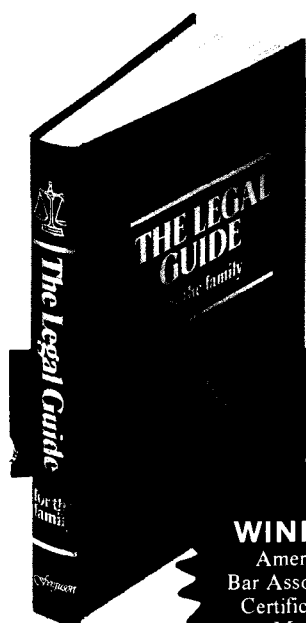
But in 1989, when an ill-conceived and weirdly imitative addition to the Kimbell Art Museum was about to be built, eminent architects came together in the most vigorous protest in recent memory—and successfully defended the sanctity of that building and persuaded the client to back down. Which makes it even more difficult to understand why the Salk Institute has proposed its own problematic addition to the La Jolla structure.

Although the addition is to be 125 feet east of the existing buildings and fourteen feet lower, it is meant to be

constructed in the midst of the eucalyptus grove—thus wiping out the gentle, subtle entry sequence that establishes the institute's ties to the site; dragging the focus away from the existing structure; presenting itself as the initial architectural experience (it would be the first thing one sees when approaching from the parking lot); and, by supplying what one of the architects has described as a "front door," a "real entrance," and "closure," diluting the quiet mystery of the Salk Institute.

Designed by two of the architects who worked for Kahn on the original building, Jack MacAllister and David Rinehart, who are now associated with the Los Angeles architectural firm of Anshen and Allen, the addition would be in the form of two separate rectangles. At ground level four light wells in the shape of quarter ellipses, which create a circular shape in the entry court, would be positioned to bring natural light into an underground lobby that sits between a boardroom and an auditorium.

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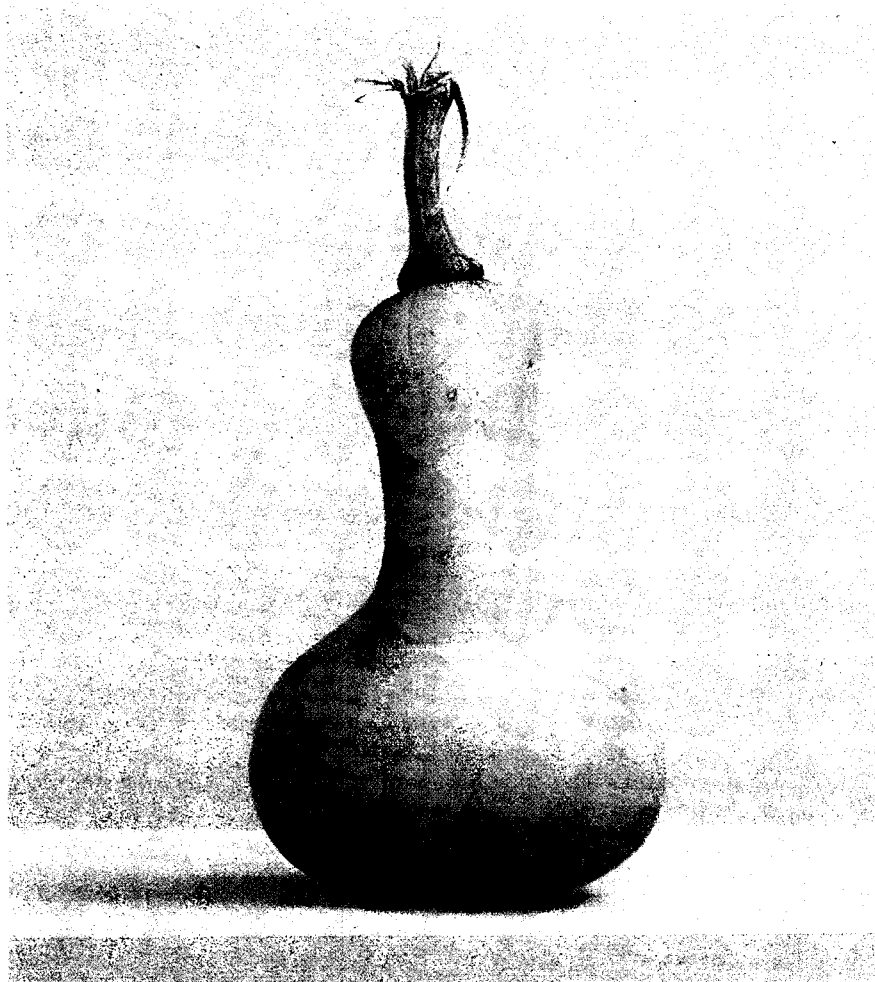
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Kahn and Salk initially had conceived a much more ambitious plan for the institute. Drawings in the exhibition will show that a meetinghouse and residences were expected to be built, at a distance from each other, west of the existing building, and that they would have been very different in form. For whatever reason, though, the Salk Institute never did become a catalyst for interaction among scientists and others working in the arts and the humanities, as Salk had hoped it would. And although the addition that is currently planned would, besides providing more laboratories, contain a visitors' center, administrative offices, an auditorium, and meeting rooms, **Look: MacAllister explains that it really**



Doorstops for Dinner

Don't hold winter squash's size and decorative qualities against it

by Corby Kummer

FROM LATE SUMMER through Thanksgiving, I live at the farmers' market. This is only a slight exaggeration. My office is fortunately situated very near a twice-weekly farmers' market, and I regularly buy more than I can carry comfortably. I've almost never bought winter squash, though, and not just because it's heavy. I'm scared of it. It's too pretty, for one thing. The artful streaking of gold on green makes me think more of a marbled papier-mâché ornament for a

fall centerpiece than of something to eat. Not only too decorative to be plausibly edible, winter squash looks impenetrable. Is a knife really sufficient to break into one? Or do you need a hammer, as for a coconut? And will it ever cook through?

Summer squash, in contrast, is manageable. We all know to look for small zucchini, and crookneck squash with bright skins. They're easy to slice. Because zucchini are the plague of gardeners (and their neighbors), inventive

and desperate cooks have come up with many ways to prepare them. No dish like ratatouille comes to mind for winter squash, though. Few repertoires extend beyond baked halves of acorn squash filled with butter and brown sugar or maple syrup.

If I'm ever bold enough to buy a winter squash, it's usually a butternut, which along with the acorn is among the most popular kinds of winter squash in the Northeast. It looks built for business: the shape is smooth and regular, and the skin thin enough to trim off without resorting to carpentry, although peeling one can be time-consuming. Usually, though, it languishes underneath a counter until, looking for a seldom-used utensil, I happen upon it months later. It seems fine, surprisingly intact. But I wonder if it could be edible after so long, and I'm put off by the size—do I really need that much squash? Soon enough the farmers' market starts again.

I recently decided to overcome my fear born of ignorance, and I tackled winter squash of all kinds, cooking my way through three large crates of them. I found them much more pliable than I had supposed. They're so simple to cook that I was ashamed of my years of hesitation. In learning more about them, I adjusted to the idea that winter squash don't follow the rules that apply to most vegetables. Smaller ones aren't necessarily better tasting. They can be any size and still be richly flavored, if they have not received too much water as they ripen, which tends to weaken their flavor. And they really do keep for months. Winter squash was to early New Englanders what cabbage is to much of the world—the only fresh vegetable in winter. Its thick skin protects the flesh from air, and as long as it has no soft or shiny patches, it should be sound. Its flavor suffers with refrigeration; keep squash in a cellar or a cool part of the kitchen.

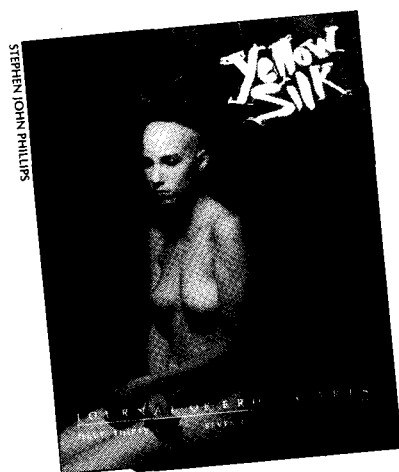
Even though winter squash behaves like a root vegetable—many varieties taste like sweet potatoes and yams; squash is very good mashed or pureed, especially in combination with roots like potatoes, turnips, and celery root; and it thickens soups and sauces—it is in fact a fruit, and less dense than tubers in both calories and nutrients. There are 50 to 60 calories in a half cup of mashed squash, the serving size most recipes assume. Although squash

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is lower in protein and minerals than potatoes, it is a significant source of vitamin A, which helps to retain night vision and also to build skin, bones, and teeth. Unlike vitamin C, vitamin A is not destroyed by heat. The amount of vitamin A in some squash even increases after the picking and while the squash sits in the cellar. Winter squash is also high in fiber—it is comparable to apples, an often-recommended source of fiber—and in complex carbohydrates, so it is filling while being low in calories, and a good source of energy.

I made several happy discoveries in my experiments. The most significant for me is that it is just as good cooked in a microwave oven as in a conventional oven. I don't like potatoes cooked in a microwave oven, and I assumed that squash, too, would have a better flavor when cooked in a conventional oven. I didn't realize how different a squash is from a potato. I tried eleven kinds of winter squash in both kinds of ovens, both covered, with a shallow layer of water in the bottom of the pan, and uncovered, without water. I found that for certain kinds of squash the important variable was water. The texture and flavor differed little between the two ovens, and in some cases were better in the microwave.

If you cook squash uncovered in a conventional oven, the skin glistens as if oiled, which it doesn't in a microwave; but unless you plan to serve the squash in its skin and appearance counts, a conventional oven just wastes time. A pound of squash, covered or uncovered, usually takes ten minutes in a microwave oven; the same amount takes at least a half hour in a conventional oven, and usually forty-five minutes to an hour. (You do have to allow more time for more squash in a microwave oven, whereas any amount will take the same time in a conventional oven, but you can decrease the time by cutting the squash into small chunks.) Steaming also usually takes more time than it's worth. Boiling is quick but seems to weaken the flavor and water-log the squash. One other cooking method is so good and so unexpected that I'll save it for last.

I DIVIDE SQUASH into two categories: the ones that can be easily peeled before cooking and the ones that can't. (The rind is edible, but it's tough, and eating too much of it can

cause a stomach ache.) In the first category are butternut, hubbard, and banana. All three have bright orange flesh and a compact, firm texture, and they are interchangeable. Butternut is cudgel-shaped; hubbard has a knobby orange skin and a shape like a basketball (frequently a size, too) with a snub-nose top; banana looks like a torpedo, and is named for its shape, not its taste.

I received my squash samples from Frieda's Finest, a California produce marketer that has increased American awareness of new and better varieties of many fruits and vegetables. You can tell a Frieda's product by the bright purple label, which includes cooking instructions for unfamiliar foods. I asked the Frieda's people to be sure to send me banana squash, because cookbooks by West Coast writers specify it, and it is almost unknown on the East Coast. When I opened the box from Frieda's, I thought they had sent me a 1950s lamp base. It was iridescent yellow and salmon, and huge, but Californians told me that it was a small specimen. I see why banana squash is sold almost exclusively in chunks. So is hubbard squash, which was once as common as butternut and whose flavor I prefer, mostly because there's more of it. These chunks are often conveniently peeled, but once any of the flesh has been exposed, squash must be stored refrigerated, and lasts only a few days.

Of the varieties I tried that were unfamiliar to me, I'll seek out three in the future: buttercup, sweet dumpling, and golden nugget. These all fall into the second category—you need to cook them with the skin on and then scoop out the flesh or lift off the peel. You have to tackle the skin to open any squash, whether or not you intend to peel it, and you never know whether you'll meet with resistance or not. It's best to pierce the skin with the tip of a heavy knife, and then cut around the equator. Scoop out the seeds with a sturdy spoon, and put the pieces flesh side down on the cooking dish.

Squash seeds, especially small ones, are excellent snacks: Spread out the pulp and seeds on a baking sheet lined with aluminum foil, salt or spice them if you like, and toast them in a 325° oven for fifteen minutes or so, until they start to brown. The seeds will easily break away from the pulp after they are toasted.

I was particularly leery of buttercup, because it is shaped like the most decorative and improbable winter squash—Turk's turban, a flattened globe crowned by three humps, usually in brilliant oranges, reds, and yellows—to which it is in fact a close relative. (I tried cooking a Turk's turban, and it was bland and watery, confirming all my suspicions about too-pretty vegetables. It belongs in an autumn cornucopia.) Buttercup is not so spectacularly colored—the skin is usually a drab green. Its cooked flesh is the same ocher color as acorn's, and the flavor struck me as more acorn than acorn's: spicy and rich, with a pleasantly smooth texture. The texture can be watery if cooked with liquid, so cook it dry and uncovered.

Sweet dumpling, too, is similar to acorn in the color and flavor of its flesh, but sweeter and spicier. And like acorn it is small enough to divide easily into serving portions (buttercups are usually over a pound) and it can be stuffed. Because the cavity is irregularly shaped, it should be divided top to bottom rather than across the middle. I didn't find much difference in cooking it dry or with water. Buttercup, acorn, and sweet dumpling are all moist and flavorful enough to need no seasoning when served as a vegetable. Buttercup seems the overall best for flavor and texture, and I'm told that it's increasingly available. Several new books flag kabocha, a group of Japanese cultivars of winter squash, as being among the sweetest and most flavorful. Many varieties of winter squash once common in the United States have fallen out of use, and today the innovators are the Japanese, who, like many other Asians, have long prized winter squash. I found kabocha comparable to buttercup—the same size or bigger, with a sweet but less spicy flavor.

Golden nugget looks like a thin-skinned pumpkin, reliably spherical but not as deeply ridged. Its flesh remains a vivid orange when cooked, and the dry and floury texture (cook it covered, in a shallow layer of water) makes it suitable for mashing or replacing the potato in potato gnocchi. Golden nugget looks and tastes the way pumpkin, which is usually grouped with winter squash, should. (All winter squash and pumpkins are gourds and are in the same family as cucumbers and melons; pumpkin is

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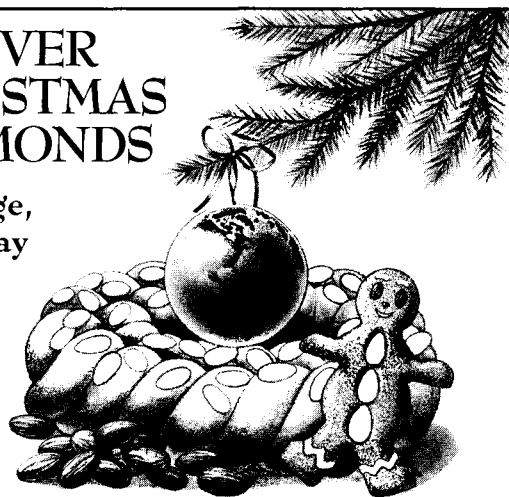
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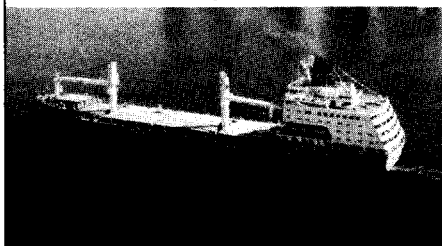
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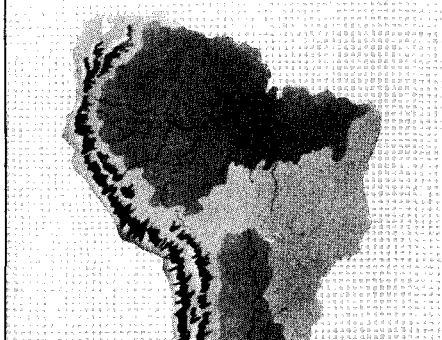


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more closely related to summer squash than summer squash is to winter squash.) I can't warm up to pumpkin. The behemoths that make jack-o'-lanterns any child can be proud of are good mostly just for that (the seeds are good toasted, though). After years of trying "sugar pumpkins," which are much smaller than jack-o'-lanterns, and now after tasting the new Jack-Belittle mini-pumpkin, I'll still take a squash over a pumpkin in any recipe calling for pumpkin.

Pumpkins other than mini-pumpkins have exceptionally thick rinds, and are so difficult to cut up that they can spoil anyone on winter squash of any kind. And their flavor payoff is small. For years I peeled, baked, and pureed sugar pumpkins for Thanksgiving pumpkin pies, until I realized not only that no one could tell the difference but also that canned pumpkin puree often had more taste. In any case, I was routinely bested by my stepmother's famous squash pie. Squash does make a better pie, and better soup and stew, too. Cooks who adapt French or Italian recipes calling for pumpkin nearly always use butternut or some such winter squash instead. The most defensible culinary use I can think of for a pumpkin is as an arresting tureen.

IT'S MORE interesting to play off the sweetness of squash than to add to it, as brown sugar and maple syrup do. Something peppery is a good start, whether it be a dash of cumin on baked squash halves or the hot chili peppers the Thais and Burmese use in winter-squash dishes. *Sundays at Moosewood Restaurant*, by the Moosewood Collective, gives examples of both approaches: a very easy Autumn Gold Squash Soup, with sweet spices and tomato, apple, and orange juices; and a Burmese-inspired winter-squash dish with garlic, ginger root, hot green chili, shrimp paste, and cilantro. Italians also make dishes that are both sweet and hot. A famous pasta filling in the Italian regions of Lombardy and Emilia is pumpkin mixed with crushed amaretti cookies and *mostarda*, a sweet-and-hot pickled mixture of fruits which has a strong flavor of mustard seed. Paula Wolfert, the author of *The Cooking of South-West France*, found in that region many pumpkin soups and gratins, some with sweet red peppers or

cheese. (Winter squash other than pumpkins barely exist in Italy and France, and even pumpkins are seldom used elsewhere in these regions.) Balsamic vinegar is made in the same region of Italy where pumpkin is popular, and although Italians seldom serve them together, the combination is very good: try cooking squash halves or chunks with a teaspoon or so of balsamic vinegar, and olive oil if you like, instead of maple syrup.

The Italians and the French both make a thick soup in which chunks of peeled pumpkin are boiled with garlic and herbs. Vinicio Paoli, of the *Ristorante Toscano*, in Boston, gave me this recipe: for two pounds of winter squash, use three or four branches of rosemary or thyme and two cloves of garlic, smashed and peeled. Boil with just a half cup of water about a half hour, until the squash softens. Fish out the garlic and herb stalks, put the squash through a food mill or blend it in a food processor, and season with salt and pepper. The resulting puree is too thick to be considered a normal soup; serve it over croutons or toasted bread for a homey supper (the original meaning of *soup* and *supper* is "a thick broth served over bread").

The best soup I made both exploited the sweetness of squash and added something that contrasted with it. Slightly Smoky Squash Soup (a name I like), from Leslie Land's *The Modern Country Cook*, adds smoke by having the cook spread six cups of cooked mashed squash on a baking sheet and then run it under a broiler. The squash chars a bit, and the heat causes much of the moisture to evaporate. To make the soup, sauté two and a half cups of chopped onions in butter or oil over low heat for fifteen minutes. Add two cloves of garlic minced fine, if you like, and the grated zest of a large lime, and cook for three or four minutes more. Add the broiled squash, a cup of peeled, seeded tomatoes—if you don't have fresh, open a can—and five cups of beef broth. Land flavors the soup with a tablespoon of soy sauce and two tablespoons of dark sesame oil; you can garnish the soup with dollops of sour cream or plain yogurt. The color of the soup is the brick red of chili, the flavor deep and rich. You'd think the soup had kidney beans in it (they would go very well, in fact), or even ground meat.

The dish that wins converts is in *Verdura*, a new book by Viana La Place, who with Evan Kleiman wrote the justly popular *Cucina Fresca* and *Pasta Fresca*. In several of her recipes La Place pan-fries peeled and sliced squash so that it tastes like sweet home fries. I wondered why the combination of crisp, caramelized outside and sweet, soft inside was familiar until I remembered how eagerly I eat the squash and sweet-potato slices whenever I order tempura. This method produces the same texture with much less fat (and trouble).

Since you have to peel the squash, choose butternut, banana, or hubbard. Cut the squash into slices a quarter-inch thick and an inch or two high and wide. You should have at least two cups. Heat a tablespoon of oil in a heavy-bottomed frying pan. If you like, sauté several cloves of garlic in the oil just until they begin to color, and then take them out. When the oil is hot, add enough pieces of squash to not quite cover the pan in one layer; you'll probably have to fry two batches. Keep turning the pieces over medium-high heat until they color. Add more oil as needed. After about fifteen minutes the pieces will blacken and blister, and be soft when pierced with the tip of a knife. Drain them on paper towels. You can serve these as they are, with salt.

This method already makes squash taste like a new vegetable, but La Place takes it further, giving a recipe she remembers watching her grandmother make. The dish is becoming a household staple for the people I've served it to, all of whom asked for the recipe. After pan-frying and draining the squash slices, toss them with chopped mint leaves (a quarter cup of mint for two cups of raw squash pieces; if you can't find fresh mint, you can use two teaspoons of dried mint leaves; feel free to substitute fresh thyme, rosemary, or sage). Stir together a quarter cup each of red-wine vinegar and sugar and pour the liquid into the still-hot frying pan. Raise the heat so that the vinegar sizzles and evaporates, leaving a thin syrup. Pour the syrup over the squash, season with salt and pepper, and leave to sit for a few hours before serving at room temperature, as an appetizer or a salad course. You might want to double the recipe. □

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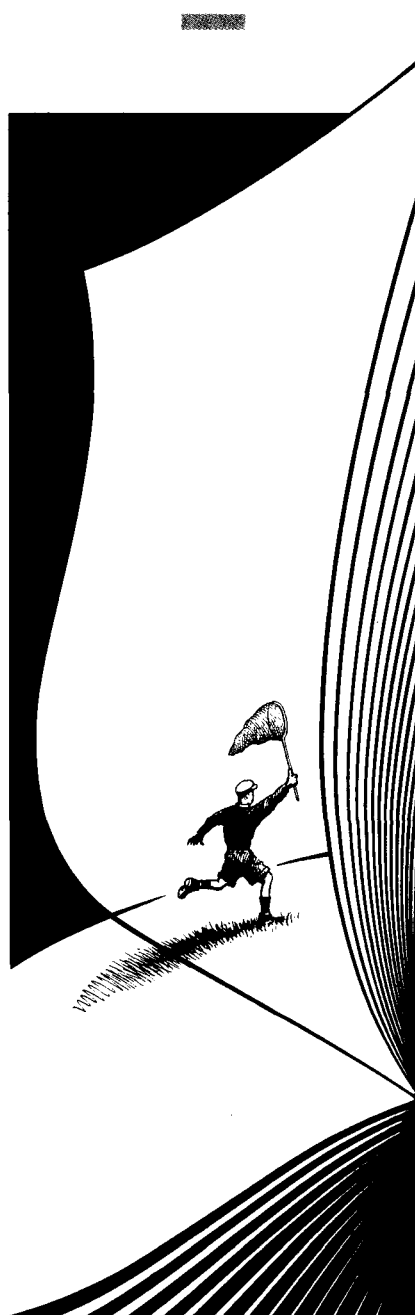
by Anne Tyler

VLADIMIR NABOKOV: The American Years
by Brian Boyd.
Princeton, \$29.95 through
December 31; \$35 thereafter.

ON THE SURFACE of it, Brian Boyd's otherwise meticulously precise two-volume biography of Vladimir Nabokov seems imprecisely subtitled. The first volume, *Vladimir Nabokov: The Russian Years*, covered not only Nabokov's youth in czarist Russia but also his more than two decades of exile in England, Germany, and France after the Revolution. Now *Vladimir Nabokov: The American Years* takes him beyond his sojourn in America to Switzerland, where he spent the last eighteen years of his life, with only brief trips back to the United States.

But those subtitles are right on target if you view them as references to Nabokov's *internal* citizenship. Throughout his exile in Europe he remained essentially Russian. He wrote most of his fiction in Russian and associated largely with other Russian émigrés. Fully aware of the shadows cast by the rise of the Nazi regime (all the more so because his wife, Véra, was Jewish), he never felt entirely comfortable in either Berlin or Paris, and as war loomed closer, he sought a visa for America. He and his wife and small son left France just three weeks before the German invasion of Paris, sailing on a refugee ship chartered by an American Jewish rescue organization. The final sentence in the first volume reads, "Their worries were over."

Over? Well, maybe not entirely. Nabokov was destitute at first, and his income precarious. Still, he did seem infused by a new spirit—a sense of being able, finally, to relax his guard—from the moment he arrived, and this "American" spirit lends a sort of exu-



berance to the remainder of his biography, including the years spent in Switzerland. Even more important, it was in America that he turned to writing exclusively in English, the language that he made his own—uniquely, dazzlingly his own—all the rest of his life.

The family landed in New York on May 28, 1940, and had barely set foot on the dock before falling into one of those sunny-hued encounters that for Nabokov typified this country. Two customs officials snatched up the two pairs of boxing gloves in his opened

trunk and began to spar with each other playfully, dancing around him, while a third pondered a name for one of the species in Nabokov's butterfly collection. As Nabokov used to ask years afterward, where else would that happen?

In his early days in the United States he was forced to fit his creative endeavors around an assortment of ill-paying jobs. He tutored Russian-language students, delivered lectures on a rainbow of subjects, and wrote magazine articles and reviews, meanwhile clinging to the hope of a university position. Even when he found employment at Wellesley, it was on a year-to-year basis. Not until 1948 did he attain the security of a post at Cornell, where he taught Russian literature and, eventually, a course in European fiction that was exceeded in popularity only by Pete Seeger's folk-song class.

What gives this part of his biography its impetus is Boyd's early references to *Lolita*—to the fact that the publication of *Lolita* was to change Nabokov's life. So when we first glimpse Nabokov toying with the notion of writing such a book, an element of suspense arises. Get on with it! we want to say, as we watch him repeatedly shelving it for other projects or debating whether a story so shocking could even be printed. In the end, of course, he did get on with it, producing a novel that—when it was finally published in this country, after its original publication in France—brought him so much fame and earned him so much money that he was able to retire from teaching. After nineteen years of a hand-to-mouth, rootless, and almost possessionless existence in other people's houses, he and his wife took up permanent residence in a luxury hotel in Montreux. Forever after he could devote himself to writing his fiction and collecting his beloved butterflies.

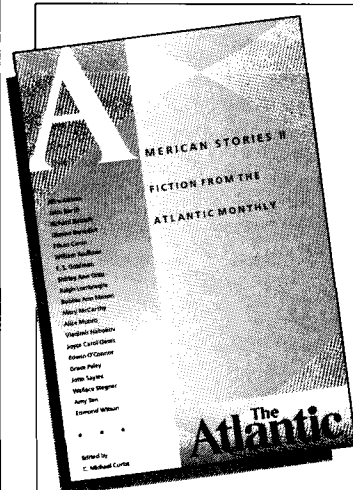
In the first volume Boyd was forced to labor under the glare of Nabokov's *Speak, Memory*—a brilliant glare indeed. It would have been foolish to omit even one of those windows of insight that Nabokov offered us into his own life, and yet to include them

evoked an unsettling sense of *déjà vu* in those familiar with *Speak, Memory*. For all the clarifications and amplifications that Boyd contributed, we couldn't help wondering if retelling the story was absolutely necessary when Nabokov had told it so well the first time.

There's no such problem with the second volume. *Vladimir Nabokov: The American Years* begins where *Speak, Memory* left off. It draws upon the recollections of friends and acquaintances as well as Nabokov's private files to present a view of him in the round—not just Nabokov as he saw himself but Nabokov as others saw him. Like Andrew Field's *Nabokov: His Life in Part* (a much-disputed earlier biography that Nabokov loathed), it is a rich and colorful character sketch; unlike Field's book, it is also a serious piece of scholarship, chock-full of references and footnotes.

The man who emerges is vastly entertaining. Evidently Nabokov was one of those people who never fear appearing excessive; his behavior often verged on caricature. Careening across North America on butterfly hunts, with his wife at the wheel (he refused to learn to drive, or even to make his own coffee, and remained comically dependent on Vera for every aspect of daily life), whooping when he caught a particularly fine specimen and airily dismissing another as a "winged cliché," he resembled at times his own most endearing character, Professor Pnin. All of America seemed to amuse him, and he is shown chortling over advertisements for Hanes Fig Leaf briefs and Talon trouser fasteners, and gleefully noting (for later use in *Lolita*) the slang-riddled conversations of teenage girls. A shameless jokester, he would twit a biographer by uttering audible asides to Vera, referring to a daughter and a previous wife (both nonexistent, of course) or whispering, "Do you think I should tell him about IT?"

His teaching methods were, by American standards, eccentric. "I have now something very sad to tell you," he would murmur dolefully. "We have, in Russian, what we call the instrumental case, and it has different endings that one must memorize." And, "So good to hear Russian spoken again!" he once rhapsodized after a mumbled class recitation. "I am practically back in Moscow." His examina-



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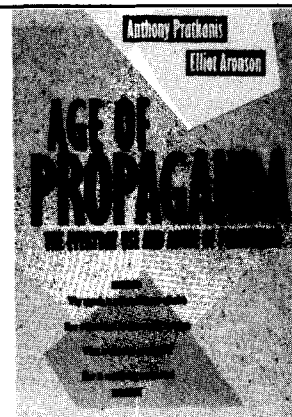
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tion questions were legendary for their focus on detail: Describe Emma Bovary's hairdo, the Karenins' bedroom wallpaper. And he brooked no disagreement with his fiercely judgmental opinions of various writers. Kafka was a giant, Mann a dwarf. Dostoevsky was nothing but a detective-story writer. One student, protesting the exclusion of Dostoevsky from a survey course, asked permission to deliver a lecture of his own on the subject. Nabokov not only flew into a rage but gave the student an undeserved F on his final exam.

Wait, though. Doesn't this last example go beyond mere charming idiosyncrasy? Isn't it just plain wrong-headedness?

The fact is that for all his celebration of life in a democracy, Nabokov comes across as distinctly undemocratic. *Anti-democratic*, even. And whereas a writer's real-life personality should generally be of no concern to the reader, in this case it seems highly germane. It fits in with the arch, chilly tone, the loftily distant vantage point, that made the otherwise enthralling *Lolita* so irritating on occasion. It explains that *Gotcha!* aspect of some of those works that seemed deliberately to exclude the reader. *I know something you don't*, Nabokov often appeared to be saying.

To be fair, this is only one subjective reaction. Boyd himself views Nabokov in a much more sympathetic light, arguing with those who see his elusiveness as a form of taunting:

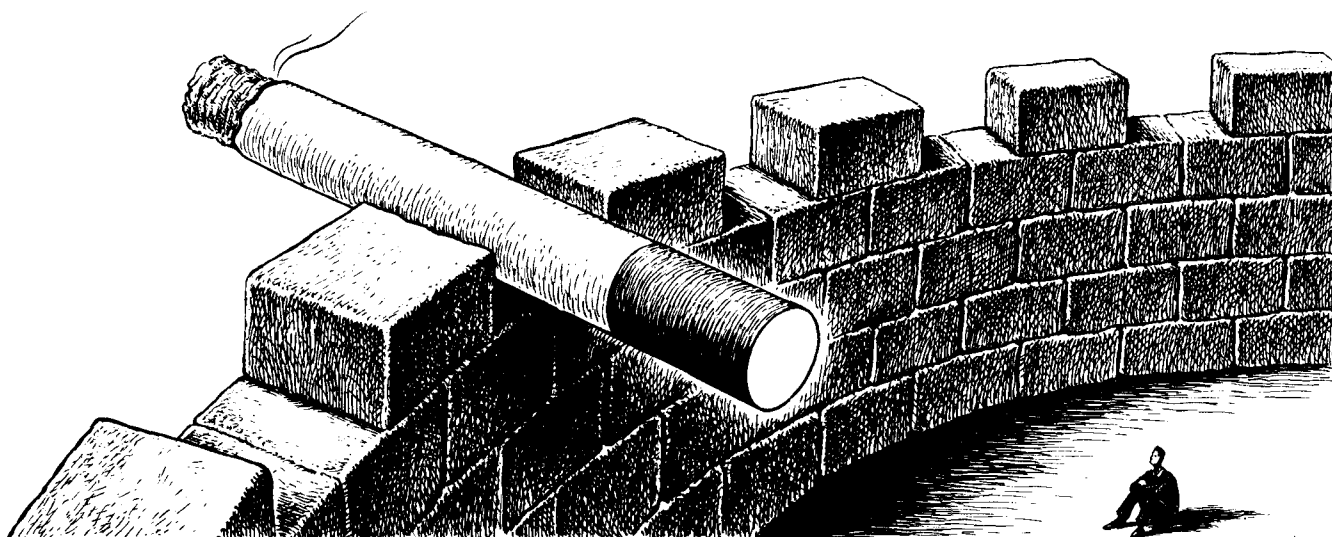
Far from it: he teases us to test us, because he has so much confidence in the enterprise of good readers—he has written that a writer's audience "is the most gifted and varied in the world"—and because to attentive and imaginative readers he is the most generous of writers. He knows that there is no substitute for the excitement of a discovery we make ourselves, and he encourages us to exercise our curiosity and imagination in a world that may often resist the mind but that can afford endless rewards to those who approach it in a spirit of inquiry and confidence that it has worthwhile secrets to yield.

One reason Boyd is capable of such a kindly interpretation is that he is himself a prodigiously attentive and imaginative reader, and therefore not in-

clined to wax irate at a difficult passage. And he is an inspired explicator. His unraveling of the conundrums in *Pale Fire* is masterly, his analysis of Nabokov's controversial *Eugene Onegin* translation is admirably balanced, and his emphasis on several of the more poignant passages in *Lolita* makes that book take on a new gentleness and sadness. True, he may not always convince us. (His decoding of a cryptogram in *Ada*, for example, merely reminds us of *Ada's* superciliousness; and to quote Humbert Humbert's single line of regret for defiling this "lovely, trustful, dreamy, enormous country" fails to erase the sneers that Humbert directed toward the Middle American landscape on numberless other occasions.) Agree with them or not, though, Boyd's arguments are invariably interesting, original, and intelligent.

Moreover, he has gone to great lengths to uncover the actual process of creation. He discusses the writer's work habits (Nabokov constructed each book first on a series of index cards and then rearranged the cards to produce a final manuscript) and, as much as possible, the genesis of his ideas. He is adept at following the thread of a plot from its inception, sometimes in the form of a note or a half-finished story written in Nabokov's youth, through its alterations and expansions and on to its full realization decades later. At the same time, he never lets drop the parallel thread of Nabokov's external life—a life so energetic and intricate and multifaceted that even reading about it is exhausting.

"The *déménagement* from my palatial Russian to the narrow quarters of my English," Nabokov once wrote, "was like moving from one darkened house to another on a starless night during a strike of candlemakers and torchbearers." It was a staggeringly successful move, of course, however painful. Beyond that, it was a move imposed from outside, by the machinations of history, and this is what makes his biography more relevant than most writers'. In *Vladimir Nabokov: The American Years* the man's life and his art intertwine. They work against each other almost as often as they work with each other, and it takes a biographer as skilled as Brian Boyd to keep track of every fascinating twist and turn. □



Addicted to “Getting Normal”

by Kathleen Cushman

SMOKING: THE ARTIFICIAL PASSION
by David Krogh.
W. H. Freeman, \$17.95.

WHERE TOBACCO IS concerned, I seem to meet only two sorts of people these days: the self-righteous and the surly. People once smoked everywhere—casually, undefensively, invisibly—but smoking is now, in my circles at least, a public and provocative act, loaded with overtones. What a shame. For whether one sees smoking as sexy or merely macho, daring or stupidly risky, individualistic or compulsive, “this *nothing* activity, so slight it’s hardly there” holds in it the seeds of a rich conversation that could change the way we think about addiction and human behavior.

In this complicated political and social climate, David Krogh’s clearheaded exploration of who smokes and why comes as a relief and a stimulus (exactly the qualities, by the way, for which people turn to nicotine). *Smoking: The Artificial Passion* manages to lay out the current research on smoking without a trace of the condescension that infuriates the 50 million smokers who make up roughly a quarter of American adults. In fact, so intelligent, witty, and compassionate is his description of the nicotine addiction that I was still

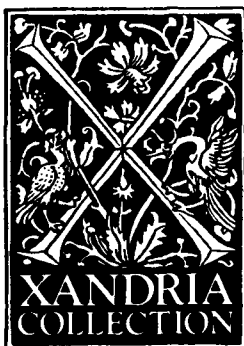
asking myself at book’s end if Krogh, an editor and science writer who works for the University of California, might once himself have smoked.

I wouldn’t be surprised, because—for reasons Krogh methodically explores—a lot of writers do smoke. One of the most appealing qualities of this substance—an acrid weed, after all, whose taste and harshness tobacco companies spend millions to disguise—is that it appears to enhance one’s ability to concentrate and to process information over a prolonged period. Among those who sit at a typewriter hour after hour—as among factory workers and truck drivers and data processors—nicotine actually seems to improve job performance, returning them to normal from states as various as boredom, depression, anxiety, and stress. These positive effects are compounded by the physical routines of smoking—the tiny habitual acts of lighting up, dragging, stubbing out the butt—which substitute for distracting activities toward which the worker might otherwise wander. Unlike any other psychoactive drug except caffeine, tobacco commands a powerful and positive position in the workplace. But unlike caffeine (probably the world’s most popular drug), nicotine is wildly addictive.

Moreover, as everybody knows by now, smoking kills you. David Krogh does not grind this point home with images of blackened lungs and weakened hearts; he merely reminds us that more Americans die daily from the effects of smoking than from any other drug, accident, or crime. His principal purpose, however, is to explore *why* people use nicotine—and from there

he turns to the more encompassing and fascinating question of drug addiction itself. The urge to use tobacco, Krogh argues, is equal to the strongest of other substance addictions, partly because of the overwhelming number of behaviors smokers associate it with, and partly for complex neurobiological reasons that may link all drug addictions in the pleasurable effects they produce. In the end this book is as much about the ways psychology and biology combine to form addiction as it is about the particular “enslaving weed” itself.

PEOPLE USE “workplace drugs” like tobacco, Valium, and caffeine, Krogh says, not so much to induce an exotic sensation as to deal with the stresses and strains that make us less ourselves—not to get high, that is, but to “get normal.” What is particularly startling about nicotine is its ability to moderate states of mind and body on both ends of the scale: it relaxes you if you’re tense, mildly stimulates you if you’re below par. Cigarettes are useful in other ways, too: they can signal erotic availability, hostility, or any number of other states one might want to advertise. Smoking keeps one’s weight down, partly by increasing metabolic activity; smokers weigh about seven pounds less, on average, than nonsmokers. And it feels good, once you get used to it—not only the nicotine’s physical effects but the sensual suck at the lips, the pleasurable scratch in the airways, the satisfying feel of something held in the fingers, “doing nothing while still doing something,” as Krogh puts it. Who wouldn’t get attached to such a drug, cheap and legal as it is? Who wouldn’t



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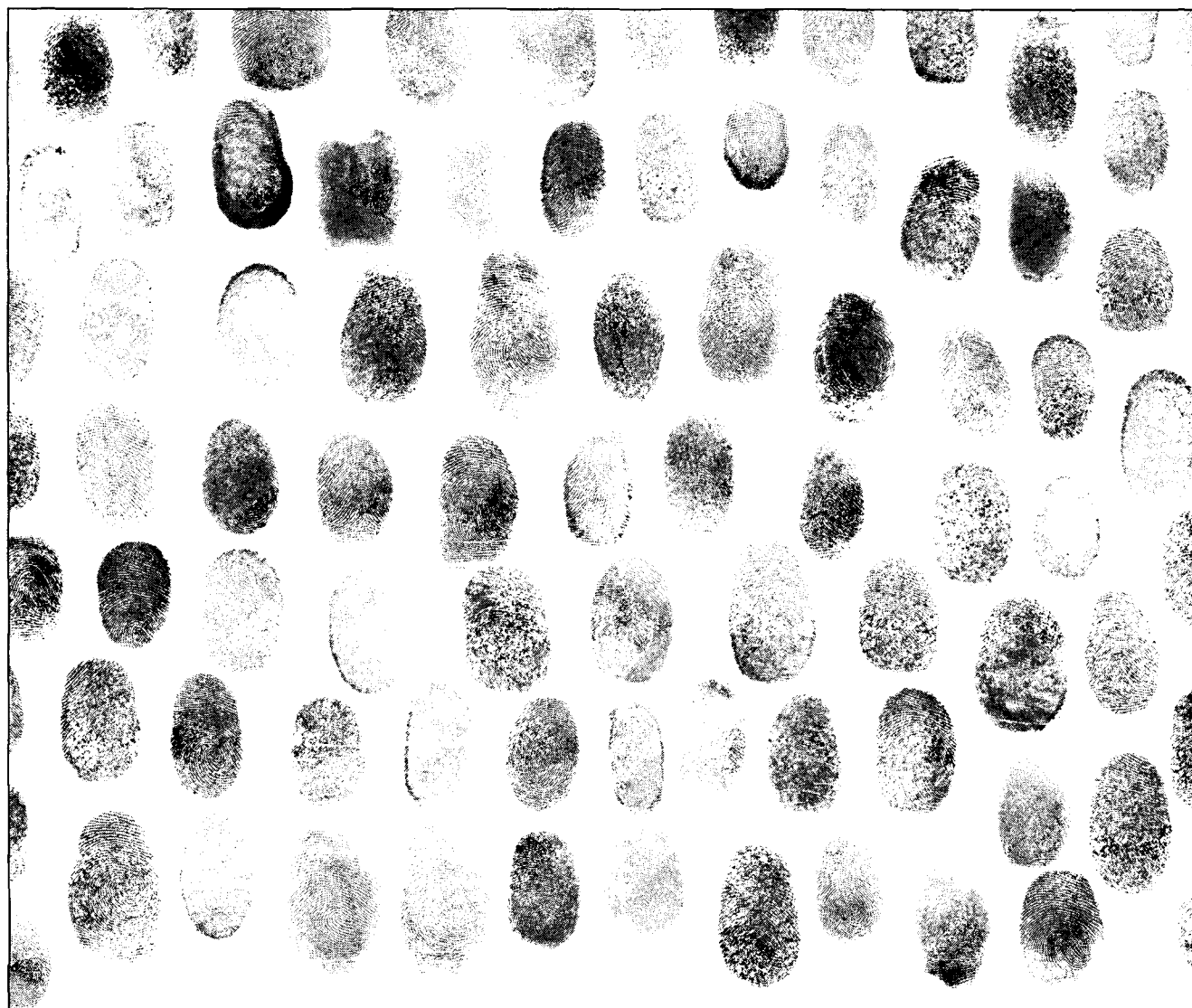
mourn it like a lost love when the time comes to quit?

Krogh answers these questions by sorting through the studies of who smokes, when they start, and what happens when they try to stop. Although smoking is steadily on the decline in the United States (from 40 percent of adults in 1964 to 27 percent today), it remains fairly constant across age groups and impervious to economic and emotional changes. Most smokers start in adolescence or young adulthood, work up to a tolerance level of about a pack a day, and hold that pattern for years or even a lifetime. Seventy-five percent of quitters relapse within a year, the same rate as for heroin addicts and alcoholics. The figures hold so steady, Krogh reminds us, because nicotine creates a physical dependence; smokers who cut down on the number of cigarettes will compensate by increasing the number of drags they take on each. (Many smokers of "low-tar, low-nicotine" cigarettes habitually block the air holes in the filters, intensifying the nicotine they get to the point that they might as well be smoking Camels.) Withdrawal symptoms are intense and immediate, and even when the hardest first few days are over, the ex-smoker faces years of intermittent cravings to smoke. Obviously, the most effective line of attack against smoking in our society is to persuade people not to start.

Who is likely to take up smoking, then, at a time when its risks have been publicized as never before? Adolescent girls do in large numbers, egged on by sexy ads showing long-legged slim women smoking long, slim cigarettes. (Later they won't quit, Krogh points out, because they think they'll put on weight: this makes cigarettes a feminist issue.) Baseball players (and those who admire and imitate them) don't smoke so much as chew; Krogh speculates that the nicotine sharpens their visual reflexes, and toys with the notion that tobacco in baseball should perhaps be banned, as steroids are in football. Anyone who thrives on risk might be drawn to cigarettes: studies show that smokers are more impulsive, less likely to wear seat belts, more likely to believe that chance controls what happens to them. Schizophrenics and the clinically depressed are especially likely to be smokers—perhaps because they can so subtly and

precisely regulate their moods with nicotine, Krogh suggests, making it a form of self-medication. Finally, smokers are likely to be extroverts; they need extra stimulus and sensation to feel good, and they don't mind the element of public display built into smoking. All these things may change swiftly, the author notes—extroverts don't thrive on social stigma—and, of course, they vary from person to person, from situation to situation. So far, Krogh concludes, to attempt a characteristic profile of a smoker is a futile exercise, and neither personality nor genes have yet been shown to determine whether or not one will start to smoke in the first place.

Once smoking becomes central to one's life, Krogh argues, it is more a compulsive behavior than a disease. Substances like nicotine and alcohol are biologically addictive, he says, but "if drug addiction requires a kind of agreement between self and substance, then individuals bring at least as much to drugs as drugs bring to individuals." If this is true, then smoking and other addictive behaviors can be controlled—and here we realize that although Krogh is sympathetic to smokers and other addicts, he believes we have a responsibility to help them stop. But this is tricky, and politically sensitive. Alcoholism, for instance, is widely perceived as a disease to which certain people are especially susceptible, and narcotics in general are viewed as a kind of irreversible poison in whose thrall addicts are helpless. If heavy drinking, drug use, and smoking are simply ways that people choose to moderate the stresses in their lives, might we best fight their debilitating effects by addressing the stresses themselves: poverty, crime, the absence of competence or joy? Not in the case of tobacco, Krogh concludes; smokers dose themselves only because life has come to *seem* dreary without nicotine. Tobacco teaches us that the primary weapon in any arsenal against addiction must be biological agents (from methadone to nicotine gum) to satisfy the craving. Behavioral factors can form the rear guard of the attack—not through coercive suppression, Krogh argues, but through education and in some cases the possibility of a better life. Our approach must be complex and subtle, because the enemy is nothing less than human desire.



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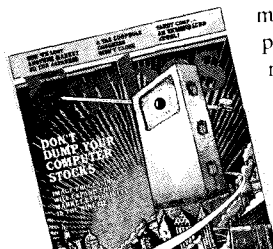
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THE BEST THING about this book is its unpretentious, literate, and accessible style. David Krogh follows a scientific path into the subject of smoking, but he knows how to explain complicated biological and psychological concepts and experiments in engaging ways. Where studies conflict, he describes the problems clearly and weighs them with care. Krogh's scorn for the power politics of the tobacco lobby is a quiet undertone here, running beneath the scientific evidence he sets out and the human implications of those facts. He makes sensible critical suggestions—starting with more funding for research—for government action against nicotine and other addictive drugs. Most important, throughout this book he conveys both empathy for the adversity that the smoker faces and an unruffled conviction that something can be done about it. (Three fourths of all smokers say they want to stop, and an appendix to the book offers strategies for quitting.) Krogh's elegant unpacking of the smoking habit returns the subject to a plane on which the surly and the self-righteous may actually enjoy each other again. □

Brief Reviews



HARD-BOILED WONDERLAND AND THE END OF THE WORLD by *Haruki Murakami*. Kodansha, \$21.95. Mr. Murakami's new novel initially appears to be two novels presented in alternate chapters. Each is related by a first-person narrator with a distinctive style. Narrator One is irreverent and colloquial, as befits a specialist in the handling of tricky data who happens also to be a devotee of American movies. Narrator Two is formal and inclined to delicately romantic descriptions of weather and scenery. Narrator One, hired for what he assumes is a standard job, finds himself embroiled in mad adventures in a hell underlying modern Tokyo.

Narrator Two, minus his memory and his shadow, is stranded in a sinister utopia that harbors a flock of unicorns. Narrator One also has unicorn problems. The author devotes considerable attention to the difference in character between Oriental and European unicorns. There has to be meaning to this pattern, but whether the parallel tales are a metaphor for the left and right halves of the brain, or for the conscious and unconscious mind, or simply for the mental and emotional risks inherent in the writing of fiction, remains a question for the reader to decide. The book is rich in action, suspense, odd characters, and unexpected trifles, such as Narrator One's realization that he is an object of astonishment at the local Laundromat because he has brought in a female friend's totally pink wardrobe. Whatever interpretation a reader chooses to give this provocative work, it will not be found boring.

REGULATING DEATH by *Carlos F. Gomez, M.D.* Free Press, \$19.95. Dr. Gomez, alarmed by what he perceives as a drift toward legalized euthanasia in this country, visited the Netherlands to study the practice where it is, although not truly legal, tolerated under rather loose regulations. Dr. Gomez found only seven doctors willing to describe cases in which they had administered lethal drugs. (He seems to have been naively surprised that physicians were reluctant to discuss a matter so contrary to their training and principles, and probably all their personal inclinations as well.) Finding that even a country with "generous social services and universal health coverage" has erratic control of euthanasia, Dr. Gomez predicts that the United States medical system would not be able to cope with it decently at all. Dr. Gomez, in short, found what he went looking for.

THE MANDEVILLE TALENT by *George V. Higgins*. John Macrae/Holt, \$19.95. Readers expecting the crackling dialogue usual in Mr. Higgins's novels may be disappointed in this one, because the author has employed characters who come from an upper-crust law firm, academia, and rural Massachusetts. Such people rarely achieve flamboyant language, even when they are scalawags, and Mr. Higgins has played fair with their speech. The plot concerns a murder, passed off at the time

as suicide, and the slow digging up of unnoticed details and neglected business records that reveals the truth some twenty years later. The novel is quiet by comparison with Mr. Higgins's previous books, but unnerving for its plausible presentation of a smooth Mafia takeover of an unsuspecting small town.

THE ARK'S ANNIVERSARY by Gerald Durrell. *Arcade*, \$19.95. For twenty-five years Mr. Durrell has devoted himself to propagating endangered species on the Island of Jersey, with the intention of restoring as many animals as possible to suitable wild habitats. Such a program was unheard of when he began it, but is now widely accepted as the proper purpose of zoos and extensively imitated. Mr. Durrell has every right to celebrate his quarter century of accomplishment with the kind of comic anecdote (tea-partying chimpanzees and abducted lizards are featured) and self-deprecating humor that have endeared his many books to animal-lovers worldwide. Only Mr. Durrell would brag, "I am the only man in history who has been married for his zoo."

WHAT'S EATING GILBERT GRAPE by Peter Hedges. *Poseidon*, \$20.00. Everything, is what. Gilbert is twenty-four and lives in Endora, Iowa—population 1,091—a place where little worth mentioning ever happens and nothing that does happen is ever forgotten. He has a high school education, a futureless job, an older sister who should long since have outgrown Elvis worship, a hoggish mother, a retarded brother, and a kid sister who is the very model of an obnoxious adolescent. Gilbert tells his tragicomic, unconsciously heroic story in a voice that is sometimes funny, sometimes sad, sometimes surly, and always engaging. Mr. Hedges has written an uncommonly good first novel.

ANNE SEXTON by Diane Wood Middlebrook. *Peter Davison/Houghton Mifflin*, \$24.95. Because Anne Sexton's work was highly personal—"confessional" is one term that has been applied to it—Professor Middlebrook's critical biography of the poet has required attention to every aspect of her subject's affairs, and those affairs were, thanks to a never-quite-diagnosed mental illness, aberrant in some respects and repeti-

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Myths About Israel and the Middle East (1)

Do the media feed us fiction, instead of facts?

We all know that, by dint of constant repetition, white can be made to appear black, good can get transformed into evil, and myth may take the place of reality. Israel, with roughly one-thousandth of the world's population and with a similar fraction of the territory of this planet, seems to engage a totally disproportionate attention of the print and broadcast media. Unfortunately, much of what the media tell us—in reporting, editorializing, and in analysis—are endlessly repeated myths.

What are some of these myths?

■ **Myth:** The "Palestinians" are a nation and therefore deserving of a homeland.

■ **Reality:** The concept of Palestinian nationhood is a new one and had not been heard of until after the Six-Day War, when Israel, by its victory, came into the administration of the territories of Judea and Samaria (the "West Bank") and the Gaza Strip. The so-called "Palestinians" are no more different from the Arabs in the neighboring countries of Lebanon, Syria and Jordan, than Wisconsinites are from Iowans.

■ **Myth:** Judea and Samaria (the "West Bank"), and the Gaza Strip are "occupied Arab territory".

■ **Reality:** All of "Palestine"—east and west of the Jordan River—was part of the League of Nations mandate. Under the Balfour Declaration all of it was to be the "national home for the Jewish people". In violation of this mandate, Great Britain severed the entire area east of the Jordan—about 75% of Palestine, and gave it to the Arabs, who created on it the kingdom of Transjordan. When Israel declared its independence in 1948, five Arab armies invaded the new country in order to destroy it at its very birth. They were defeated by the Israelis. The Transjordanians, however, remained in occupation of Judea and Samaria (the "West Bank") and East Jerusalem. They proceeded to drive all Jews from those territories and to systematically destroy all Jewish houses of worship and other institutions. The Transjordanians, now renamed "Jordanians" were the occupiers. Israel regained these territories following its victory in the Six-Day War and has

administered them ever since. They have not been annexed. Their final status will be decided if and when the Arabs will ever sit down to talk peace with Israel.

■ **Myth:** Jewish settlements in Judea and Samaria (the "West Bank") are the "greatest obstacle to peace".

■ **Reality:** This is a totally new formulation, recently put forward by Secretary of State Baker. He and the president seem to be obsessed by it. Fewer than 100,000 Jews are settled in these territories, living among about 1.4 million Arabs. How can Jews living there be an obstacle to peace? Why *shouldn't* they live there? About 700,000 Arabs live in Israel proper. They are not an obstacle to peace and nobody, including the Israelis, consider them as such.

■ **Myth:** Israel is unwilling to yield "land for peace".

■ **Reality:** The concept that to the loser, rather than to the victor, belong the spoils is a radically new one, never before thought of in world history. Israel has emerged victorious in the five wars imposed on it by the Arabs. In order to make peace, it has returned over 90% of the territory occupied by it, specifically the vast Sinai Peninsula, to Egypt. That territory contained some of the most advanced military installations in the world, prosperous cities and settlements, and oil fields developed entirely by Israel that made it independent of petroleum imports. In the Camp David Accords (1983) Israel agreed to autonomy for Judea and Samaria (the "West Bank") with the permanent status to be determined after three years. No responsible Palestinian representation has been available to negotiate with Israel about this.

The greatest myth of all is that Israel's administration of the Gaza Strip and of Judea/Samaria is the root cause of the conflict between Arabs and Jews. But that is nonsense and flies in the face of historical reality. The Arab desire to obliterate the Jewish presence in Palestine, and since 1948 the Jewish state long predates that territorial administration. The root cause of the conflict is the total unwillingness of the Arabs to tolerate any "non-believers" to be in control of even one inch of what they consider "sacred Arab soil". And they don't just mean Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank") and the Gaza strip. They mean Tel Aviv, Jerusalem, the whole state of Israel. No change in the Arabs' attitude seems to be in the offing. But until there is such a change, no peace can possibly come to this troubled area.

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by William Langewiesche

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**THE OTHER CRISIS
IN AMERICAN
EDUCATION**

by Daniel J. Singal

While the bottom segment of the nation's elementary- and secondary-school students have been showing slow but steady improvement, its brightest kids are declining in both test scores and ability. A college professor offers some reasons and remedies.

tious in others. The details about Sexton's marital quarrels, lovers, psychiatrists, public performances (she read her own poetry superbly), resentment of her mother, and mistreatment of her daughters contribute substantially to the understanding of her poetry. They do not arouse any desire to have known Sexton or any pity for her eventual suicide, which must have been the only escape from a confused and unhappy life.

ALEXANDER OF MACEDON, 356-323

B.C. *by Peter Green. University of California, \$34.95.* When Caesar Augustus learned that Alexander the Great had wondered, toward the close of his career of conquest, what he was to do with the rest of his life, he professed astonishment "that Alexander did not regard it as a greater task to set in order the empire that he had won than to win it." Professor Green's study of Alexander (written in the early 1970s but not previously published in the United States) takes note of the slipshod administration and incoherent character of the Macedonian's so-called empire, its ephemeral nature, and what the author considers its lack of enduring accomplishment. To Professor Green, "Alexander's true genius was as a field commander: perhaps, taken all in all, the most incomparable general the world has ever seen. His gift for speed, improvisation, variety of strategy; his cool-headedness in a crisis, his ability to extract himself from the most impossible situations; his mastery of terrain, his psychological ability to penetrate the enemy's intentions—all these qualities place him at the very head of the Great Captains of history." Great Captains are a bit out of fashion, as Professor Green points out, but their qualities, and the world of treachery and intrigue in which Alexander exercised his, make an exciting history, which the author presents superbly.

CUSTER'S LAST CAMPAIGN *by John S.*

Gray. University of Nebraska, \$35.00. Mr. Gray's subtitle, "Mitch Boyer and the Little Bighorn Reconstructed," promises more than Custer, and the promise is so well kept that his history reads like two separate books. One is about the work of frontier scouts—their duties, salaries, and conditions of employment—and is based on the career of Mitch Boyer, the expert half-Indian who stuck with Custer to the end

although he knew disaster lay ahead. (Mr. Gray, by the way, considers "Boyer" the most probable origin of a number of orthographic monstrosities. Spelling was, it seems, not a widespread accomplishment along the Bozeman Trail, and Mitch, who spoke English along with several Indian tongues, could not sign his name.) The material on scouting and Mr. Gray's account of the various futile meetings and peace conferences of the 1870s is interesting history. His reconstruction of the Little Bighorn battle is an intricate time-and-motion study based on surviving testimony, maps, and estimated speeds. He claims, plausibly, to have located the actions of all of Custer's units to the quarter mile and the half minute. This research should quiet some of the fanatics who regularly debate what actually happened on the Little Bighorn in 1876. No doubt some others will dispute Mr. Gray's findings. Non-Custerites may consider the whole inquiry superfluous.

THE PRIVATE WAR OF MRS. PACKARD *by*

Barbara Sapinsley. Paragon House, \$19.95. Elizabeth Parsons Ware, born in 1816, was the well-educated daughter of a clergyman whose liberal views and inquiring mind she inherited. She married Theophilus Packard, also a clergyman, but of rigid, fundamentalist convictions. She liked to discuss and debate religious questions. His theology was cut in stone. In 1860 the predictable explosion arrived. Acting within his authority under Illinois law, Packard had his wife confined in the state insane asylum, where she spent three years. She came out like a vengeful lioness—elegant, charming, lucidly persuasive, but bent on blood. She procured a court trial, at which she was officially declared sane. She then began a campaign to abolish, first in Illinois and then all across the country, laws that entitled a man to have his wife committed to a mental hospital on no opinion but his own. Ms. Sapinsley's account of how she lobbied and pamphleteered, how she financed her work, and how well she succeeded, makes a thoroughly interesting piece of Americana. It is possible that the mind of Mrs. Packard was a bit peculiar; she never divorced the wretched and eventually impecunious Theophilus.

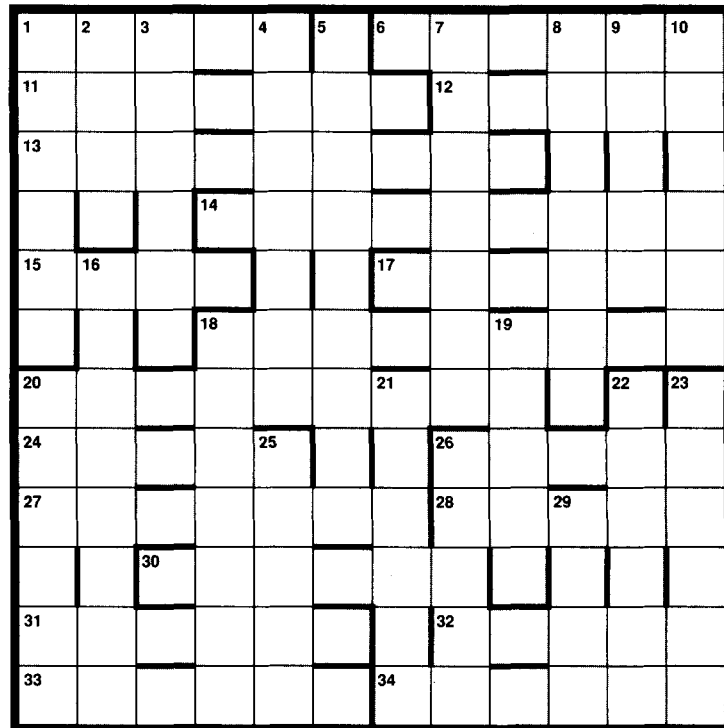
—Phoebe-Lou Adams

THE PUZZLER

BY EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON

DEDUCTION

A dastardly deed has been done in one of the diagram's nine rooms. The mystery can be solved by process of elimination: Eight clue answers must be entered with a letter dropped, each from a different room. Taken in their *rooms'* order, from left to right and top to bottom, these eight letters will identify the weapon. The room that drops no letter is the scene of the crime. The perpetrator hides there, in the *unchecked letters* (those appearing in one answer only), again reading in the usual order. Finally, 11 *clues' definitions* contain an extra letter. If these letters are removed to the blanks preceding the clue numbers, they'll name the crime scene. Answers include three proper nouns.



The solution to last month's Puzzler appears on page 122.

ACROSS

- 1. Dance with South American business school graduate
- 6. Ill-humored snake gripped by desire
- 11. Show off first of Emmys won with hit (*hyphenated*)
- 12. Disc placed around large ring
- 13. Water taken at first with medicine for otitis?
- 14. As an example, slug back party wine and dip
- 15. Insufficient statue, alas, without head
- 17. Try to deal with two animals going west
- 18. In middle age, condition gets set for warts?
- 20. Maintaining schedule, change flight instrument
- 24. Possibly twill's strength
- 26. Favor keeping red element

- 27. Don't allow Dundee headwear for small fighters
- 28. Shining silver-blue
- 30. Hopis' underground chambers
- 31. Striking a blow, true monarch captures 100
- 32. Double success in horseshoes
- 33. Left in wasteland condition
- 34. Long string stuck on back of note

DOWN

- 1. Northwestern town without a square
- 2. Gold appliance maker featured in commercial
- 3. Designs spy group reversed, infiltrating plant
- 4. Glance around block for spice
- 5. Current tax collectors inside, at stack of papers
- 7. Tell about a judge
- 8. Question by relative sort of pries
- 9. Turned around sacks for something to sit on
- 10. Mobs of men surrounding Oregon Democrat
- 16. State of being owed nothing but diamonds, accepting one
- 18. Spinning halts if I slide back and forth
- 19. Amphibians found in mists around river
- 20. Take boy surprise treat: ham sub
- 21. Whitman's "Heart and Flower" sampler
- 22. Oklahomans rejected help on the outskirts of Nevada city
- 23. Hoop pulled back and forth
- 25. End of short, relative boom
- 26. Count one in foundation
- 29. Look to leave mark

NOTE: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, send an addressed, stamped envelope to The Atlantic Puzzler, 745 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass. 02116.

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WORD WATCH

BY ANNE H. SOUKHANOV

horrenderoma *noun, slang*, a tumor or other mass that is especially large or difficult or impossible to treat: "She arranged a stat CT scan that showed a golf-ball-sized mass in his frontal lobe, most probably a lymphoma but possibly some other terrible *horrenderoma*" (Robert Marion, M.D., *The Intern Blues*).

BACKGROUND: Medical slang has always been colorful and descriptive: the terms *gork* (a brain-dead person), *flat-line* (from the configuration of an electrocardiogram of a heart that has stopped beating), *sickler* (a person with sickle-cell anemia), and *AMA* (against medical advice) are examples. The word *horrenderoma* is a merger of *horrendous* with *oma*, a suffix from the Greek which forms nouns meaning a tumor of the body part indicated by the stem word to which the suffix is attached. Another medical term to be found in *The Intern Blues* is *fascinoma*, defined as "an interesting case."

McWhirtle *noun*, a light-verse form of two four-line stanzas, each stanza consisting of an initial iambus, seven anapests, and an optional terminating unstressed syllable, with the rhyme usually on the last words of the stanzas and rhymes elsewhere being optional: "The *McWhirtle* is a variation on the double dactyl" (E. O. Parrott, editor and compiler, *How to Be Well-Versed in Poetry*).

BACKGROUND: The *McWhirtle* was invented in 1989 by Bruce E. Newling, of New Brunswick, N.J., when he attempted to write a double-dactyl tribute to his friend Harry "Skip" Ungar. In doing so he inadvertently devised a new verse form having a pleasing rhythm similar to that of everyday speech. He named the form *McWhirtle* after the protagonist, Myrtle McWhirtle, in another *McWhirtle* of his titled "Dear Ann Landers." Here is Newling's original

Here are a few of the words being tracked by the editors of The American Heritage Dictionary, published by Houghton Mifflin. A new word that exhibits sustained use may eventually make its way into the dictionary. The information below represents the first stage of research, not the final product.

composition: "I read in the papers / That Harry F. Ungar / Performs in a night spot / Near soigné Scotch Plains, / Caressing the keyboard / While affluent yuppies / Are eating and drinking / Their capital gains."

million-dollar wound *noun*, a combat-caused or self-inflicted wound that does not disfigure, permanently disable, or kill a combatant but is serious enough to warrant permanent removal from a theater of operations: "Some found their private routes out of the [Vietnam] war. You could shoot yourself in the foot, the *million-dollar wound* that could put you back in The World with only a bit of a limp. . . ." (*Newsweek*).

BACKGROUND: This term, which goes back at least to the Second World War, was given

renewed currency by the Gulf War. It has been around long enough, however, to pick up an extended, more general sense—"any convenient excuse for exiting an unpleasant situation," as evidenced in this citation from *Time* (September 21, 1981): "[Burnout] is like a declaration of bankruptcy—necessary sometimes, but also somewhat irresponsible and undignified. It is a *million-dollar wound*, an excuse, a ticket out."

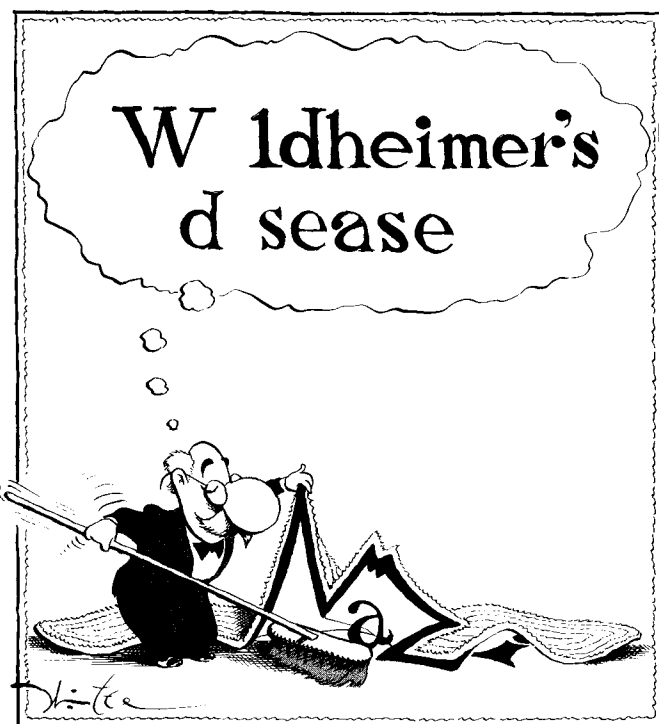
my-kah *noun*, a privately owned motor vehicle in Japan: "To assure that the *my-kahs* will be legally parked at least part of the time, the government now requires proof of a permanent garage or parking space before it will issue license plates" (*The Washington Post*).

BACKGROUND: Here is yet an-

other example of a Japlish word—that is to say, a borrowing into Japanese of an English word or phrase. In this case, of course, the phrase is "my car." Although Tokyo residents once relied primarily on public transportation, the number of *my-kahs* has increased dramatically during the past decade. One result has been the creation of a social problem referred to by Japanese weekly magazines as the *homeless car*—a car whose owner has no place to put it.

Waldheimer's disease *noun*, the selective forgetfulness of those who feel they must revise or expunge a record that will not stand up to critical scrutiny: "No one wants to talk to Austria, where the despicable president suffers from *Waldheimer's Disease* (40 years later you forget you were a Nazi)" (*Maclean's*).

BACKGROUND: We have 18 citations for *Waldheimer's disease*, going back to 1986, when the details of Austrian President Kurt Waldheim's military service during the Second World War, and allegations that units with which he was affiliated may have been associated with Nazi war crimes, first became public. The term seems to have a secure future. In our most recent citation, from an article this year by Malcolm Bradbury in *The New York Times Book Review*, the term is used with reference to the late deconstructionist Paul de Man, who taught at Yale: "At several key moments when modern history has turned—Western Europe in 1945, Eastern Europe now—we have seen how moral crisis comes to those who have served a cause that history has, fortunately for humanity, repudiated. Often this develops into what Mr. [David] Lehman [in *Signs of the Times: Deconstruction and the Fall of Paul de Man*] calls '*Waldheimer's Disease*,' the amnesia of those who must defy or erase the record."



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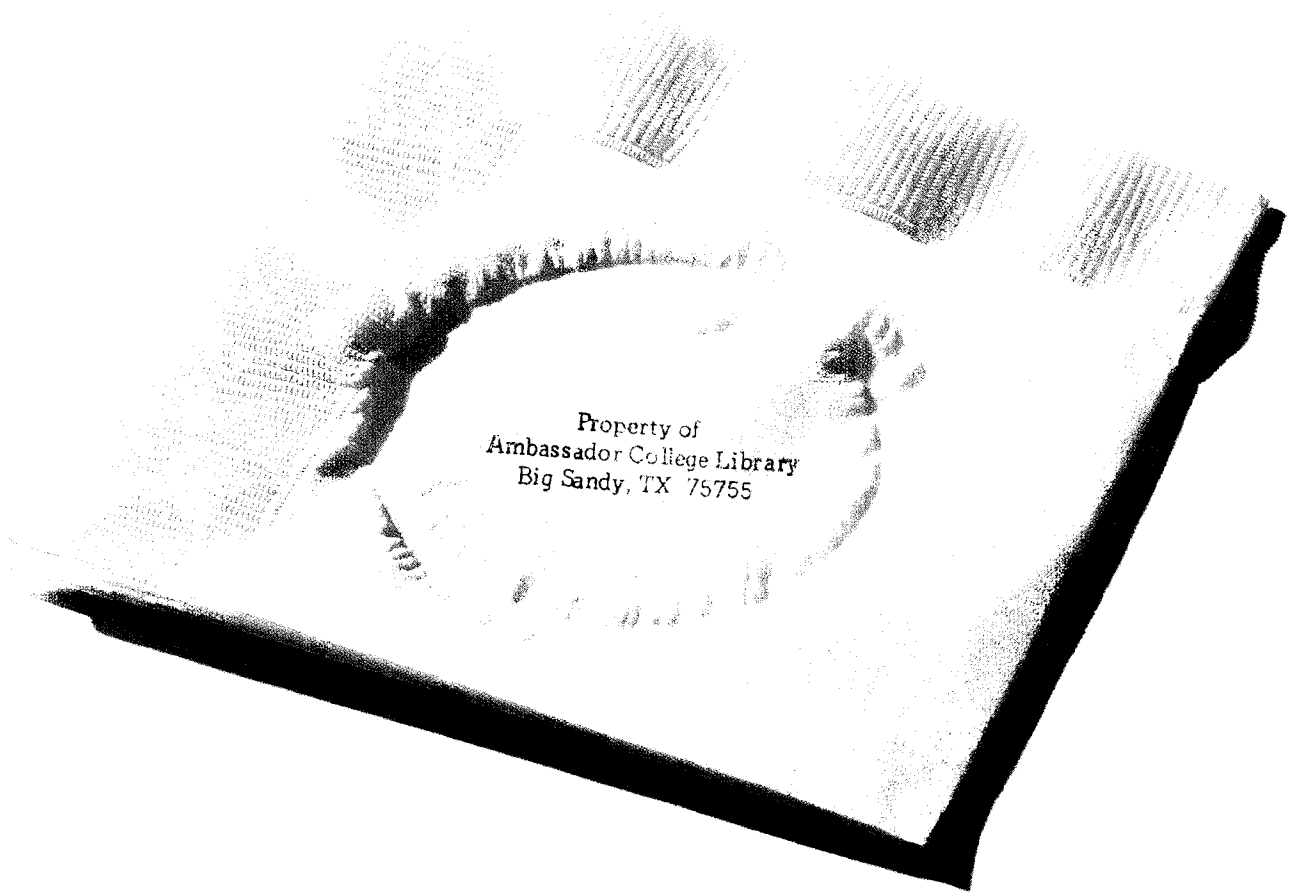
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